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EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

LEON VALLÉE

LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

ALOIS BRANDL

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

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LA POÉSIE FRANÇAISE DU XIXe SIÈCLE

PAR FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

SI l'on en voulait croire la plupart des historiens du romantisme, et quelques-uns des romantiques eux-mêmes,—Sainte-Beuve, par exemple, ou Théodore de Banville,—c'est avec et par André Chénier que commencerait en France la poésie du dix-neuvième siècle. On ne saurait se tromper davantage. Grand poète et surtout grand artiste, à la manière de Racine ou de Ronsard, il est bien vrai que ces deux traits séparent et distinguent profondément André Chénier de tous les versificateurs de son temps, Lebrun, Delille, et ce Roucher, qu'on lui associe d'ordinaire, parce qu'ils montèrent tous deux le même jour sur l'échafaud, ou encore le chevalier de Parny. Mais d'ailleurs, il n'a rien d'un "romantique"; et de même que l'élégante et ardente sensualité de son siècle respire dans ses *Élégies*, c'est encore un "classique," c'est un contemporain de Ronsard, c'est un païen, c'est un Alexandrin, c'est un élève de Callimaque et de Théocrite, qu'on retrouve dans ses *Idylles*. Nous ajouterons que ses *Poésies*, dont on n'a connu pendant plus de vingt-cinq ans que des fragments épars, n'ont vu le jour pour la première fois qu'en 1819; et on pourrait bien signaler quelque trace de leur influence dans les premiers *Poèmes* d'Alfred de Vigny, qui parurent en 1822, mais on en chercherait en vain dans les premières *Odes* de Victor Hugo, qui sont de 1822, elles aussi, ou dans les *Premières Méditations* de Lamartine, qui sont datées de 1820.

En réalité, c'est l'inspiration de deux grands prosateurs et d'une femme de génie qu'on rencontre quand on remonte aux

origines de la poésie française au dix-neuvième siècle : l'auteur des *Confessions*, Jean-Jacques Rousseau ; celui du *Génie du Christianisme*, Chateaubriand ; et l'auteur trop souvent et injustement oublié du livre *De l'Allemagne*, Mme de Staël. Le premier avait émancipé le MOI de la longue contrainte où l'avaient comme emprisonné, deux siècles durant, des habitudes littéraires fondées sur une conception essentiellement *sociale* de la littérature. Ni les Salons ni la Cour, qui faisaient et qui défaisaient alors les réputations, n'avaient admis, pendant deux cents ans, que l'on écrivît pour les entretenir de soi-même, de ses "affaires de cœur," ou de famille. La permission n'en était donnée qu'aux auteurs de *Mémoires* ou de *Correspondances*, et à la condition d'être préalablement morts. J.-J. Rousseau, dont l'œuvre entière n'est qu'une confidence à peine dissimulée, vint changer tout cela, et ainsi rouvrir, de toutes les sources de la grande poésie, non pas peut-être la plus abondante, ni toujours, on le verra, la plus pure, mais, en tout cas, l'une des principales et des plus profondément cachées. Chateaubriand fit davantage encore. Voyageur,—il rendit à une littérature devenue trop mondaine le sentiment de cette nature extérieure, mouvante, vivante et colorée, qu'elle avait, non pas précisément ignorée ni méconnue, dont elle avait même joui à Versailles ou à Fontainebleau, dans ses jardins à la française, mais qu'elle avait systématiquement subordonnée à l'observation de l'homme psychologique et moral. Historien,—il rendit à ses contemporains le sentiment de la diversité des époques : ils apprirent de lui combien un homme diffère d'un autre homme, un baron féodal d'un courtisan de Louis XV. Et chrétien, enfin,—il rendit à l'art ce sentiment religieux dont l'absence n'avait sans doute pas contribué médiocrement à la parfaite clarté, mais à la sécheresse et au prosaïsme aussi de nos poètes du dix-huitième siècle. Le dernier pas fut fait par Mme de Staël. Les modèles qui manquaient à nos poètes, elle les leur proposa dans les *Littératures du Nord*. Ou plutôt, et d'une manière plus générale, car on ne saurait dire que Lamartine, Hugo ni Vigny aient beaucoup imité Goethe ou Byron, elle élargit le champ de l'imagination française en nous ouvrant, par delà nos frontières, des horizons inexplorés.

De nouvelles curiosités s'éveillèrent. Des doutes nous vinrent sur l'universalité de l'idéal dont nous nous étions contentés jusqu'alors. De nouveaux éléments s'insinuèrent dans la composition de l'esprit français. Et les poètes, s'il en surgissait, se trouvèrent ainsi assurés d'une liberté qui leur avait fait défaut jusqu'alors, et de cette espèce de complicité de l'opinion ou du *milieu*, sans laquelle rien n'est plus difficile,—même au génie,—que de déterminer une révolution littéraire.

Là est l'explication du succès des premières *Méditations* de Lamartine, qu'on pourrait comparer, dans l'histoire de notre poésie lyrique, au succès du *Cid* ou d'*Andromaque*, dans l'histoire du Théâtre Français. Mais on ne vit point alors, comme au temps d'*Andromaque* ou du *Cid*, de contradiction ni de lutte; l'opinion fut unanime à reconnaître, à consacrer le poète; et quand les *Nouvelles Méditations*, *La Mort de Socrate*, *Le Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage de Childe Harold*, les *Harmonies Poétiques* vinrent s'ajouter, de 1820 à 1830, aux *Méditations*, les derniers eux-mêmes et les plus obstinés des classiques durent avouer qu'une poésie nouvelle nous était née. Les *Poésies* d'Alfred de Vigny, parues en 1822, rééditées en 1826; et les *Odes* de Victor Hugo, 1822, suivies de ses *Ballades* en 1824, et de ses *Orientales* en 1829, achevaient promptement de caractériser cette poésie dans ses traits essentiels. Si ces trois grands poètes, en effet, avaient chacun son originalité, qui le distinguait profondément des deux autres, Lamartine plus clair, plus harmonieux, plus vague; Hugo plus précis et plus coloré, plus sonore, plus rude aux oreilles françaises; et Vigny plus discret, plus élégant, plus mystique, mais plus court d'haleine, ils ne laissaient pas d'avoir beaucoup de traits communs. S'ils avaient tous les trois des maîtres dans quelques-uns de leurs prédécesseurs du dix-huitième siècle, Lamartine dans Parny et dans Millevoye, Hugo dans Fontanes, dans Lebrun et dans Jean Baptiste Rousseau, Vigny dans Chénier, les différences apparaissaient quand on les comparait aux représentants encore vivants du pseudo-classicisme, tels que Casimir Delavigne, avec ses *Messéniennes* ou Béranger dans ses *Chansons*. Et peut-être une critique perspicace eut-elle pu prévoir qu'ils ne tarderaient pas à s'engager dans

des voies divergentes : Lamartine plus idéaliste, Hugo plus réaliste, Vigny déjà plus "philosophe" ; mais pour le moment, c'est-à-dire entre 1820 et 1830, ils formaient groupe, s'ils n'étaient pas précisément une école, et c'est ce groupe qu'il nous faut essayer de caractériser.

Notons d'abord qu'aucun d'eux n'est ce qu'on appelait alors "Libéral," du parti de Benjamin Constant ou de Manuel, mais ils sont tous les trois "Royalistes," ultra-royalistes et Catholiques, du parti de Joseph de Maistre, de Bonald, et de Lamennais. C'est même Hugo qui est alors le plus absolu et le plus intransigeant des trois, et l'horreur ou la haine de la Révolution ne s'est nulle part déclarée plus énergiquement que dans ses premiers poèmes : *Les Vierges de Verdun, Quiberon, Buonaparte.* Leur religiosité n'est pas moins sincère ni moins ardente que leur royalisme, et, comme celle de leur maître, Chateaubriand, elle s'étend à toutes leurs idées. Ils se font de l'amour une conception *religieuse ;* c'est *religieusement* qu'ils admirent l'œuvre de Dieu dans la nature ; ils se font du rôle du poète une conception *religieuse.* Et, à la vérité, leur religion n'est pas toujours très sûre, ni très raisonnée. Elle n'est pas très orthodoxe : celle de Lamartine s'évaporera, pour ainsi dire, en une espèce de panthéisme hindou ; Hugo passera comme insensiblement du christianisme au Voltairianisme ; Vigny, d'année en année, s'acheminera vers un pessimisme très voisin de celui de Schopenhauer. Mais ce sera plus tard ; et, en attendant, la diffusion ou même l'exaltation du sentiment religieux fait un des caractères de la poésie française du dix-neuvième siècle à ses débuts.

Cette poésie est, en second lieu, *personnelle* ou *individuelle,* et nous voulons dire par là que le poète y est lui-même, comme homme, non seulement l'occasion, mais le principal objet et la matière habituelle de ses vers. Une *Ode* française, et même une *Élégie,* n'avaient guère été jusque là que des lieux communs, très généraux et très abstraits, qu'on dépouillait d'abord, pour les mieux développer, de tout ce qu'ils pouvaient avoir de trop particulier. Aussi se ressemblent-elles toutes. On ne voit pas de raisons pour qu'une *Élégie* de Chénier ne fût pas de Parny, et, si l'on eut imprimé les *Odes* de Lefranc de Pompignan, sous le nom de Lebrun,

c'est à peine s'ils s'en fussent eux-mêmes aperçus. Mais les *Méditations* de Lamartine, les *Poèmes* de Vigny, les *Orientales* d'Hugo ne sont au contraire, à proprement parler, que le journal poétique de leurs impressions quotidiennes. En compagnie d'une maîtresse aimée, l'Elvire des *Méditations*, Lamartine fait une promenade sur le lac du Bourget, et il écrit *Le Lac*, ou bien, il va passer chez un ami le temps de la Semaine Sainte, et il écrit la *Semaine Sainte à la Roche Guyon*, Vigny a lu dans le *Journal des Débats*, du 15 juillet 1822, quelques lignes qui l'ont intéressé, et le prétexte lui suffit pour écrire le *Trappiste*. Et quant à Victor Hugo, les titres seuls de quelques-unes de ses *Orientales : Canaris, Les Têtes du Sérail, Navarin*, suffisent pour en montrer l'étroite relation avec ce que nous appelons de nos jours l'*actualité*. Sans doute, il y a encore ici des distinctions à faire : Vigny, des trois, est déjà le plus objectif, on serait tenté de dire la plus épique, dans son *Eloa*, par exemple, ou dans son *Moïse*. Victor Hugo s'oublie souvent lui-même en présence de la réalité ; il décrit déjà pour décrire ; il s'abandonne, dans *Le Feu du Ciel*, dans les *Djinns*, dans *Mazeppa*, non seulement à ses instincts de peintre, mais à la fécondité d'une invention verbale qui trahit déjà le rhéteur. Lamartine lui-même, qui est le plus subjectif, a des dissertations, comme dans *L'Immortalité*, par exemple, et des paraphrases, comme dans son *Chant d'Amour*, qui débordent le cadre étroit du lyrisme personnel. Mais quoi qu'on puisse dire, c'est pourtant d'eux-mêmes, de leurs émotions ou de leurs souvenirs, qu'ils s'inspirent. L'occasion les guide. Que ce soit Bonaparte qui meure à Sainte-Hélène, en 1821, ou Charles X que l'on couronne à Reims, en 1825, ils nous font confidence de leurs impressions. Ce n'est point la beauté propre et intrinsèque des sujets qui les provoque à chanter, mais la convenance de ces sujets avec la nature de leur génie. Ou mieux encore, leurs sujets leur sont un prétexte pour se confesser, pour nous confier sur toutes choses, leur manière, à eux, de penser ou de sentir ; et, précisément, c'est ce que l'on veut dire quand on dit que, par opposition à la poésie classique, un second caractère de la poésie romantique est d'être éminemment *personnelle* ou *individuelle*.

Un troisième et dernier caractère en résulte, qui est son

caractère de *Liberté* ou de *Nouveauté.* "Sur des pensers nouveaux faisons des vers antiques," avait dit André Chénier, dans un vers demeuré célèbre et souvent encore trop loué. Mais les romantiques, mieux inspirés, ont compris que "des pensers nouveaux" ne pouvaient s'exprimer qu'en des termes ou par des moyens d'art également nouveaux; et c'est même cette rénovation du style et de la métrique qu'on a d'abord admirée le plus en eux. Vigny est plus "précieux," plus recherché dans le choix des mots, plus embarrassé dans le maniement des rythmes, et, pour cette raison, infiniment moins varié. Sa langue est aussi moins riche et moins abondante. Celle de Lamartine n'est pas toujours très neuve, ni non plus très correcte,—ce grand poète est un écrivain négligé,—mais en revanche, la fluidité en est incomparable; et la coupe de son vers n'a rien que de classique, mais personne mieux que lui, pas même autrefois Racine, n'a su musicalement associer les sons. Enfin, Victor Hugo est sans doute, avec Ronsard, le plus extraordinaire inventeur de rythmes qu'il y ait eu dans l'histoire de la Poésie Française, et sa langue, un peu banale à ses débuts, dans ses premières *Odes*, un peu quelconque, ainsi que nous disons, est déjà dans ses *Orientales* d'une franchise, d'une hardiesse, et d'une originalité qu'on peut appeler vraiment démocratiques, si personne assurément n'a fait plus que lui pour abolir l'antique distinction d'une langue noble et d'une langue familière, et selon son expression, devenue proverbiale, pour "mettre un bonnet rouge au vieux dictionnaire." C'est ainsi qu'à eux trois ils ont secoué le joug des grammairiens du dix-huitième siècle, rendu aux mots de la langue leur valeur pittoresque, expressive ou représentative, et débarrassé le vers français des entraves qui l'empêchaient de se plier, pour s'y conformer, aux sentiments du poète. Il n'y a pas de lyrisme sans musique, ni de musique sans mouvement, et le mouvement, c'est ce qui manquait alors le plus à l'alexandrin français.

Si tels sont bien les trois caractères essentiels et originaux de la poésie française du dix-neuvième siècle à ses débuts, on peut dire que son histoire, à dater de ce moment, est celle du conflit de ces trois caractères entre eux. Une lutte s'engage, qui dure encore

à l'heure qu'il est. Le poète ne sera-t-il qu'un artiste, contemplant du haut de sa "tour d'ivoire" les vaines agitations des hommes? ou sera-t-il un "penseur"? ou, sans autrement s'embarrasser de philosophie et d'esthétique, sera-t-il uniquement "l'écho sonore" de tout? et ne se souciera-t-il que d'être soi? Mais avant de retracer les péripéties de cette lutte, la chronologie et aussi la justice littéraire exigent que l'on dise deux mots de l'auteur, un moment populaire et fameux, des *Iambes:* Auguste Barbier. Ce n'était qu'un bourgeois de Paris, et il devait se survivre près de cinquante ans à lui-même sans jamais pouvoir se retrouver. Mais trois ou quatre pièces de ses *Iambes,* telles que *La Curée, La Popularité, L'Idole,* n'en sont pas moins au nombre des chefs-d'œuvre de la satire française. Je n'en connais pas où l'on voie mieux l'affinité naturelle, la parenté première de la satire avec le lyrisme, et elles contiennent deux ou trois des plus belles comparaisons qu'aucun de nos poètes ait jamais développées. C'est quelque chose au point de vue de l'art; mais c'est aussi pourquoi nous ne saurions trop regretter que, jusque dans ces trois ou quatre pièces, on soit choqué d'un accent de vulgarité qui "disqualifie" le poète. Il en est autrement de trois autres hommes qui sont avec lui les plus illustres représentants de la seconde génération romantique: Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Musset, et Théophile Gautier.

Avec les deux premiers, Sainte-Beuve, dont *Les Confessions de Joseph Delorme* paraissent en 1829, pour être suivies en 1831 des *Consolations,* et Alfred de Musset, dont les *Premières Poésies* voient le jour de 1830 à 1832, c'est la poésie *personnelle* qui triomphe, et, soucieux uniquement de lui-même, c'est de lui-même et de lui seul que nous entretient le poète: de ses goûts, de ses désirs, de ses rêves de bonheur personnels. Il y a plus; et, tandis que de leurs impressions, Lamartine et Hugo ne choisissaient ou ne retenaient, pour les traduire en vers, que les plus générales, celles qu'ils croyaient que leurs contemporains eussent sans doute éprouvées comme eux, au contraire, dans *Les Confessions de Joseph Delorme,* ce sont justement ces impressions générales que néglige Sainte-Beuve, et il ne s'attache qu'à l'observation, à l'analyse et à l'expression de ce qu'il croit avoir en lui qui le distingue et le

sépare des autres hommes. A cet égard et pour cette raison, *Les Confessions de Joseph Delorme* sont déjà de la poésie un peu morbide, presque pathologique, de la poésie de neurasthénique ou de névrosé. Ajoutons que Sainte-Beuve a aussi, comme artiste et comme versificateur, des raffinements et des recherches dont l'inquiète subtilité n'a peut-être d'égale que leur inutilité. Nous voulons dire qu'elles échappent à l'œil nu, pour ainsi parler, et on ne les apprécie qu'à la condition d'être dûment averti. C'est d'une autre manière que Musset est *personnel*, par un autre genre d'affectation, celle du *dandysme* et du *parisianisme*. Il deviendra plus simple, quelques années plus tard, et la passion le transformera. Mais à ses débuts, dans *Les Marrons du Feu*, dans *Mardoche*, dans *Namouna*, avec des dons de poète qui déjà l'élèvent bien au-dessus de son personnage, et de Sainte-Beuve, il est le Lovelace et le Brummell du romantisme; il ne fait de vers qu'en se jouant, ou même en se moquant, par dérogation d'amateur à des occupations infiniment plus graves, lesquelles étaient, nous dit son frère, de conférer "avec les premiers tailleurs de Paris," de "faire valser une vraie marquise," et de courir les tripots et les filles. Naturellement ce n'est pas à son frère que nous devons ce dernier renseignement. C'est pourquoi, si son inspiration diffère à tous autres égard de celle de Sainte-Beuve, elle est pourtant la même dans son principe, *personnelle* jusqu'à l'égoïsme, et jamais homme n'a eu plus que lui la prétention de ne ressembler qu'à soi. Les contemporains l'entendirent bien ainsi, et sur leurs traces à tous deux, Musset et Sainte-Beuve, toute une légion d'imitateurs se précipita, qui, n'ayant rien de leur originalité, ne devait donc pas laisser de souvenirs dans l'histoire de la Poésie Française. La première condition pour faire de la poésie *personnelle*,—on ne dit pas la seule,—c'est d'être quelqu'un; et c'est ce qui n'est donné à un petit nombre d'entre nous. Les esprits originaux sont rares.

C'est ce que Théophile Gautier avait compris d'instinct, et, assurément, s'il n'eut dépendu que de lui, le romantisme eut dès lors évolué vers l'art impersonnel. La description des lieux, la résurrection pittoresque du passé, la fidélité de l'imitation, la "soumission à l'objet" fussent devenus dès lors le principal objet de la poésie.

Mais ni la nature ni l'histoire ne procèdent ainsi par mouvements brusques ou révolutions totales. On n'avait pas encore tiré de la poésie personnelle tout ce qu'elle contenait de ressources. Elle n'avait pas épuisé la fécondité de sa formule. Aucun des grands contemporains de Gautier n'avait dit tout ce qu'il avait à dire, n'avait achevé sa confession. Et puis, et surtout, au lendemain de 1830, non seulement les temps n'étaient pas favorables au culte épicurien de l'art pur, mais de nouveaux problèmes s'étaient d'eux-mêmes proposés aux poètes, et ainsi, de *religieuses* qu'elles étaient dix ans auparavant, leurs préoccupations, dans une société dont tous les principes étaient remis en doute, étaient elles-mêmes devenues *philosophiques* et *sociales*.

On en trouvera la preuve dans *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, 1831, de Victor Hugo, dans ses *Chants du Crépuscule*, 1835, et dans ses *Voix intérieures*, 1837, ou dans le *Jocelyn*, 1836, de Lamartine, et dans sa *Chute d'un Ange*, 1838. *Jocelyn* est, à vrai dire, le seul poème un peu étendu qu'il y ait dans la langue française, et, bien qu'inachevée, la *Chute d'un Ange* n'est pas le moindre effort ni le moindre témoin du génie de Lamartine. Dans l'un et dans l'autre de ces deux poèmes, toutes les qualités des *Méditations* se retrouvent, et quelques-unes s'y exagèrent, ainsi l'abondance et la fluidité; mais d'autres qualités s'y ajoutent, plus rares, et qu'en général on n'admire pas, on ne loue pas assez chez Lamartine. Lamartine a créé en France la poésie philosophique, puisqu'enfin d'André Chénier, qui avait eu cette grande ambition, nous ne possédons que le plan seulement de son *Hermès*, avec une cinquantaine de vers, et que *Les Discours sur l'Homme* de Voltaire, qui sont d'ailleurs de la morale plutôt que de la philosophie, ne sont surtout que de la prose. Mais quelques-unes des idées les plus abstraites que puisse former l'intelligence humaine, on pourrait dire les plus métaphysiques, Lamartine a réussi plus d'une fois à les exprimer sans qu'il en coûtat rien à la clarté de sa langue et à l'harmonie de son vers. C'est un autre encore de ses mérites, et qui brille surtout dans *Jocelyn*, que d'être familier, non seulement sans devenir prosaïque, mais sans cesser d'être noble. Et ce n'est point là, chez lui, ce qu'on appelle une attitude. Sainte-Beuve, un peu jaloux, a tout

fait pour essayer de nous le faire croire. Mais en réalite, s'il y eut jamais un poète naturellement et comme involontairement poète, qui le soit plus tard demeuré jusqu'en prose, et jusque dans sa vie politique, c'est Lamartine. On ne le voit nulle part mieux que dans son *Jocelyn*, si ce n'est dans la *Chute d'un Ange*, ou encore dans la conception de l'épopée philosophique dont la *Chute d'un Ange* n'est elle-même qu'un épisode. Et on regrette assurément que l'exécution, trop rapide, ne réponde pas toujours à l'ampleur de la conception, mais cela même est caractéristique de la nature de son génie ; et, qui sait, à ces hauteurs où la métaphysique et la poésie se confondent si quelque imprécision n'est pas une convenance, un charme et une beauté de plus ?

Mais, au moment de le croire et de le dire, on en est aussitôt empêché par le souvenir de Victor Hugo. Visions du réel ou visions du possible, aucun poète, en effet, n'a souligné ses rêves d'un trait plus précis, ne leur a donné plus de consistance matérielle, ne nous les a rendus en quelque sorte plus palpables. Un aveugle serait sensible au relief quelquefois excessif des vers de Victor Hugo. Lamartine épure, idéalise et dissout quelquefois le réel dans la fluidité de son vers ; Hugo, dans l'architecture de ses rythmes, emprisonne, concrète et matérialise l'idéal. Il est d'ailleurs aussi *personnel* que jamais dans ses *Feuilles d'Automne* ou dans ses *Voix intérieures*, et on pourrait même dire qu'il l'est plus que dans ses *Orientales* ou dans ses *Odes*. Il y est plus prodigue de confidences ou d'aveux, et il n'y est pas moins soucieux de l'*actualité*. La moitié de ses vers sont des vers de circonstance, et les titres en sont caractéristiques : *Rêverie d'un passant à propos d'un Roi ; Dicté en présence du Glacier du Rhône ; Pendant que la Fenêtre était ouverte ; Après une lecture de Dante.* Mais, ce qu'il ne faisait pas au temps des *Orientales*, il s'inquiète maintenant du mystère des choses, et, comme l'a si bien dit Baudelaire, " de la monstruosité qui enveloppe l'homme de toutes parts." Lamartine s'échappait à lui-même, s'élevait au-dessus de sa propre personnalité en tendant vers les hauteurs, *ad augusta ;* Victor Hugo sort de soi pour chercher dans le mystère même, *per angusta*, l'explication de ce qu'il a découvert d'inexplicable en lui. Si c'est une autre

manière de philosopher, c'en est certainement une, et, après douze ans de silence littéraire ou d'action politique, de 1840 à 1852, quand il reviendra aux vers, c'est cette préoccupation philosophique que l'on verra le ressaisir pour ne plus l'abandonner désormais. Il est vrai qu'alors sa philosophie différera prodigieusement du catholicisme de ses débuts, mais pourtant il aura le droit de dire que la constance et l'intensité de cette préoccupation chez lui sont toujours d'ordre religieux. Elles le préserveront jusqu'à son dernier jour du double et contraire excès de la poésie purement personnelle et de la doctrine purement naturaliste.

Cependant,—et tandis que Lamartine et Hugo dirigeaient ainsi le lyrisme romantique et la poésie personnelle vers la poésie philosophique et sociale,—Musset, descendant au contraire "jusqu'au fond désolé du gouffre intérieur," faisait éclater et retentir quelques-uns des plus beaux cris de passion qu'on eût entendus en français et dans le monde. Nous ne parlons ici que de cinq ou six pièces, *La Lettre à Lamartine, Les Nuits, Le Souvenir,* pas davantage, qui ne font pas en tout un millier de vers, et où quelques délicats se plaignent de trouver encore un peu de rhétorique; mais elles traverseront les âges; et les poètes à venir en pourront égaler, mais ils n'en surpasseront pas l'amère, et douloureuse, et poignante éloquence. *Les Nuits* de Musset sont à la fois ce qu'il y a dans notre langue ou dans notre poésie de plus *personnel* et de plus *réaliste.* L'aventure avait été vulgaire, et le dénouement, bien que cruel, n'en avait rien eu d'extraordinaire! Mais le poète a senti si profondément sa souffrance, et sa vie toute entière en a été du coup si complètement dévastée, qu'on ne saurait imaginer de pire effondrement, ni de catastrophe plus irréparable des passions de l'amour. Pour exprimer l'orgueil de sa passion, son horreur de l'infidèle, son désespoir et sa détresse, il a trouvé des accents si lamentables et si profonds, qu'aux yeux les plus secs ils arrachent presque autant de larmes qu'il en a versées lui-même sur "son pauvre amour enseveli." Et, entre la réalité de son malheur et nous, il a interposé si peu de "littérature," et le cri de son cœur a jailli si spontanément que nous n'avons jamais communiqué plus directement avec un de nos semblables. C'est pour toutes ces raisons,

qu'en quelque estime que l'on tienne le reste de son œuvre, *Les Nuits* de Musset l'ont égalé aux plus grands poètes. C'est peut-être aussi pour les mêmes raisons qu'aussitôt après lui la poésie *personnelle* est devenue singulièrement difficile aux poètes de notre temps; et, en effet, c'est en dehors d'elle, nous l'allons voir, ou plutôt, c'est contre elle que l'évolution va continuer, dans l'œuvre de Victor de Laprade, et surtout à travers les *Poèmes* dont Alfred de Vigny composera plus tard le recueil de ses *Destinées.*

Sous l'influence des circonstances, qui d'ailleurs l'inclinaient dans le sens de son propre talent, Vigny avait suivi la même direction générale que Lamartine et Victor Hugo, en passant de la poésie personnelle à la poésie objective et philosophique. Il n'avait d'ailleurs ni la facile ou plutôt l'inépuisable abondance du premier, et encore bien moins la fécondité d'invention verbale ou rythmique du second. Sa philosophie n'était pas non plus la même, ni surtout son tempérament philosophique; il était né pessimiste, mais pessimiste à fond, de ceux qui ne pardonnent pas à la vie d'être la chose misérable qu'elle est, et encore moins à Dieu de ne l'avoir pas faite plus heureuse. D'une pareille conviction le chemin est court au désespoir. Mais pour y aboutir, Vigny avait trop de noblesse ou d'élévation d'esprit; et la conclusion, qu'après avoir hésité quelque temps, il tira de son pessimisme, fut ce que l'on a depuis lors appelé "la religion de la souffrance humaine." Il avait dit en un vers demeuré célèbre:

J'aime la majesté des souffrances humaines.

C'est de cette inspiration que sont sorties quelques-unes de ses plus belles pièces: *La Sauvage, La Mort du Loup, La Flûte, Le Mont des Olliviers,* 1843, *La Maison du Berger,* 1844, et plus tard, 1854, *La Bouteille à la Mer.* Il est essentiel d'observer qu'indépendamment de leurs autres mérites, toutes ces pièces ont ce double caractère d'art d'être "une pensée philosophique mise en scène sous une forme *épique* ou *dramatique,*"—la définition est de lui,—et surtout d'être des *poèmes.* Il faut entendre par ce dernier mot quelque chose de complet en soi, dont le développement ne dépend pas du caprice ou de la fantaisie du poète, mais de la nature, de l'importance, de la portée

du sujet; et c'était une borne posée à la liberté du lyrisme purement romantique.

Un autre poète, vers le même temps, la restreignait d'une autre manière, c'est Victor de Laprade, dans l'œuvre de laquelle,—*Psyché*, 1841, *Odes et Poèmes*, 1843, *Poèmes évangéliques*, 1852,—il y a certainement de beaux vers, mais froids et comme enveloppés d'on ne sait quelle brume. Il n'y a pas de comparaison entre Victor de Laprade et Lamartine ou Vigny dont il procède moins, en dépit des apparences, que de deux écrivains un peu oubliés aujourd'hui : Ballanche, l'imprimeur de Lyon, qui fut l'ami de Mme Récamier, et Edgar Quinet, l'ami de Michelet. Mais quelle que soit son infériorité, ce qu'il y a d'intéressant dans Victor de Laprade c'est la direction de son effort. Panthéiste d'instinct, et panthéiste idéaliste, il a travaillé pendant dix ou douze ans à dépersonnaliser le poète en le réduisant au rôle d'interprète ou, pour ainsi parler, de voix de la nature. C'était comme un renversement du point de vue romantique, où la nature même ne servait que de prétexte ou d'occasion à la manifestation de la personnalité du poète. L'impression du *sujet* devenait presque indifférente, et ce qui importait avant tout c'était la vérité de la représentation de *l'objet*. Malheureusement pour Laprade, il se mêlait à cette idée, jusque dans ses vers, trop de considérations nuageuses qui en masquaient la nouveauté. Et puis, et surtout, au milieu de toute cette philosophie qui ressemblait parfois à de la théosophie, le sentiment de la forme, celui du style ou de la facture, de la prosodie même se perdait. On s'autorisait des exemples de Musset ou de Lamartine, et il semblait que d'être négligent ou négligé comme eux, et souvent incorrect, ce fut un moyen de les égaler.

C'est pourquoi toute une école, pour laquelle même on avait un moment inventé le barbarisme de *Formistes*, qui heureusement n'a pas survécu, réagissait et, à la vérité, ne formulait pas encore, mais élaborait déjà, dans ses œuvres et dans ses propos, la doctrine de *l'art pour l'art*. Déjà les *Cariatides* de Théodore de Banville, 1842, et ses *Stalactites*, 1846, étaient conçues dans ce système. Ce que le poète y conservait du romantisme, et plus particulièrement

de l'influence des *Orientales* et des *Consolations* de Sainte-Beuve, c'était le souci de la forme ou de la "beauté pure," ainsi qu'on allait bientôt dire. Mais en même temps, il retournait à l'antiquité gréco-latine, c'est-à-dire à la source même du classicisme; il s'inspirait d'André Chénier comme d'un maître; il chantait *La Vénus de Milo* ou *Le Triomphe de Bacchus, Le Jugement de Pâris;* et tout cela c'était à la fois l'abjuration du moyen-âge romantique, et de ce que l'on eut pu appeler le néo-christianisme lamartinien. Il en faut dire presque autant du recueil de Théophile Gautier, *Emaux et Camées,* qui paraissait en 1852. Mais, s'ils étaient de vrais poètes et de vrais artistes,—un peu trop curieux seulement des singularités et des raretés de l'art,—Banville et Gautier avaient le malheur d'être aussi des journalistes et des "boulevardiers." Il en résultait dans leur œuvre un mélange de parisianisme et d'inspiration poétique dont la conséquence était de jeter quelque confusion sur leur vrai caractère. On ne démêlait pas bien ce qu'il y avait dans leur esthétique de sérieux et de paradoxal. Etaient-ils sincères ou se moquaient-ils du monde? Banville surtout, dans les premières poésies duquel on sentait l'imitation du dandysme de Musset, du Musset de *Mardoche* et de *Namouna?* Le titre seul de l'un de ses recueils, *Odes funambulesques,* qui parut en 1857, indique assez ce qu'il y a toujours eu de "gaminerie" dans son inspiration, et explique pourquoi il n'a pas exercé plus d'influence. De son côté, Théophile Gautier, pressé par la nécessité de vivre, faisait trop de besognes, de toute sorte, pour que le feuilletoniste en lui n'effaçât pas un peu le poète. Aussi l'honneur de devenir le vrai maître de l'école était-il réservé à un autre: c'est l'auteur des *Poèmes antiques,* 1852, et des *Poèmes barbares,* 1855, Leconte de Lisle, l'un des très grands poètes de la France contemporaine, et peut-être le plus "parfait."

Il en est aussi le plus "objectif," et sous ce rapport on peut voir en lui le contraire d'un romantique, le contraire aussi d'un lyrique, et vraiment un poète épique. Non seulement, en effet, il ne lui est pas arrivé plus de deux ou trois fois de parler de lui-même dans son œuvre entière, mais, par un admirable effort de désintéressement, s'élevant au-dessus des choses de son temps, il

n'a voulu donner place en ses vers qu'à ce qu'il croyait pouvoir exprimer pour l'aspect de l'éternité, *sub specie aeternitatis.* C'est ce qui en fait la solide et indestructible beauté. Les grandes scènes de la nature, celles qui seront dans des milliers d'années ce qu'elles étaient aux origines du monde, *Midi, Juin, Le Rêve du Jaguar, Le Sommeil du Condor;* le peu d'elles-mêmes que les grandes races d'hommes et leurs civilisations successives ont laissé dans les annales de l'histoire, *Qaïn, Brahma, Khirôn, L'Enfance d'Héraclès, Hypatie, Mouça al Kébyr, La Tête du Comte, L'Epée d'Angantyr, Le Cœur d'Hialmar;* enfin l'invincible tristesse qui se dégage de tant de ruines et du néant où il semble qu'aboutisse finalement le prodigieux effort de l'humanité, voilà ce que Leconte de Lisle a chanté dans ses vers. Grand artiste avec cela, qui ne donnait rien à l'improvisation, qui joignait à l'étendue d'information d'un érudit moderne tous les scrupules d'un classique, dont l'ambition était de donner au contour de son vers la précision d'un bas-relief ou, pour ainsi parler, la pérennité du bronze ou du marbre, on ne s'étonnera pas que, s'il a fallu quelque temps au grand public pour goûter cet art un peu sévère, les poètes au contraire en aient tout de suite reconnu tout le prix et qu'un moment même l'influence de Leconte de Lisle se soit exercée jusque sur Victor Hugo.

Il n'y a pour s'en convaincre qu'à faire la comparaison des *Châtiments,* 1852, ou des *Contemplations,* 1856, avec *La Légende des Siècles,* 1859. Lyrique encore, et plus personnel que jamais dans les deux premiers de ces recueils, Victor Hugo dans le troisième s'est manifestement inspiré de l'idée maîtresse des *Poèmes antiques* et des *Poèmes barbares;* ou plutôt, il s'est piqué d'émulation, et, retrouvant toute sa virtuosité, il a semblé reconquérir l'empire que ce nouveau venu lui avait disputé. Mais on ne dépouille jamais entièrement le vieil homme, et s'il y a bien quelques pièces d'une inspiration vraiment épique dans *La Légende des Siècles,* telles que *Le Sacre de la Femme* ou *Booz endormi,* et généralement les premières, Victor Hugo reparaît tout entier dans les autres, le Victor Hugo des *Orientales* ou des *Chants du Crépuscule,* à qui l'histoire ou la légende ne servaient que d'un décor pour

y exposer l'intimité de ses propres sentiments. Quelque bonne volonté qu'il ait de se subordonner aux choses et de les refléter telles qu'elles furent, sa puissante imagination les déforme toujours dans le sens de sa propre personnalité. C'est précisément le contraire qu'on tentait dans l'autre école, et de même qu'autrefois, le lyrisme romantique s'était étendu de la poésie au théâtre, à l'histoire, et jusqu'à la critique, de même maintenant ce qu'on voulait c'était d'imposer l'esthétique naturaliste à la critique, à l'histoire, au théâtre et à la poésie.

Subordonner à la nature la personnalité du poète, et faire de lui l'interprète, non pas précisément impassible, mais impartial et incorruptible de la réalité, tel en était le premier article. Il ne s'agissait plus de savoir comment nous voyons les choses,—de quel œil, complaisant ou indigné,—ni de quels sentiments nous agitent le spectacle de la nature ou les événements de l'histoire! On avait la prétention de connaître et de représenter les choses en soi, comme elles sont, pour ce qu'elles sont, et indépendamment de toute opinion personnelle à l'artiste. C'était le vers d'Horace: *Non mihi res, sed me rebus subjungere conor.* La nature des choses nous étant extérieure, antérieure et supérieure, nous n'avons pas à la corriger ni à la perfectionner, mais à la reproduire; et le premier de tous les mérites est la fidélité de l'imitation. Théorie de peintre, peut-être, ou de sculpteur autant que de poète, et dont on voit aisément l'excès, qui devait plus tard engendrer d'étranges conséquences; mais elle n'en avait pas moins l'utilité grande, aux environs de 1860, de rappeler le poète à l'observation de la nature, à la connaissance de l'histoire et au respect de l'"Humble Vérité." Nous lui avons dû, entre 1866 et 1875, *les Trophées* de M. J.-M. de Hérédia; les poèmes populaires, les intérieurs, les poèmes intimes de M. François Coppée; et, puisqu'il ne nous est pas interdit d'étudier en nous ce que Montaigne appelait "la forme de l'humaine condition," nous lui avons dû quelques-uns de ces poèmes douloureux et subtils où M. Sully-Prudhomme a si bien exprimé la complexité de l'âme contemporaine.

Ces œuvres si différentes ont d'ailleurs un second trait de

commun, qui est d'être aussi voisines que possible de la perfection de leur genre. Il n'y a pas en français de plus beaux sonnets que ceux de M. J.-M. de Hérédia. Les peintres de Hollande, Gérard Dow, par exemple, ou Jean Steen, n'ont rien fait de plus achevé que les poèmes populaires de M. Coppée. Et pour atteindre enfin quelques-unes de nos fibres les plus secrètes, M. Sully-Prudhomme a trouvé des vers d'une délicatesse et d'une acuité pour ainsi dire unique. C'est que *la perfection de la forme* faisait le second article de l'école. Si l'on pardonnait à Victor Hugo des obscurités qui masquaient parfois une réelle profondeur, et qui ne coûtaient rien à la correction de la syntaxe, on était devenu impitoyable pour les négligences de Lamartine et de Musset. L'art ne se définissait plus par l'abondance ou la singularité de l'inspiration, mais par la richesse et de la sonorité de la rime, par la plénitude et la solidité du vers, par la précision et la propriété de la langue. On revenait aux anciens, on reconnaissait le "pouvoir d'un mot mis en sa place." On commençait même à voir dans les mots beaucoup de choses qui n'y sont pas. Et cela, sans doute, était logique, parcequ'il n'y a qu'un moyen d'imiter fidèlement la nature, qui est de donner à la préoccupation de la forme tout ce qu'on enlève à la liberté de l'imagination.

Et enfin, à ces deux principes, de la *perfection absolue de la forme* et de l'*impersonnalité de l'artiste*, un troisième se superposait, qui est que *l'art n'a d'objet que lui-même.* L'art n'a point de mission didactique ou morale, et on n'a point à discuter avec le poète sur le choix de son sujet, mais uniquement sur la manière dont il l'a traité. C'est ce que Gautier, par exemple, a cru jusqu'à son dernier jour, comme aussi bien son œuvre est là pour le prouver; et Leconte de Lisle a bien violé quelque fois le principe dans quelques-uns de ses poèmes,—où l'on dirait que, s'inspirant à son tour de *La Légende des Siècles*, il a voulu rivaliser avec Hugo d'ardeur antireligieuse,—mais il a toujours cru l'observer. M. de Hérédia, lui, ne s'en est point départi. C'est autour de cette idée que se sont groupés *Les Parnassiens* de 1866, pour essayer de la faire triompher. D'illustres écrivains en prose, et au premier

rang Flaubert, les y ont encouragés. Et si M. Sully-Prudhomme ou M. François Coppée ont échappé à la rigueur de la doctrine, c'est qu'ils ont subi, en même temps que l'influence de Leconte de Lisle, une autre, plus secrète, et non moins puissante influence, qui est celle de Charles Baudelaire et de ses *Fleurs du Mal.*

Les Fleurs du Mal avaient paru pour la première fois en 1857, mais, s'il y a des œuvres qui n'ont qu'à paraître pour exercer leur influence, il en est d'autres au contraire qui n'agissent, pour ainsi parler, qu'à distance. On en peut donner comme exemples, dans l'histoire de la prose française de notre temps, *La Chartreuse de Parme,* de Stendhal, et, dans l'histoire de la poésie, *Les Fleurs du Mal,* de Charles Baudelaire. C'est qu'au premier abord, et quoique cela nous semble aujourd'hui bizarre ou presque monstrueux, on y vit de la poésie "catholique," à un moment où la direction générale de la poésie retournait aux sources païennes. C'est qu'au moment où l'on était surtout préoccupé du raffinement de la forme, les vers de Baudelaire étaient d'une facture laborieuse, pénible, des vers de prosateur auxquels on aurait mis des rimes. Et enfin, c'est qu'au moment où la poésie tendait à l'impersonnalité, l'inspiration de Baudelaire procédait évidemment de celle de Vigny, mais surtout de Sainte-Beuve, le Sainte-Beuve des *Confessions de Joseph Delorme;* et elle n'en imitait pas seulement, elle en exagérait encore le caractère de singularité morbide. Mais tandis que la critique, pour ces raisons, méconnaissait ce qu'il y avait de plus neuf dans Baudelaire, la jeunesse, elle, au contraire, l'y savait découvrir et en subissait la fascination. Sous l'accent souvent déclamatoire et même un peu charlatanesque de sa plainte, elle reconnaissait la sincérité d'une souffrance purement intellectuelle, il est vrai, mais cependant réelle. Si, de toutes les suggestions des sens, les plus matérielles peut-être, et en même temps les plus diffuses, celles de l'odorat, sont aussi les plus évocatrices, on respirait dans *Les Fleurs du Mal* toute la gamme des parfums exotiques. On y trouvait encore la perception très subtile de ces

"correspondances" ou de ces "affinités" que le poète a lui-même indiquées dans le vers célèbre :

Les formes, les contours et les sons se répondent.

Assurément, c'étaient là des nouveautés fécondes, des nouveautés durables ; et comme il ne semblait pas qu'elles eussent rien d'incompatible avec les leçons du "Parnasse," on écoutait d'une part avec docilité le haut enseignement de Leconte de Lisle, et de l'autre on lisait comme en cachette, avec délices, les vers de Charles Baudelaire.

Je me souviens à ce propos qu'il y a de cela vingt cinq ans, j'avais essayé, dans un article de la *Revue des Deux Mondes*, de caractériser cette influence de Baudelaire sur M. François Coppée, sur M. Sully-Prudhomme, sur M. Paul Bourget, dont les premiers vers venaient de paraître, 1875, et sur quelques autres. François Buloz, qui vivait encore, en fut exaspéré, quoiqu'il eût jadis imprimé dans la *Revue* les premiers vers de Baudelaire. "Mais Baudelaire est donc un maître pour vous ?" s'écriait-il. Et j'avais beau lui répondre : "Non ! mais il en est un pour eux," je ne réussissais pas à le convaincre. Je ne croyais pas, au surplus, si bien dire, et je n'avais pas prévu que le moment était proche où toute une génération n'allait plus jurer, comme l'on dit, que par l'auteur des *Fleurs du Mal*. C'est la génération de Paul Verlaine et de Stéphane Mallarmé.

Tout en continuant en effet de subir la discipline parnassienne, on commençait, tant en vers qu'en prose, à la trouver alors un peu dure. En dépit du vers *Ut pictura poësis*, on commençait à trouver que la poésie périssait, en quelque manière, sous cette perfection d'exécution. Ces contours si précis, ces vers si pleins, ces "représentations" si fidèles, et, dans leur fidélité, si complètes, gênaient, embarrassaient, comprimaient la liberté de l'imagination et du rêve. On ne pouvait pas échapper à l'artiste, et quand il vous tenait, il ne vous lâchait plus. Point d'arrière plan, de lointaines perspectives ; rien de ce vague ni de cette obscurité, de ce clair obscur, pour mieux dire, qui est bien cependant une part de la poésie. A moins que ce ne soit dans quelques pièces de M. Sully-

Prudhomme, tout venait en pleine lumière, et quand, par hasard, le sens d'une pièce entière était un peu enveloppé, chaque vers était encore en soi d'une impitoyable clarté. On trouvait aussi que cette imitation de la nature s'étendait, dans le passé comme dans le présent, à bien des objets dont l'intérêt était assez mince. Tout ce qui est arrivé n'est pas nécessairement "poétique," et tout ce qui existe ne mérite pas pour cela d'être éternisé par l'*art*. On se plaignait encore que, si les idées ne faisaient assurément pas défaut dans les chefs-d'œuvre du "Parnasse," aucun d'eux ne se dépassât, pour ainsi dire, lui-même, ne fût comme l'enveloppe ou le voile de quelque chose de plus secret, de plus mystérieux, la forme extérieure de ce qui ne se voit ni ne se touche. En effet, il y a des "correspondances" entre le monde et nous; toute sensation doit nous conduire à une idée; et dans cette idée, nous devons retrouver quelque chose d'analogue à notre sensation. Sa réalité ne s'explique pas de soi, mais à la lumière d'une vérité qui est la raison des apparences; et toute représentation qui n'en tient pas compte est par cela même incomplète, superficielle ou mutilée. C'est ce qu'avaient oublié les "Parnassiens"; et le "Symbolisme" est sorti de là.

On ne le voit pas, à la vérité, très clairement dans l'œuvre de Paul Verlaine, lequel fut à tous égards un "irrégulier" dont l'émancipation n'a été qu'un retour à la liberté romantique, ou même plus que romantique, et qui doit bien moins sa réputation à la profondeur ou à l'ingéniosité de son symbolisme qu'au cynisme de ses "Confessions." Ame faible et violente, ingénuement perverse, capable tour à tour des pires sentiments et du repentir le plus sincère, ayant de Baudelaire et de Sainte-Beuve le goût du péché et celui du remords, "le pauvre Lélian" a fait de mauvais vers; il en a fait de détestables; il en a fait de singuliers et d'exquis; son mérite est peut-être surtout d'en avoir fait d'impondérables, et chargés d'aussi peu de matière que le comporte le vers français. Stéphane Mallarmé, lui, en a fait surtout d'inintelligibles, de plus obscurs qu'aucun Lycophron n'en avait jamais faits avant lui. Mais comme il avait pourtant une âme de poète, comme il était aussi clair dans la conversation qu'obscur dans [redacted] vers, comme il

savait revêtir les idées les plus étranges d'on ne sait quel air ou quel prestige de vraisemblance, il aura été et sans doute il demeurera l'hiérophante du *Symbolisme,* comme Baudelaire en est le précurseur ; et je doute, après cela, qu'il tienne beaucoup de place dans les *Anthologies* de l'avenir, mais l'historien de la poésie française au dix-neuvième siècle ne pourra se dispenser de le nommer. Un certain Maurice Scève, Lyonnais, a joué le même rôle au seizième siècle, pour disparaître, après l'avoir joué, dans le rayonnement du grand Ronsard.

Faut-il le dire en terminant cet *Essai* trop rapide ? C'est ce Ronsard qui a manqué, qui manque encore au Symbolisme, et que nous attendons depuis tantôt dix ou douze ans. Non qu'il ne nous fût facile, si nous le voulions, de nommer d'excellents ouvriers en vers, et trois ou quatres poètes, parmi nos jeunes gens,—M. Henri de Régnier, par exemple, ou M. Albert Samain. Mais de quelque talent qu'ils aient fait preuve, naturel ou acquis, l'amour de la vérité nous oblige de convenir qu'aucune œuvre d'aucun d'eux n'a produit en naissant cet effet d'émotion soudaine et universelle qu'on produit jadis à leur apparition *Les Méditations* de Lamartine ou *Les Amours* de Ronsard. A quoi cela tient-il ? Est-ce que le temps serait peut-être devenu défavorable à la poésie, et les poètes manqueraient-ils de cette complicité de l'opinion qui leur est plus nécessaire pour se développer qu'à toute autre sorte d'artiste ? Nous ne le croyons pas, et, au contraire, non seulement en France, mais à l'étranger, on prend à eux bien plus d'intérêt qu'il y a quinze ans, vingt ans, trente ans. Ou bien naissent-ils moins nombreux ? les occasions de se produire leur manquent-elles ? la vie leur est-elle plus difficile qu'autrefois ? On ne saurait le dire, à voir ce qui se publie bon an, mal an, de volumes de vers. Ou peut-être enfin mûrissent-ils plus tard ? et l'idéal plus haut qu'ils se proposent, mais surtout plus complexe, exigeant d'eux plus d'efforts, leurs chefs-d'œuvre seraient-ils reculés jusqu'au temps de leur maturité ? Comme ils sont tous encore jeunes, c'est ce que nous aimons à penser ; et si la fin du dix-neuvième siècle, abondante en talents, est un peu maigre en œuvres, on attend et nous nous flattons que le chef-d'œuvre espéré s'élabore

dans l'ombre, pour illuminer de son éclat l'aurore du siècle qui va bientôt commencer.

Sic aliud ex alio nunquam desistit oriri

Ferdinand Brunetière

FRENCH POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

ACCORDING to most of the critics who have dealt with the history of the Romantic Movement in French Literature, the French poetry of the nineteenth century began with the period—and, indeed, with the verse—of André Chénier. Several among the Romantic poets themselves, Sainte-Beuve, for instance, and Théodore de Banville, were of the same opinion. No greater error could be made. It is because André Chénier was a great poet, and above all, a great artist—as Racine and Ronsard were artists—that he is so clearly distinguished from all the versifiers of his time, from Lebrun and Delille, from Roucher (with whom he is often associated for no better reason than that they two mounted the scaffold on the same day of the Terror), and from the Chevalier de Parny, too. He had not even one of the characteristics of the Romantic School. His *Elegies* breathe the ardent, yet exquisite, sensuousness of his age, but in his *Idylles* one finds again the classic, the contemporary of Ronsard, the pagan, the Alexandrian, the pupil of Callimachus and of Theocritus. It must be noted, too, that his *Poésies*, of which, for more than twenty-five years, only scattered fragments were known, were not published until 1819; and their influence may be traced in the first *Poèmes* of Alfred de Vigny, which appeared in 1822, but not in the first *Odes* of Victor Hugo, also published in 1822, nor yet in the *Premières Méditations* of Lamartine, which bear the date 1820. The truth is, that at the very source of nineteenth-century French poetry, one finds the inspiring influence of two great prose writers, and of one woman of genius:

the author of the *Confessions*, Jean-Jacques Rousseau; the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, Chateaubriand; and the author—too often forgotten—of *l'Allemagne*, Mme de Staël. Rousseau had freed the Ego from the dungeon in which, for two centuries, it had been confined, victim of a tradition founded upon an essentially *social* conception of the literary art. Through all these two hundred years, neither the Salons, nor the Court which made and unmade the literary reputations of the period, would permit a writer to talk about himself, his love-affairs, or his domestic life. The privilege of that freedom was accorded only to those who wrote a volume of Memoirs, or compiled a selection of letters, and the canon held that even this measure of liberty could be extended only to cases of posthumous publication. Rousseau—whose whole literary product was a prolonged personal confidence, whose features appeared through the meshes of a veil so transparent that it was no more than a literary convention—broke away from this tradition, and opened again to the world one of the most important and profound sources of truly great poetry; a source not the less important, because it is neither the most abundant nor the purest.

Chateaubriand did even more. He was a traveller, and he restored the perception of nature, of animation, of colour, to a literary period cramped by the narrow routine of fashion; to a people who knew nature only as it appeared on the trim terraces of Versailles and of Fontainebleau, who, if they did not altogether forget that nature existed, at any rate ignored it, and kept their gaze narrowly fixed upon the moral and intellectual aspects of human life. A historian, as well as a traveller, Chateaubriand aroused his contemporaries to an appreciation of the difference between one age and another, he showed them how the man of one century departs from the type of a previous century, he emphasised the contrast between a feudal baron and a courtier of Louis XV. He was a Christian, too, and he informed the art of his time with the religious sentiment which had been lacking in the eighteenth-century poets—a deficiency which made their creations the more definite and clearly cut, but left them, always, dry and hard.

To Mme de Staël we owe, in turn, the last stage of this gradual transformation. Our poets needed a fresh inspiration, and she supplied it when she gave them her *Littératures du Nord.* It cannot, indeed, be said that Lamartine, Hugo, or Vigny imitated Goethe or Byron, and her achievement may perhaps be more justly defined if one says that she enlarged the skies of France, and tempted the wings of our poets to a broader flight, beyond our frontiers, towards new horizons which she, first, rose high enough to see. A new inquiry, a new curiosity, shone in our eyes. We began to doubt if the old ideals were the only ideals. Fresh processes added themselves to our habits of intellection, new elements came, silently as the dews, to our spiritual soil. There awaited new poets, if they should arise, a liberty which had been denied to their predecessors; the taste of the people, the conditions of the age, were ready for the literary revolution, which even a genius could hardly have operated without the subministration of his environment.

In these conditions lie the secret of the success achieved by Lamartine's first *Méditations,* a success which bears to the history of our lyric poetry the same relation that the success of the *Cid* or of *Andromaque* bears to the history of the French stage. But the *Méditations* gave rise to no such controversy as that which marked the days of *Andromaque* or of the *Cid;* opinion was unanimous in recognising the poet; and when the *Nouvelles Méditations,* the *Mort de Socrate,* the *Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage de Childe Harold,* the *Harmonies Poétiques* were, between 1820 and 1830, added to the *Méditations,* the most obstinate of the Classics were forced to acknowledge that a new school of poetry had been born to France. The *Poésies* of Alfred de Vigny, published in 1822, and republished in 1826; the *Odes* of Victor Hugo, in 1822, followed by his *Ballades* in 1824 and by his *Orientales* in 1829; soon gave firmness of definition to the essential quality of the new school.

These three great poets had much in common, notwithstanding the originality which distinguished each of them from his two fellows: Lamartine, the more pure, more harmonious, more vague; Hugo, the more precise, more colorous, more sonorous, the

more barbaric to the French ear; and Vigny, who was more delicate, more elegant, more mystical, but whose note was less sustained. It may be that all three had masters among their predecessors of the nineteenth century,—Lamartine in the person of Parny, and in Millevoye, too; Hugo in Fontanes, in Lebrun, and in Jean Baptiste Rousseau; Vigny in Chénier; but their originality becomes apparent when one compares them with the survivors of the pseudo-classic epoch, such as Casimir Delavigne with his *Messéniennes* or Béranger in his *Chansons.* A perspicacious critic might perhaps have foreseen that all three of them would soon diverge upon separate paths: Lamartine becoming more the idealist, Hugo more the realist, Vigny already more the "philosopher"; but for the moment, between 1820 and 1830, they formed a group, if not precisely a school, and it is that group which we must endeavour to describe.

It must first be noted that no one of them belonged to the party which was then called the "Liberals," the party of Benjamin Constant or of Manuel. They were all three "royalists," extremists in their royalism, and they were of the Catholic party, too, the party of Joseph de Maistre, of Bonald, and of Lamennais. Hugo was, even at that time, the most absolute, the most uncompromising of the three; horror and hatred of the Revolution is nowhere more energetically declared than in his first poems, *Les Vierges de Verdun, Quiberon, Buonaparte.* Their devoutness is as sincere and as ardent as their royalism; and it colours all their ideas, as the religiosity of their master, Chateaubriand, coloured all his. Their conception of Love is a *religious* conception; it is from the *religious* point of view that they admire God's work in the domain of Nature; and their conception of the poet's function is, again, *religious.* Their religion is not always very lasting, nor very firmly grounded upon reason, nor is it even altogether orthodox. Lamartine's piety evaporates in a sort of Hindu pantheism; Hugo glides insensibly from Christianity to Voltairianism; Vigny, from year to year, progresses towards a pessimism not greatly unlike that of Schopenhauer. These changes, however, came later; and, in the meantime, the beginning of nineteenth-century French

poetry is marked by a permeation,—even by an exaltation,—of religious sentiment.

This body of verse is, furthermore, *personal* or *individual;* the poet himself supplies not only the occasion of his verse, but its purpose, its habitual subject matter. A French ode and even an elegy, had, up to that time, been always of the broadest origin, built upon generalisations, abstractions, which the poet, in the process of elaboration, sedulously deprived of any particularity his premises might have possessed. Any one copy of verse resembled every other. There is no reason why an elegy of Chénier's should not have been Parny's instead; and if the printer had put Lebrun's name on the title-page of a volume of odes by Lefranc de Pompignan, the poets themselves would hardly have perceived the error. The *Méditations* of Lamartine, the *Poèmes* of Vigny, the *Orientales* of Hugo are, on the other hand, no more than metrical journals of the poet's daily impressions. Lamartine spends an hour on the Lake of Bourget, accompanied by the woman he loves, the Elvire of the *Méditations,* and he writes *Le Lac;* he passes Holy Week at the house of a friend, and writes the *Semaine Sainte à la Roche Guyon.* Vigny is interested by a paragraph in the *Journal des Débats* of July 18, 1822, and he finds the pretext for the *Trappiste.* As for Victor Hugo the mere titles of his *Orientales: Canaris, Les Têtes du Sérail, Navarin,* show their close relation to what we call, nowadays, "actuality." There are, no doubt, distinctions to be made; Vigny is, of the three, the most objective in his attitude, the most epic, one is almost tempted to say, in his *Eloa* or in *Moïse.* Victor Hugo often loses the sense of his own personality when he is confronted by something that seems very real to him; in the *Feu du Ciel,* in the *Djinns,* in *Mazeppa,* he is borne out of himself not only by his pictorial instinct, but by the current of a word-flow so ample that it betrays the rhetorician. Lamartine himself, the most subjective of the three, has here and there a dissertation,—in his *Immortalité,* for instance,—or a paraphrase, as in his *Chant d'Amour* which overruns the narrow limits of personal poetry. Yet, after all is said, every one of them found his inspiration in himself, his emotions, his

recollections. The suggestion of the moment guides them. Whether it is Bonaparte dying at St. Helena in 1821, or Charles X. receiving the crown at Reims in 1825, these poets confide to us their own impressions. It is not the inherent and intrinsic beauty of the subject that provokes their song, but the subject's suitability to the especial character of the poet's genius. More precisely yet: the subject is a mere pretext for the disclosure of the poet's point of view, the confession of his own fashion of feeling. It is this, and nothing else, that one means when one formulates the second characteristic of Romantic Poetry as opposed to Classic Poetry: its dominant *personality* or *individuality*.

A third and last characteristic springs from this second: the *freedom* or *novelty* of the Romantic School. "Let us set new thoughts to the old rimes," said André Chénier, in a line which has preserved its fame,—a line often overpraised, for that matter. The Romantic poets, better inspired, perceived that these "new thoughts" could only be expressed in the terms of an art as novel, and it is that renovation of style and metre for which they have been most admired. Vigny shows more preciosity, more seeking after words, more embarrassment in his manipulation of rhythm, and for that reason is far less varied. His French, too, is less rich and less abundant. Lamartine's is not always very novel, nor yet very correct; this great poet was a careless writer; and yet his liquidity is incomparable; the form of his verse is faultlessly classic, and not even Racine found more exquisite associations of sound. Victor Hugo unquestionably shares with Ronsard the pinnacle of eminence as a creator of rhythms; and his French, somewhat commonplace in his earlier work, in the first *Odes*, had attained, at the time of the *Orientales*, a freedom, a vigour, an originality which may with truth be described as democratic. No one, certainly, did more than he to abolish the old distinction between the Grand French and the Familiar French, to put, as he said, "the Cap of Liberty on the head of the aged Dictionary." It was in this fashion that these three poets, unaided, shook off the yoke of the eighteenth-century grammarians; restored to words their pictorial value as mediums of expression or of description;

and freed French verse from the shackles which prevented its yielding to the requirements of the poet. There is no poetry without music, no music without movement, and movement was precisely what the French alexandrine lacked.

These being, then, the three essential and original characteristics of eighteenth-century French poetry when it first took definite shape, it may be said that its history, from that time, has been the history of a conflict between the three. Their strife is still unsettled. Is the poet to be only an artist, looking down, from the height of his "ivory tower," at the fruitless bustle of his fellow men? Is he to be a thinker? Or is he to turn aside from philosophy as well as from æsthetics, and be only a "sonorous echo" indifferently stirred by all the vibrations of the air? Or should he try only to be himself?

Before tracing the successive stages of the unending struggle, it is due alike to the decorum of chronology and to literary justice that one should say a word about the author—popular, and even famous, for a moment—of the *Iambes:* Auguste Barbier. His lot was that of a middle-class Parisian, and when he had sung his brief song he fell back into his dull routine, and survived himself for nearly fifty years, never again finding the poet that was in him. Yet three or four of his *Iambes,* such as the *Curée,* the *Popularité,* the *Idole,* are among the masterpieces of French satire. I do not know, indeed, where one can more distinctly perceive the affinity, more clearly trace the consanguinity, between lyric and satiric verse; and the *Iambes* contain two or three of the most beautiful similes in all French poetry. That is, in itself, something, from the point of view of art. But it is a reason, too, for regretting that even in these few pieces, there is a twang of vulgarity which debars Barbier from the rank of a true poet. No such fault is to be found in the other three men who are, with him, the most illustrious representatives of the second generation of Romantic Poets: Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Musset, and Théophile Gautier.

Personal poetry is triumphant in the persons of the two first—Sainte-Beuve, whose *Confessions de Joseph Delorme* appeared in 1829, to be followed in 1831 by *Consolations;* and Alfred de

Musset, whose *Premières Poésies* saw the light between 1830 and 1832. Here are two poets who occupy themselves solely with themselves; tell us only of themselves, their predilections, their desires, their dreams of personal happiness. Nor is this the limit of their subjectiveness: Lamartine and Hugo chose, for expression in their verses, those of their impressions which seemed to them to be most general, those which they thought would have been shared by their contemporaries; Sainte-Beuve, on the contrary, in the *Confessions de Joseph Delorme* turns away from this very class of impressions, and devotes himself only to the observation, the analysis, and the expression of that which he believes to be exclusively his own, that which distinguishes and differentiates him from other men. In this respect and for this reason the *Confessions de Joseph Delorme* is morbid poetry, almost pathological: it seems the work of a neurasthenic or a neurotic. Add to this that Sainte-Beuve displays, as an artist and as a versifier, refinements and elaborate researches, of which the restless subtlety is equalled only by the utter ineffectiveness. These elaborations escape the unaided eye, they can be appreciated only when one is cautioned to look closely for them. It is in quite another fashion that Musset is "personal," he displayed another sort of affectation; he is foppish, he is ultra-Parisian. He becomes more simple after a few years; passion makes a new man of him. At first, in the *Marrons du Feu*, in *Mardoche*, in *Namouna*, he is the Lovelace, the Brummell, of the Romantic School, notwithstanding the poetic gift which already places him so far above the level of the disguise he assumes,—and above Sainte-Beuve's level too. He makes verses for mere pastime, laughing at himself for making them, even; they are his diversion from graver pursuits. These more serious occupations were—his brother tells us—"to hold grave conferences with the best tailors in Paris," "to waltz with a genuine Marquise." We learn, too, from other sources, that to these ponderous duties he added a routine of attendance at the gambling-clubs and at even less decorous resorts. It is for this reason that, if his inspiration differs from that of Sainte-Beuve, it rests upon the same foundation; it is "personal" to the verge of egoism, and no

man ever carried farther the pretension of individuality. His contemporaries took this view of him, and a legion of imitators crowded upon his footsteps and upon those of Sainte-Beuve, imitators who possessed none of the originality of their models, and who occupy no place in the history of French poetry. The first requisite for a "personal" poet, although not the only qualification necessary, is that he should possess a personality, and that is a gift few can claim. Men of originality are rare!

Théophile Gautier perceived all this, instinctively, and if the issue had been in his hands, the Romantic School would at once have turned to the impersonal phase of art. The description of places, the picturesque presentment of the past, faithfulness of imitative work, the submergence of self in objective studies, would then have become the chief aims of the poets. Neither nature nor history, however, proceed by sudden transformations and revolutions. The possibilities of "personal" poetry had not yet been exhausted, the fertility latent in its formulæ had not yet given place to sterility. None of Gautier's great contemporaries had yet said all that he had to say, completed the outpouring of his confessions. The whole period, too (more especially the years that immediately followed 1830), was inauspicious for the epicurean pursuit of art for art's own sake. New problems presented themselves to the poets of the day. Religion, which had preoccupied the poets of the past decade, ceased to preoccupy the poets of a society which doubted everything, and they became "socialists" and "philosophers."

The evidence of this change is to be found in Victor Hugo's *Feuilles d'Automne*, of 1831, in the *Chants du Crépuscule*, of 1835, and in the *Voix Intérieures*, 1837; or in Lamartine's *Jocelyn*, of 1836, and his *Chute d'un Ange*, in 1838. *Jocelyn* is, in fact, the only long poem in the French language, and the *Chute d'un Ange*,—although it remained unfinished,—is neither the least important of Lamartine's works, nor the least conclusive manifestation of his genius. In both these poems all the qualities of the *Méditations* are again to be found, some of them, indeed, in an exaggerated degree: liquidity and fertility, for example. Other qualities add

themselves to these, qualities which are not generally admired, and which failed to bring Lamartine the applause they deserved. It was he who created philosophical poetry in France; for André Chénier, who hoped to do so, has left us only the outline of his *Hermès*, with a bare half hundred lines; and Voltaire's *Discours sur l'Homme* is a moral, rather than a philosophical, work—and furthermore is only prose. Lamartine has more than once succeeded in expressing, without the slightest loss of clearness or of harmony, ideas of the most abstract, the most purely metaphysical, sort that the human mind can conceive. It is another of his merits, pre-eminently shown in *Jocelyn*, that he could write in a familiar strain without becoming prosaic, and even without losing his nobility of expression. Nor was his point of view a mere pose, as Sainte-Beuve, not without a tinge of jealousy, asks us to believe. If ever a poet was naturally and involuntarily a poet, it was Lamartine, a poet even when he wrote in prose, and even in his political utterances. Nowhere is this more strikingly shown than in his *Jocelyn*, unless, indeed, it be in the *Chute d'un Ange*, or in the larger conception of the philosophical epic of which the *Chute d'un Ange* is itself only an episode. One certainly regrets that the hasty execution of the work is not always in keeping with the grandeur of the project, but that disparity is characteristic of Lamartine's genius. Is it not possible, indeed, that in the altitudes where metaphysics and poetry melt one into the other, a want of precision adds a further fitness, a new charm and beauty?

Yet, as one is about to think so and to say so, the shade of Victor Hugo interposes. Whether Hugo's visions be filled with realities, or only with possibilities, no poet has ever made his dreams more vivid, given to them a firmer form, made them more palpable. A blind man could perceive how boldly Victor Hugo's verse brings its subject into relief. Lamartine purifies and idealises the real—dissolves it, sometimes, in the liquidity of his lines; but Hugo, in the architecture of his poetry, captures the ideal, makes it concrete and material. He is as "personal" as ever in his *Feuilles d'Automne* or his *Voix Intérieures*, it may even be said that he is nowhere more "personal" than in his *Orientales* or his *Odes*. It is in these

poems that he is most prodigal of confidences and avowals, and yet he is not the less attentive to "actuality." Half his poems are poems of occasion; their titles show it: *Rêverie d'un passant à propos d'un Roi; Dicté en présence du glacier du Rhône; Pendant que la fenêtre était ouverte; Après une lecture de Dante.* But he begins, at this stage of his work, to do what he had not done in the days of the *Orientales;* he begins to inquire into the mysteries, to wonder at what Baudelaire well calls "the monstrousness which envelops man on every side." Lamartine escaped from himself, raised himself above the level of his own personality, as he turned to the heights, *ad augusta;* Victor Hugo leaves his own person in order to search in mystery itself, *per augusta,* the explanation of what he has found inexplicable in his own personality. If it is a different sort of philosophising, it is still philosophy, and after twelve years of silence, or of political activity, from 1840 to 1852, when he returns to poetry, he resumes this philosophical preoccupation, never again to abandon it. No doubt his philosophy, at that period, differs widely from the catholicism of his earlier attitude, but nevertheless he had the right to say that the intensity, the continuity, of that preoccupation were always of a religious character. It is that which saves him from the double, yet diverse, excess of purely personal poetry and purely naturalistic doctrine.

Nevertheless—while Lamartine and Hugo thus imparted to romantic poetry and to personal poetry, a tendency toward philosophical and social poetry—Musset, "descending to the desolate depths of the abyss within himself," gave resounding utterance to some of the most energetic notes of passion in all French poetry—in all the world's poetry. We need only mention a few of his poems: the *Lettre à Lamartine,* the *Nuits,* the *Souvenir;* not a thousand lines in all. They are poems in which fastidious critics have found passages of mere rhetoric; but they will pass down the ages. Other poets may equal, but can never surpass, their bitter sorrow, their poignant eloquence. Musset's *Nuits* are at once the most realistic and the most personal poems in the language. The adventure had been commonplace; its termination, although it was cruel, was not extraordinary. But the poet suffered so profoundly,

his whole life had been so utterly devastated by the blow, that it is impossible to imagine a more irreparable disaster. To express the pride of his passion, his horror of its unfaithful object, his absolute despair, he found words so profoundly pathetic that they wring, even from the driest eyes, tears almost as abundant as those he himself shed over his dead love. He has interposed so slight a veil of "literature" between his readers and his heart, the cry of his agony rises so naturally, that we can never be closer to any man's soul than to his. It is for all these reasons that, whatever one may think of his other works, Musset's *Nuits* places him in the first rank of poets. And perhaps it is for these reasons, too, that "personal" poetry has become so difficult to the poets of our own day. It is apart from personal poetry, or in antagonism to it, rather, that the evolution continues, in the works of Victor de Laprade, and, above all, in the *Poèmes* which Alfred de Vigny afterwards embodied in his *Destinies.*

Impelled by circumstances, yet always in accordance with the direction of his own talent, Vigny followed the same general trend as Lamartine and Victor Hugo, turning from personal poetry to objective and philosophical poetry. He lacked the fertility of the first, and was yet farther from the verbal and rhythmical inventiveness of the second. His philosophy was not the same, nor his philosophical temperament; he was born a pessimist of the most thorough sort; one of those who cannot forgive life for being the miserable thing it is, and still less forgive God for not having made it happier. From such convictions as these, the road to despair is short. Yet Vigny had too noble a nature or too elevated a mind to permit himself to sink into the gulf; and the conviction to which his pessimism led him—after a period of hesitation—was what has since been called the religion of human suffering. He proclaimed, in a line which has remained famous, his love for "the majesty of human woes." It is this sentiment which inspired some of his finest verses: the *Sauvage,* the *Mort du Loup,* the *Flûte,* the *Mont des Oliviers,* 1843, the *Maison du Berger,* 1844, and, later, the *Bouteille à la Mer,* 1854. It is essential to note that, independently of their other merits, all

these poems have the two characteristics of a work of art; each is "a philosophical thought presented in an epic or dramatic form" —the definition is his—and, above all, each is a *Poem*. By this last word one must understand something complete in itself, something of which the development is not left to the caprice or the fantasy of the poet, but depends upon the nature, the importance, and the compass of the subject. This is the limit imposed upon the liberty of purely romantic poetry.

Another poet of the same period restrained that liberty in another fashion: Victor de Laprade, whose *Psyché* in 1841, *Odes et Poèmes* in 1843, *Poèmes évangéliques* in 1852, unquestionably contain fine lines, but they are cold; they seem enveloped by some indefinable haze. There is no comparison between Victor de Laprade and Lamartine or Vigny, to whom he really owes less, though he may seem to owe more, than to two writers who are somewhat overlooked to-day: Ballanche, the Lyon's printer, who was Mme Récamier's friend, and Edgar Quinet, the friend of Michelet. Whatever may have been his inferiority, the purposes of Victor Laprade were profoundly interesting. Instinctively a pantheist, and an idealist as well, he laboured for ten or twelve years at the task of eliminating the poet's personality by reducing him to the office of an interpreter of the voice of nature. It was a sort of reversal of the romantic point of view, according to which nature herself only served as a pretext or an occasion for displaying the poet's personality. The subjective impression became, with Laprade, almost a matter of indifference; the truthful representation of the object was the important matter. Unfortunately for Laprade, he combined with this purpose, even in his verses, so many vague side-issues that one loses sight of his novel idea. And amid all this philosophy, which at times was little better than theosophy, the sense of form, of style, and even of prosody, was lost. Poets built their manner upon isolated examples of the work of Musset and of Lamartine, and thought that to be as careless, as often incorrect, as they, was the way to equal them.

Upon this theory a whole school of poets founded their

work, a school which the barbarous word "*Formistes*" was coined to describe. Happily the word has not survived the school. They did not at once formulate the doctrines of "art for art's own sake," but they were finding their way to that motto. The *Cariatides* of Théodore de Banville, 1842, and his *Stalactites*, 1846, were born of this suggestion. All that he appropriated from romanticism, and from the *Orientales* and the *Consolations* of Sainte-Beuve, was a scrupulous attention to form, to "pure beauty" as it was soon to be called. At the same time, however, he turned back to the Greek and Latin antiques, to the very source of classicism. He looked to André Chénier for inspiration, he sang the *Vénus de Milo*, the *Triomphe de Bacchus*, or the *Jugement de Pâris*; and all this was at once an abjuration of the romanticism of the Middle Ages and of that which might have been called Lamartine's neo-Christianism. The same must be said—or almost as much—of Théophile Gautier's collections *Emaux et Camées*, which appeared in 1852.

Banville and Gautier were true poets, true artists, over-anxious, indeed, to find new and singular expressions of art, but they had the misfortune to be also journalists and "men about town." From this combination there resulted a confusing association of incongruous ideals; strata of the quivering air of Paris and of the serene atmosphere of art. It is not always easy to distinguish their serious utterances from their æsthetic paradoxes. Were they sincere, or were they laughing at their readers? In the case of Banville the suspicion is stronger, for in the earlier work one perceives the "dandysm" of Musset, the Musset of *Mardoche* and of *Namouna*. The mere title of one of his collections, *Odes Funambulesques*, which appeared in 1857, sufficiently indicates the prankish side of his nature, and shows, too, why it is that his influence was so limited. Théophile Gautier, on the other hand, urged by the spur of need, did so much work of all sorts that the hack novelist pressed close upon the heels of the poet. The honour of becoming the true leader of the school was reserved for another; the author of the *Poèmes Antiques*, 1852, and the *Poèmes Barbares*, 1855, 1856: Leconte de Lisle, one of the foremost

poets of contemporary France—if not the most perfect among them all.

He is certainly the most "objective," and in this regard he is the antithesis of the romantic poet and of the lyrical poet; in reality he is an epic poet. In all his works he only speaks of himself two or three times, and with splendid disinterestedness he soars above all the questions of his day, giving place in his verses only to the thoughts which he believed were for eternity, *sub specie aeternitatis*. It is this which gives him his sound and lasting value. He sang of the exchanging aspects of nature, the same before his time, in his time, and in our time. They fill his *Midi*, his *Juin*, the *Rêve du Jaguar*, the *Sommeil du Condor*. He celebrated, too, the traces which have been left to us by the great races and their successive civilisation: *Qaïn*, *Brahma*, *Khirôn*, the *Enfance d'Héraclès*, *Hypatie*, *Mouça al Kébyr*, the *Tête du Comte*, the *Epée d'Angantyr*, the *Cœur d'Hialmar*. He gave voice to the resistless melancholy which rises from the mass of ruins, from the dark void in which all human effort seems at last to be lost. He was a great artist, he always prepared himself for his work, adding the breadth of modern erudition to the scrupulous accuracy of the classic school. It was his ambition to give every line the precision of a bas-relief, the durability of bronze or marble. The larger public could hardly have been expected to turn with eagerness to so severe a form of art, but the poets promptly rendered their homage, and one is not surprised to learn that the influence of Leconte de Lisle was felt for a moment by Hugo himself.

This is plainly to be seen, if one compares the *Châtiments*, 1852, or the *Contemplations*, 1856, with the *Légende des Siècles*, 1859. In the two earlier collections we find Hugo still a lyric poet, and more than ever before a personal poet, but in the third he is manifestly inspired by the dominant note of the *Poèmes Antiques* and the *Poèmes Barbares*. With still greater truth he may be said to have been aroused by the sound of a rival's lyre, and, calling all his skill to his aid, he reasserts his sway over the empire which the newcomer had attacked. But the leopard skin which hangs from

the poet's shoulder never altogether changes its spots, and although the *Légende des Siècles* contains some verses of truly epic ring—the *Sacre de la Femme*, for instance, or *Booz endormi*—the Hugo of the *Orientales* and the *Chants du Crépuscule* reappears in the other pieces, the Hugo to whom history and legend are no more than scene-painter's cloths, garnishing the stage from which he expresses his own, his most intimate sentiments. No matter how earnestly he tried to subordinate himself to his task, to mirror faithfully the scene he describes, his powerful imagination inevitably distorts the image, and it is always Hugo that we see. The other school aimed at a diametrically opposed result, and just as the romantic movement had spread from the field of poetry to that of the theatre, to history, and even to criticism, they tried now to impose the canons of the naturalist's æsthetics upon criticism and history, the theatre and the poetic art.

It was the first article of their code that the personality of the poet should be *subordinated to nature*, that he should become a sworn interpreter; not necessarily impassible, but yet quite impartial and incorruptible. It is no longer the question to know the poet's point of view, whether he is pleased or indignant, or with what sentiments he is agitated by the spectacle of nature or the events of history. It is his function to present things as they are, for what they are, independently of his personal opinions. A line of Horace expresses the new rule: *Non mihi res sed me rebus subjungere conor.* The nature of things is exterior, anterior, superior; it is not our task to correct or perfect, but to reproduce, and the first of all poetic qualities is the fidelity of presentiment. It is a painter's law, or a sculptor's, perhaps, as much as a poet's, and it may easily be carried to undue extremes; a law, indeed, that was afterwards to bring about strange results. But it worked a great change for good in the years that immediately preceded and followed 1860, it recalled the poet to the observation of nature, to the study of history, to respect for simple truth. We owed to it, between 1866 and 1875, the *Trophées* of M. J.-M. de Hérédia; the popular poems, the domestic and intimate verses of M. François Coppée; and, since we are not forbidden to study, in our own persons, the

phenomena which Montaigne described as the "changing outlines of man's inner conditions," we owe to this same law some of the subtle and pathetic poems in which M. Sully-Prudhomme has so well expressed the complexity of the contemporary spirit.

These three authors, widely alike as they are, have a second characteristic in common; *each is almost perfect in his own field of work.* There are no more beautiful sonnets in the language than those of M. J.-M. de Hérédia. The Dutch painters, Gérard Dow, for instance, and Jean Steen, have painted no interiors more finished than the popular poems of M. Coppée. Finally, M. Sully-Prudhomme has touched our most secret fibres with verses of unparalleled delicacy and acuity. Perfection of form was indeed the second article, as the subjection of the poet's personality was the first article, of the new school's code. If critics forgave Victor Hugo the obscurities which were often darkened depths of meaning, and which never interfered with the correctness of his diction, they were pitiless to the carelessness of Lamartine and of Musset. The poet's art was no longer measured by the abundance or the strangeness of its inspiration, but by the richness and sonority of the rhythm, the fulness and soundness of the line, the precision and elegance of its French. There was a return to the opinions of the past, a renewed perception of "the power of the right word in the right place." People even began to discern in words many qualities which they do not possess. This was a logical change, no doubt, for there is only one way to imitate nature with fidelity, and that is to concentrate upon the perfection of form all the energy which has been repressed in the process of restricting the liberty of imagination.

To these two principles—*the perfection of form* and *the impersonality of the artist*—a third added itself: the principle that *art exists for art's sake only.* Art has no moral or didactic mission, and one has no right to question the poet's choice of a subject; his method of treatment is the only ground for the exercise of the critic's function. Gautier believed this to his last day; his work remains to prove it. Leconte de Lisle violated the

principle in some of his poems, but he was not conscious that he did so, even when, finding his inspiration in the *Légende des Siècles*, he tried to rival Hugo's anti-religious ardour. M. de Hérédia has never swerved. It was this central idea that the Parnassians made their rallying-point in 1866. Some illustrious prose writers—Flaubert in the first rank—encouraged them. And if M. Sully-Prudhomme and M. François Coppée escaped from the strict yoke, it was because they were affected by another influence at the same time as Leconte de Lisle's—an influence more subtle and not less powerful, that of Charles Baudelaire and his *Fleurs du Mal.*

These poems appeared for the first time in 1857; but there are books which make themselves felt as soon as they appear, just as there are others which need, as it were, to be felt from a distance. Of such are, in the history of French prose, Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*, and, in the history of French poetry, the *Fleurs du Mal.* At a first glance the critics imagined—fantastic as the idea seems to us—that they detected Catholicism in the *Fleurs du Mal;* and this was at the moment of a general reaction toward Paganism. The fact is that at a time when the elaboration of form was everything, Baudelaire's verses displayed the mosaicist's care, they suggested the prose writer who has with painful labour morticed a rime upon the end of every line. It was also a moment at which poetry tended to the impersonal; and the inspiration of Baudelaire betrays its debt to that of Vigny, and yet more to that of Sainte-Beuve,—the Sainte-Beuve of the *Confessions de Joseph Delorme.* He not only imitated, but exaggerated this strange morbidity. While the critics for these reasons despised even what there was of novelty in Baudelaire's product, the youth of his day recognised it, and felt its fascination. Beneath the declamatory tone, and the charlatanism, even, of his lament, they perceived the sincerity of a suffering which was not less genuine because it was purely intellectual. It has been said that of all the sensory suggestions the most material and the most diffusive are those which appeal to the olfactory perceptions, and that no others so immediately stir the memory. And if this be true, it must be

remembered that the *Fleurs du Mal* are permeated by the whole gamut of exotic fragrance. They are full, too, of those subtle values of sensory co-ordination which Baudelaire himself indicates when he says that "forms and outlines and sounds all correspond the one to the other." There was novelty in all this, a fruitful and a lasting novelty, and as it did not seem to disagree with the lessons of the Parnassians, people listened obediently to the lofty teachings of Leconte de Lisle, but read Baudelaire with infinite delight, like children devouring a book in secret.

I remember trying, twenty-five years ago, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to describe this influence which Baudelaire exerted upon M. François Coppée, M. Sully-Prudhomme upon M. Paul Bourget, too, whose first verses had then—in 1875—recently appeared, and upon other writers. François Buloz, who was still living at the time, was hugely displeased, although he had printed in the *Revue* Baudelaire's first verses. "So you take Baudelaire for a master, do you?" he cried. I thought that I had answered him when I said, "No, but he is a master in the eyes of the poets I named." But Buloz was not convinced. I little knew how amply time would justify me; I had not long to wait before a whole generation were invoking the name of the author of the *Fleurs du Mal*, the generation of Paul Verlaine and of Stephen Mallarmé.

Although they still continued to bow to the Parnassian discipline, they began to chafe under it. Despite the poet's dictum, *ut pictura poësis*, they began to perceive that poetry wilted in this dry perfection of execution. The precision of outline, the richness of metre, the unswerving fidelity of representation combined, embarrassed, cumbered, cramped the freedom of the imagination, the amplitude of visions. It was impossible to escape the accurate grasp of the artist, and when he had clutched you, there was no release. There was no background, no distant perspective, there was none of the indistinctness, the obscurity, the *chiaroscuro*, which is, nevertheless, one of the elements of true poetry. Save for some among M. Sully-Prudhomme's verses, everything was brought into the whitest light, and if, by chance, the meaning

of any work, as a whole, was not quite clear, each line was in itself uncompromisingly distinct. People began to find, too, that this reproduction of nature was extended, in the past as in the present, to many objects which possessed no real interest. It does not follow that because an event has taken place it is necessarily a poetic event; nor is it true that everything that lives should be immortalised by art. It was said, too, that if ideas were plentiful enough in the masterpieces of the Parnassian School, no one idea ever passed beyond its original limits, or became the mantle and the veil of something more secret, more mysterious: the visible and palpable exterior of that which can neither be seen nor touched. There are, unquestionably, certain correspondences and associations between ourselves and the world in which we live: every sensation should lead us to an idea, and in that idea we ought to find something analogous to the sensation. The reality of things does not manifest itself in their mere exterior, they must be exposed to the light of the truth in accordance with which their forms are defined. Every representation which fails to base itself upon that fact is necessarily incomplete, superficial, mutilated. The Parnassians forgot this, and their forgetfulness created the school of symbolism.

It is difficult to see very clearly the inner meaning of Paul Verlaine's work. He was an "irregular" in the eyes of all the schools, and his emancipation had been no more than a return to the liberty of the Romantic School, and a step beyond even that liberty. He owes his reputation less to the profoundness and the ingenuity of his symbolism than to the cynicism of his *Confessions*. He was at once violent and feeble, ingeniously perverse, capable, by turn, of the worst sentiments and the most sincere repentances, inheriting from Baudelaire and from Sainte-Beuve the love of sin and of remorse. Poor "Lélian" wrote some wretched verses, and some that were detestable; but he wrote also some that were original and exquisite. His great merit is, perhaps, that he wrote exquisitely diaphanous lines, verse as lightly burdened as French verse ought to be. Stephen Mallarmé wrote the most incomprehensible verses, more obscure than any Lycophron ever had made

before his time; but he had a poet's soul; he talked limpidly, if he wrote turgidly; he possessed the secret of clothing the strangest ideas in an enchanter's web of apparent truth; he has been, and will no doubt remain, the hierophant of symbolism, as Baudelaire was its precursor. I doubt whether he will be largely represented in the anthologies of the future, but no historian of nineteenth-century French poetry can refrain from mentioning his name. A certain Maurice Scève, of Lyons, played just such a rôle in the sixteenth century, only to disappear, when he had played it, in the effulgence of the great Ronsard.

There is one more observation that should perhaps be made before terminating this too hurried essay. It is a Ronsard that symbolism has lacked, and still lacks; it is a Ronsard that we have been awaiting for nearly ten years. It would be easy to name a dozen excellent craftsmen in verse, and three or four poets, among the younger men: M. Henri de Régnier, for instance, and M. Albert Samain. But however much talent, natural or acquired, they may have shown, it must be admitted that no work of theirs has aroused the immediate and universal emotion which Lamartine's *Méditations* and Ronsard's *Amours* kindled as soon as they appeared. Why is it so? Is it, perhaps, because the time is not favourable to poets, and that our poets lack the encouragement, the complicity of opinion, so to speak, which is more necessary to their development than to the development of any other sort of artists? Surely this is not the case. On the contrary, our poets find to-day a keener audience, not in France only, but abroad, than could have been hoped for ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago. Are fewer poets born, or is it more difficult for them to find the opportunity of appealing to the verdict of the public? is life less kind to them to-day than formerly? One can hardly say so, in view of the number of volumes of verse which appear each year. Is it that they ripen less rapidly, and that the standard they set themselves is higher, more complex, and demands longer effort? Are they awaiting a rounder maturity? As they are all young, let us hope that this is the case; and if the close of the nineteenth century, so abundant in poetic talent, is somewhat barren of poetic product,

we can only wait, in the hope that the expected masterpiece is taking form, somewhere in silent seclusion, and that the sudden radiance of its appearance will greet the beginning of the new century. *Sic aliud ex alio nunquam desistit oriri.*

Ferdinand Brunetière

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated American statesman and philosopher, was born in Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706, the son of a tallow chandler. He learned the printer's trade in the office of his elder brother, and at seventeen ran away to Philadelphia, where he established the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, and began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac* (1732). Having acquired extraordinary popularity on account of his public spirit and integrity, he was appointed successively clerk of the Assembly, postmaster, and deputy postmaster-general of British North America. He was sent to England as colonial agent in 1757, and during a second visit (1764) was mainly instrumental in securing the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act. Despairing of bringing about any reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country, he returned to Philadelphia and became one of a committee of five chosen by Congress to draw up the Declaration of Independence. Ambassador to France (1776–1785), he succeeded in inducing France to form an alliance with the United States (1778); in conjunction with Jay and Adams concluded the treaty of Paris with England (1783); and was president of Pennsylvania (1785–1788). He died April 17th, 1790.]

[The almanac was the only general reading matter of the countryfolk—that is, nearly the whole community—in Franklin's time; and contained, as now, jokes, stories, and scraps of general literature, filling in the calendar spaces with random sentences, often stupid and meaningless buffoonery. Franklin started one in 1732, ostensibly compiled by one Richard Saunders: replacing the usual subsidiary trash with sound, good literature, much of it original, and notably filling the calendar spaces with pointed epigrams beginning "Poor Richard says;" "chiefly," says Franklin, "such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, '*It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*' . . . These proverbs, which contain the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction."]

Courteous Reader:—

I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors.

This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an *eminent* author of *Almanacs* annually, now for a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses; and no other author has taken the least notice of me: so that did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length, that the people were the best judges of my merits: for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with *as Poor Richard says* at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed, not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own, that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, and *Many words won't fill a bushel*, as Poor Richard says." They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows: —

Friends, says he, and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their TIME, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing; with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that *the sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *there will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, *wasting of time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality;* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *lost time is never found again;* and what we call *time enough! always proves little enough.* Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so, by diligence, shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy*, as Poor Richard says; and *He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him*, as we read in Poor Richard; who adds, *Drive thy business! let not that drive thee! and* —

> *Early to bed and early to rise*
> *Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.*

So what signifies *wishing* and *hoping* for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish*, as Poor Richard says, and *He that lives on hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands! for I have no lands;* or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. And, as Poor Richard likewise observes, *He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor;* but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, *At the workingman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.* Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for *Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.*

What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich

relation left you a legacy, *Diligence is the mother of good luck*, as Poor Richard says, *and God gives all things to industry.*

Then plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep,

says Poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, *One to-day is worth two to-morrows;* and farther, *Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day!*

If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? *Be ashamed to catch yourself idle*, as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day! *Let not the sun look down and say, "Inglorious here he lies!"* Handle your tools without mittens! remember that *The cat in gloves catches no mice!* as Poor Richard says.

'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for *Constant dropping wears away stones;* and *By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;* and *Little strokes fell great oaks;* as Poor Richard says in his *Almanac*, the year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure*, and *Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.* Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, *A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.* Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No! for, as Poor Richard says, *Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they'll break for want of stock;* whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. *Fly pleasures, and they'll follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift;* and —

Now I have a sheep and a cow,
Everybody bids me good morrow.

All which is well said by Poor Richard. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and over-

see our own affairs *with our own eyes*, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says —

> *I never saw an oft-removed tree*
> *Nor yet an oft-removed family*
> *That throve so well as those that settled be.*

And again, *Three removes are as bad as a fire;* and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;* and again, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.* And again —

> *He that by the plough would thrive,*
> *Himself must either hold or drive.*

And again, *The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands;* and again, *Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;* and again, *Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.*

Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the *Almanac* says, *In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;* but a man's own care is profitable: for saith Poor Dick, *Learning is to the studious* and *Riches to the careful;* as well as, *Power to the bold* and *Heaven to the virtuous.* And further, *If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.*

And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters; because sometimes, *A little neglect may breed great mischief;* adding, *for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost;* being overtaken and slain by the enemy: all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail!

So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. *A man may*, if he knows not how to save as he gets, *keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will*, as Poor Richard says; and —

> *Many estates are spent in the getting,*
> *Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,*
> *And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.*

If you would be wealthy, says he in another *Almanac*, *Think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich; because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.*

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for as Poor Dick says, —

Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great.

And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a *little* tea, or a *little* punch now and then; a diet a *little* more costly; clothes a *little* finer; and a *little* more entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what Poor Richard says, *Many a little makes a mickle;* and further, *Beware of little expenses; A small leak will sink a great ship;* and again, —

Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;

and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

Here are you all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods;* but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be *dear* to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again, *At a great pennyworth pause awhile.* He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.*

Again, Poor Richard says, *'Tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practiced every day at vendues for want of minding the *Almanac.*

Wise men, as Poor Richard says, *learn by others' harms: Fools, scarcely by their own;* but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*[1] Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets,* as Poor Richard says, *put out the kitchen fire.* These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many *want* to have them! The artificial

[1] Fortunate he whom others' perils make cautious.

wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and, as Poor Dick says, *For one* poor *person there are a hundred* indigent.

By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees*, as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, '*Tis day, and will never be night;* that *a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding;* (*A child and a fool*, as Poor Richard says, *imagine* twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent,) but *Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.* Then, as Poor Dick says, *When the well's dry, they know the worth of water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. *If you would know the value of money go and try to borrow some;* for *He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing*, and indeed so does he that lends to such people, *when he goes to get it in again.*

Poor Dick further advises, and says—

Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

And again, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, '*Tis easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.* And 'tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

Great estates may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for, *Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt*, as Poor Richard says. And in another place, *Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.*

And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

What is a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest,
The gaudy fop's his picture just,

as poor Richard says.

But what madness must it be to *run into debt* for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this vendue, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt: *You give to another power over your liberty.* If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, *The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt;* and again, to the same purpose, *lying rides upon debt's back;* whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright!* as Poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince, or the government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail for life, or to sell you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but *Creditors* (Poor Richard tells us) *have better memories than debtors;* and in another place says, *Creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent,* saith Poor Richard, *who owe money to be paid at Easter.* Then since, as he says, *The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor,* disdain the chain,

preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency. Be *industrious* and *free;* be *frugal* and *free.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but —

For age and want, save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

As Poor Richard says, gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel*, as Poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.*

Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,

as Poor Richard says; and, when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure, you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

And now, to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that;* for it is true, *We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct*, as Poor Richard says. However, remember this, *They that won't be counselled can't be helped*, as Poor Richard says; and further, that, *If you will not hear reason she'll surely rap your knuckles.*

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine; and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon. For the vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions, and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my *Almanacs*, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of five-and-twenty years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not

a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, *thy* profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7, 1757.

THE WHISTLE.

BY FRANKLIN.

[A letter to Madam Brillon, a French friend.]

I RECEIVED my dear friend's two letters, one for Wednesday, one for Saturday. This is again Wednesday. I do not deserve one for to-day, because I have not answered the former. But, indolent as I am, and averse to writing, the fear of having no more of your pleasing epistles if I do not contribute to the correspondence, obliges me to take up my pen; and as Mr. B. has kindly sent me word that he sets out to-morrow to see you, instead of spending this Wednesday evening, as I have done its namesakes, in your delightful company, I sit down to spend it in thinking of you, in writing to you, and in thinking over and over again your letters.

I am charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that in the mean time we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good from it than we do, and suffer less evils, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet with are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle* that I met by the way in the hands

of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle:* and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious to court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up any kind of a comfortable living, all the pleasures of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity,* say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle!*

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles*.

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider, that with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put up to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the *whistle*.

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours, very sincerely and with unalterable affection.

B. FRANKLIN.

PASSY, *November* 10, 1779.

VOLTAIRE AND HIS WORK.

[JOHN MORLEY, English man of letters and affairs, was born in Lancashire in 1838; educated at Lincoln College, Oxford; trained as a lawyer. His chief work, however, has been as editor (*Fortnightly Review*, 1867–1882, *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1880–1883, *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1880–1883), and philosophic and historic biographer: notably of the great literary precursors of the French Revolution (Voltaire, 1872; Rousseau, 1876; Diderot and the Encyclopædists, 1878); also Burke, 1867; Cobden, 1881; Emerson, 1884; Walpole, 1889; and other works and many articles collected in 1871, 1874, and 1891. He has likewise taken high rank as a Liberal politician, being in Mr. Gladstone's last two cabinets, a warm supporter of Home Rule, and Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1886 to 1895.]

WHEN the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning, or the Reformation. The existence, character, and career of this extraordinary person constituted in themselves a new and prodigious era. The peculiarities of his individual genius changed the mind and spiritual conformation of France, and in a less degree of the whole of the West, with as far-spreading and invincible an effect as if the work had been wholly done, as it was actually aided, by the sweep of deep-lying collective forces. A new type of belief, and of its shadow, disbelief, was stamped by the impression of his character and work into the intelligence and feeling of his own and the following times. We may think of Voltairism in

France somewhat as we think of Catholicism or the Renaissance or Calvinism. It was one of the cardinal liberations of the growing race, one of the emphatic manifestations of some portion of the minds of men, which an immediately foregoing system and creed had either ignored or outraged.

Christianity originally and generically at once awoke and satisfied a spiritual craving for a higher, purer, less torn and fragmentary being, than is permitted to sons of men on the troubled and corrupt earth. It disclosed to them a gracious, benevolent, and all-powerful being, who would one day redress all wrongs and recompense all pain, and who asked no more from them meanwhile than that they should prove their love of him whom they had not seen, by love of their brothers whom they had seen. Its great glory was to have raised the moral dignity and self-respect of the many to a level which had hitherto been reached only by a few. Calvin, again, like some stern and austere step-son of the Christian God, jealous of the divine benignity and abused open-handedness of his father's house, with word of merciless power set free all those souls that were more anxious to look the tremendous facts of necessity and evil and punishment full in the face, than to reconcile them with any theory of the infinite mercy and loving-kindness of a supreme creator. Men who had been enervated or helplessly perplexed by a creed that had sunk into ignoble optimism and self-indulgence, became conscious of new fiber in their moral structure, when they realized life as a long wrestling with unseen and invincible forces of grace, election, and fore-destiny, the agencies of a being whose ways and dealings, whose contradictory attributes of unjust justice and loving vindictiveness, it was not for man, who is a worm and the son of a worm, to reconcile with the puny logic of human words, or the shallow consistency of human ideas. Catholicism was a movement of mysticism, and so, in darker regions, was the Calvinism which in so many important societies displaced it. Each did much to raise the measure of worth and purify the spiritual self-respect of mankind, and each also discouraged and depressed the liberal play of intelligence, the cheerful energizing of reason, the bright and many-sided workings of fancy and imagination. Human nature, happily for us, ever presses against this system or that, and forces ways of escape for itself into freedom and light. The scientific reason urgently seeks instruments and a voice; the creative imagination unconsciously takes form to

itself in manifold ways, of all of which the emotions can give good account to the understanding. Hence the glorious suffusion of light which the ardent desire of men brought over the face of Europe in the latter half of the fifteenth century. Before Luther and Calvin in their separate ways brought into splendid prominence their new ideas of moral order, more than two generations of men had almost ceased to care whether there be any moral order or not, and had plunged with the delight of enchantment among ideas of grace and beauty, whose forms were old on the earth, but which were full of seemingly inexhaustible novelty and freshness to men who had once begun to receive and to understand all the ever-living gifts of Grecian art and architecture and letters. If the Reformation, the great revival of northern Europe, was the enfranchisement of the individual from bondage to a collective religious tradition that had lost its virtue, the Renaissance, the earlier revival of southern Europe, was the admission to participate in the noblest collective tradition of free intellect which the achievements of the race could then hand down.

Voltairism may stand for the name of the Renaissance of the eighteenth century; for that name takes in all the serious haltings and shortcomings of this strange movement, as well as all its terrible fire, swiftness, sincerity, and strength. The rays from Voltaire's burning and far-shining spirit no sooner struck upon the genius of the time, seated dark and dead like the black stone of Memnon's statue, than the clang of the breaking chord was heard through Europe, and men awoke in new day and more spacious air. The sentimentalist has proclaimed him a mere mocker. To the critic of the schools, ever ready with compendious label, he is the revolutionary destructive. To each alike of the countless orthodox sects his name is the symbol for the prevailing of the gates of hell. Erudition figures him as shallow and a trifler; culture condemns him for pushing his hatred of spiritual falsehood much too seriously; Christian charity feels constrained to unmask a demon from the depths of the pit. The plain men of the earth, who are apt to measure the merits of a philosopher by the strength of his sympathy with existing sources of comfort, would generally approve the saying of Dr. Johnson, that he would sooner sign a sentence for Rousseau's transportation than that of any felon who had gone from the Old Bailey these many years, and that the difference between him and Voltaire

was so slight, "that it would be difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them." Those of all schools and professions who have the temperament which mistakes strong expression for strong judgment, and violent phrase for grounded conviction, have been stimulated by antipathy against Voltaire to a degree that in any of them with latent turns for humor must now and then have even stirred a kind of reacting sympathy. The rank vocabulary of malice and hate, that noisome fringe of the history of opinion, has received many of its most fulminant terms from critics of Voltaire, along with some from Voltaire himself, who unwisely did not always refuse to follow an adversary's bad example.

Yet Voltaire was the very eye of eighteenth-century illumination. It was he who conveyed to his generation in a multitude of forms the consciousness at once of the power and the rights of human intelligence. Another might well have said of him what he magnanimously said of his famous contemporary, Montesquieu, that humanity had lost its title-deeds, and he had recovered them. The fourscore volumes which he wrote are the monument, as they were in some sort the instrument, of a new renascence. They are the fruit and representation of a spirit of encyclopedic curiosity and productiveness. Hardly a page of all these countless leaves is common form. Hardly a sentence is there which did not come forth alive from Voltaire's own mind, or which was said because some one else had said it before. His works as much as those of any man that ever lived and thought are truly his own. It is not given, we all know, even to the most original and daring of leaders to be without precursors, and Voltaire's march was prepared for him before he was born, as it is for all mortals. Yet he impressed on all he said, on good words and bad alike, a marked autochthonic quality, as of the self-raised spontaneous products of some miraculous soil, from which prodigies and portents spring. Many of his ideas were in the air, and did not belong to him peculiarly; but so strangely rapid and perfect was his assimilation of them, so vigorous and minutely penetrative was the quality of his understanding, so firm and independent his initiative, that even these were instantly stamped with the express image of his personality. In a word, Voltaire's work from first to last was alert with unquenchable life. Some of it, much of it, has ceased to be alive for us now in all that belongs to its deeper significance,

yet we recognize that none of it was ever the dreary still-birth of a mind of hearsays. There is no mechanical transmission of untested bits of current coin. In the realm of mere letters, Voltaire is one of the little band of great monarchs, and in style he remains of the supreme potentates. But literary variety and perfection, however admirable, like all purely literary qualities, are a fragile and secondary good which the world is very willing to let die, where it has not been truly begotten and engendered of living forces.

Voltaire was a stupendous power, not only because his expression was incomparably lucid, or even because his sight was exquisitely keen and clear, but because he saw many new things, after which the spirits of others were unconsciously groping and dumbly yearning. Nor was this all. Fontenelle was both brilliant and far-sighted, but he was cold, and one of those who love ease and a safe hearth, and carefully shun the din, turmoil, and danger of the great battle. Voltaire was ever in the front and center of the fight. His life was not a mere chapter in a history of literature. He never counted truth a treasure to be discreetly hidden in a napkin. He made it a perpetual war cry, and emblazoned it on a banner that was many a time rent, but was never out of the field.

This is the temper which, when the times are auspicious, and the fortunes of the fight do not hurry the combatant to dungeon or stake, raises him into a force instead of leaving him the empty shadow of a literary name. There is something in our nature which leads men to listen coolly to the most eager hints and pregnant innuendos of skepticism, on the lips of teachers who still in their own persons keep adroitly away from the fiery darts of the officially orthodox. The same something, perhaps a moral relish for veritable proofs of honesty, perhaps a quality of animal temperament, drives men to grasp even a crudity with fervor, when they see it wielded like a battle-ax against spiritual oppression. A man is always so much more than his words, as we feel every day of our lives; what he says has its momentum indefinitely multiplied, or reduced to nullity, by the impression that the hearer for good reasons or bad happens to have formed of the spirit and moral size of the speaker. There are things enough to be said of Voltaire's moral size, and no attempt is made in these pages to dissemble in how much he was condemnable. It is at least certain that he hated tyranny, that he refused to lay up his hatred privily in his

heart, and insisted on giving his abhorrence a voice, and tempering for his just rage a fine sword, very fatal to those who laid burdens too hard to be borne upon the conscience and life of men. Voltaire's contemporaries felt this. They were stirred to the quick by the sight and sound and thorough directness of those ringing blows. The strange and sinister method of assault upon religion which we of a later day watch with wondering eyes, and which consists in wearing the shield and device of a faith, and industriously shouting the cry of a church, the more effectually to reduce the faith to a vague futility, and its outward ordering to a piece of ingeniously reticulated pretense; this method of attack might make even the champions of prevailing beliefs long for the shrewd thrusts, the flashing scorn, the relentless fire, the downright grapples, with which the hated Voltaire pushed on his work of "crushing the Infamous." If he was bitter, he was still direct. If he was often a mocker in form, he was always serious in meaning and laborious in matter. If he was unflinching against theology, he always paid religion respect enough to treat it as the most important of all subjects. The contest was real, and not our present pantomimic stage-play, in which muffled phantoms of debate are made to gesticulate inexpressible things in portentously significant silence. The battle was demoralized by its virulence. True; but is this worse than to have it demoralized by cowardice of heart and understanding, when each controversial man-at-arms is eager to have it thought that he wears the colors of the other side, when the theologian would fain pass for rationalist, and the freethinker for a person with his own orthodoxies if you only knew them, and when philosophic candor and intelligence are supposed to have hit their final climax in the doctrine that everything is both true and false at the same time?

A man like Montaigne, as has been said, could slumber tranquilly on the pillow of doubt, content to live his life, leaving many questions open. Such men's meditations, when composed in the genial literary form proper to them, are naturally the delight of people with whom the world goes fairly well materially, who have sensibility enough to be aware that there are unseen lands of knowledge and truth beyond the present, and destinies beyond their own; but whose sensibility is not intense and ardent enough to make wholly unendurable to them unscrutinizing acquiescence in half-thoughts and faint

guesses, and pale unshapen embryos of social sympathy. There are conjunctures when this mingling of apprehension and ease, of aspiration and content, of timorous adventure and reflective indolence, is the natural mood of even high natures. The great tides of circumstance swell so tardily, that whole generations that might have produced their share of skillful and intrepid mariners, wait in vain for the full flood on which the race is borne to new shores.

Nor assuredly is it well for men that every age should mark either a revolution, or the slow inward agitation that prepares the revolution, or that doubters and destroyers should divide between them all admiration and gratitude and sympathy. The violent activity of a century of great change may end in a victory, but it is always a sacrifice. The victory may more than recompense its cost. The sacrifice may repay itself a thousand-fold. It does not always repay itself, as the too neglected list of good causes lost, and noble effort wasted, so abundantly shows. Nor in any case is sacrifice ever an end. Faith and order and steady strong movement are the conditions which everything wise is directed to perfect and consolidate. But for this process of perfection we need first the meditative, doubting, critical type, and next, the dogmatic destroyer. "In counsel it is good to see dangers," Bacon said; "and in execution not to see them, except they be very great." There are, as history instructs us, eras of counsel and eras of execution; the hour when those do best who walk most warily, feeling with patience and sagacity and painstaking for the new ways, and then the hour of march and stout-hearted engagement.

Voltaire, if he adroitly or sagely preserved his buckler, felt that the day was come to throw away the scabbard; that it was time to trust firmly to the free understanding of men for guidance in the voyage after truth, and to the instincts of uncorrupted benevolence in men for the upholding of social justice. His was one of the robust and incisive constitutions, to which doubt figures as a sickness, and where intellectual apprehension is an impossibility. The old-fashioned nomenclature puts him down among skeptics, because those who had the official right to affix these labels could think of no more contemptuous name, and could not suppose the most audacious soul capable of advancing even under the leadership of Satan himself beyond a stray doubt or so. He had perhaps as little of the skeptic in his constitution as Bossuet or Butler, and was

much less capable of becoming one than De Maistre or Paley. This was a prime secret of his power, for the mere critic and propounder of unanswered doubts never leads more than a handful of men after him. Voltaire boldly put the great question, and he boldly answered it. He asked whether the sacred records were historically true, the Christian doctrine divinely inspired and spiritually exhaustive, and the Christian church a holy and beneficent organization. He answered these questions for himself and for others beyond possibility of misconception. The records were saturated with fable and absurdity, the doctrine imperfect at its best, and a dark and tyrannical superstition at its worst, and the church was the arch-curse and infamy. Say what we will of these answers, they were free from any taint of skepticism. Our lofty new idea of rational freedom as freedom from conviction, and of emancipation of understanding as emancipation from the duty of settling whether important propositions are true or false, had not dawned on Voltaire.

He had just as little part or lot in the complaisant spirit of the man of the world, who from the depths of his mediocrity and ease presumes to promulgate the law of progress, and as dictator to fix its speed. Who does not know this temper of the man of the world, that worst enemy of the world? His inexhaustible patience of abuses that only torment others; his apologetic word for beliefs that may perhaps not be so precisely true as one might wish, and institutions that are not altogether so useful as some might think possible; his cordiality towards progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pygmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse. To Voltaire, far different from this, an irrational prejudice was not the object of a polite coldness, but a real evil to be combated and overthrown at every hazard. Cruelty was not to him as a disagreeable dream of the imagination, from thought of which he could save himself by arousing to sense of his own comfort, but a vivid flame burning into his thoughts and destroying peace. Wrong-doing and injustice were not simple words on his lips; they went as knives to the heart; he suffered with the victim, and consumed with an active rage against the oppressor.

Nor was the coarse cruelty of the inquisitor or the politician, who wrought iniquity by aid of the arm of flesh, the only kind

of injury to the world which stirred his passion. He had imagination enough and intelligence enough to perceive that they are the most pestilent of all the enemies of mankind, the sombre hierarchs of misology, who take away the keys of knowledge, thrusting truth down to the second place, and discrowning sovereign reason to be the serving drudge of superstition or social usage. The system which threw obstacles into the way of publishing an exposition of Newton's discoveries and ideas was as mischievous and hateful to him, as the darker bigotry which broke Calas on the wheel because he was a Protestant. To check the energetic discovery and wide propagation of scientific truth, he rightly held to be at least as destructive in the long run to common weal, as the unjust extermination of human life; for it is the possession of ever more and more truth that makes life ever better worth having and better worth preserving. And must we not admit that he was right, and that no age nor school of men nor individual has ever been mortally afraid, as every good man is afraid, of inflicting any wrong on his fellow, and has not also been afraid of extinguishing a single ray from the great sun of knowledge?

It is well enough to say that in unscientific ages, like the twelfth century for instance, the burner of books and the tormentor of those who wrote them, did not feel either that he was doing an injustice to man or a mischief to truth. It is hard to deny that St. Bernard was a good man, nor is it needful that we should deny it; for good motives, owing to our great blindness and slow enlightenment, have made grievous havoc in the world. But the conception of justice towards heretics did not exist, any more than it existed in the mind of a low type of white man towards a black man, or than the conception of pity exists in the mind of a sportsman towards his prey. These were ages of social cruelty, as they were ages of intellectual repression. The debt of each to his neighbor was as little felt, as the debt of all to the common faculties and intelligence. Men owed nothing to man, but everything to the gods. All the social feeling and intellectual effort and human energizing which had made the high idea of God possible and real, seemed to have expended themselves in a creation which instantly swallowed them up and obliterated their recollection. The intelligence which by its active straining upwards to the light had opened the way for the one God, became itself forthwith identified with the chief of the devils. He who used his

reason was the child of this demon. Where it is a duty to worship the sun, it is pretty sure to be a crime to examine the laws of heat. The times when such was the universal idea of the rights of the understanding, were also the times when human life was cheapest, and the tiny bowl of a man's happiness was spilt upon the ground with least compunction.

The companionship between these two ideas of disrespect for the rights of man, and disrespect for reason or the highest distinction of man, has been an inseparable companionship. The converse is unhappily only true with a modification, for there have been too many men with an honorable respect for a demonstration and a proper hospitality towards a probability, who look on the rights of man, without disrespect indeed, but also without fervor. To Voltaire reason and humanity were but a single word, and love of truth and passion for justice but one emotion. None of the famous men who have fought that they themselves might think freely and speak truly, have ever seen more clearly that the fundamental aim of the contest was that others might live happily. Who has not been touched by that admirable word of his, of the three years in which he labored without remission for justice to the widow and descendants of Calas: "*During that time not a smile escaped me without my reproaching myself for it, as for a crime.*" Or by his sincere avowal that of all the words of enthusiasm and admiration which were so prodigally bestowed upon him on the occasion of his last famous visit to Paris in 1778, none went to his heart like that of a woman of the people, who, in reply to one asking the name of him whom the crowd followed, gave answer, "*Do you not know that he is the preserver of the Calas?*"

The same kind of feeling, though manifested in ways of much less unequivocal nobleness, was at the bottom of his many efforts to make himself of consequence in important political business. . . .

The man of letters, usually unable to conceive loftier services to mankind or more attractive aims to persons of capacity than the composition of books, has treated these pretensions of Voltaire with a supercilious kind of censure, which teaches us nothing about Voltaire, while it implies a particularly shallow idea alike of the position of the mere literary life in the scale of things, and of the conditions under which the best literary work is done. To have really contributed in the humblest degree, for instance, to a peace between Prussia and her ene-

mies in 1759, would have been an immeasurably greater performance for mankind than any given book which Voltaire could have written. And, what is still better worth observing, Voltaire's books would not have been the powers they were, but for this constant desire of his to come into the closest contact with the practical affairs of the world. He who has never left the life of a recluse, drawing an income from the funds and living in a remote garden, constructing past, present, and future out of his own consciousness, is not qualified either to lead mankind safely or to think on the course of human affairs correctly. Every page of Voltaire has the bracing air of the life of the world in it, and the instinct which led him to seek the society of the conspicuous actors on the great scene was essentially a right one. The book-writer takes good advantage of his opportunity to assure men expressly or by implication that he is their true king, and that the sacred bard is a mightier man than his hero. Voltaire knew better. Though himself perhaps the most puissant man of letters that ever lived, he rated literature as it ought to be rated, below action, not because written speech is less of a force, but because the speculation and criticism of the literature that substantially influences the world, make far less demand than the actual conduct of great affairs on qualities which are not rare in detail but are amazingly rare in combination, — on temper, foresight, solidity, daring, — on strength, in a word, strength of intelligence and strength of character. Gibbon rightly amended his phrase, when he described Boethius not as stooping, but rather as rising, from his life of placid meditation to an active share in the imperial business. That he held this sound opinion is quite as plausible an explanation of Voltaire's anxiety to know persons of station and importance, as the current theory that he was of sycophantic nature. Why, he asks, are the ancient historians so full of light? "It is because the writer had to do with public business; it is because he could be magistrate, priest, soldier; and because, if he could not rise to the highest functions of the state, he had at least to make himself worthy of them. I admit," he concludes, "that we must not expect such an advantage with us, for our own constitution happens to be against it." But he was deeply sensible what an advantage it was that they thus lost.

GOLDONI'S ADVENTURES AND DRAMATIC REFORMS.

[CARLO GOLDONI, the creator of modern Italian comedy, was born at Venice in 1697. He began with tragedies, but after finding his true line, wrote over one hundred and twenty comedies, discarding the old mechanical buffoonery, and portraying with great fidelity and lightness of touch the surface of the social life of his time, so far as he dared. They have no depth or serious purpose like Molière's, however, are to play rather than read, and seem vapid in citation. He wrote his "Memoirs," and died at Paris in 1793.]

HIS START IN LIFE.

FOR my part, I knew not what was to become of me. At the age of twenty-one, I had experienced so many reverses, so many singular catastrophes had happened to me, and so many troublesome events, that I no longer flattered myself with anything, and saw no other resource in my mind than the dramatic art, which I was still fond of, and which I should long before have entered into, if I had been master of my own will.

My father, however, vexed to see me the sport of fortune, did not allow himself to be cast down by those circumstances, which began to wear a serious aspect both for him and me. He had been at a considerable and useless expense to give me a profession, and he could have wished to procure me a respectable and lucrative employment, which should cost him nothing. This was not so readily to be found: he did find one, however, and so much to my taste, that I forgot all the losses which I had sustained, and I had nothing further to regret.

The republic of Venice sends a noble Venetian for governor to Chiozza, with the title of "podesta," who takes with him a chancellor for criminal matters; an office which corresponds with that of "lieutenant-criminel" in France; and this criminal-chancellor must have an assistant in his office, with the title of coadjutor.

These appointments are more or less lucrative, according to the country in which they are situated; but they are all very agreeable, as the holders of them are admitted to the governor's table, are in his excellency's party, and see every person of distinction in the place. However small the labor, it turns out pretty well.

My father enjoyed the protection of the governor, who was at that time the noble Francis Bonfadini. He was also very much

connected with the criminal-chancellor, and well acquainted with the coadjutor. In short, he procured my appointment as adjunct to the latter.

The period of the Venetian government is fixed; the governors are changed every sixteen months. When I entered my place, four months had only elapsed. Besides, I was a supernumerary, and could not pretend to any kind of emoluments; but I enjoyed all the pleasures of society, a good table, abundance of plays, concerts, balls, and fêtes. It is a charming employment; but as they are not regular officers, and as the governor can give the commission to whomsoever he pleases, there are some of their chancellors who languish in inaction, and others who pass over the rest, and have no time to repose themselves. It is personal merit which brings them into repute; but most frequently protections carry the day.

I was aware of the necessity of securing a reputation to myself; and in my quality of supernumerary, I took every means of instructing myself, and making myself useful. The coadjutor was not too fond of employment; I assisted him as much as possible, and at the end of a few months I had become as competent as himself. The chancellor was not long in perceiving it; and he gave me thorny commissions without their passing through the channel of his coadjutor, which I was fortunate enough to execute to his satisfaction. . . .

The sixteen months' residence of the podesta drew to a close. Our criminal-chancellor was already retained for Feltre, and he proposed to me the place of principal coadjutor, if I would follow him. Charmed with this proposition, I took a suitable time to speak of it to my father; and next day an engagement was concluded between us.

Here I was at length settled. Hitherto I had looked only on employments at a distance; but now I held one which pleased and suited me. I resolved with myself never to quit it; but man proposes, and God disposes.

On the departure of our governor from Chiozza, all were eager to show him every sort of honor; and the wits of the town, or those who thought themselves such, had a literary assembly, in which the illustrious person by whom they had been governed was celebrated both in verse and prose.

I sung also all the sorts of glory of the hero of the festival, and I expatiated at great length on the virtues and personal qualities of the governor's lady; both of them had shown a

kindness for me; and at Bergamo, where I saw them in office some time afterwards, as well as at Venice, when his excellency was decorated with the rank of senator, they always continued to honor me with their protection.

Everybody went away, and I remained at Chiozza till M. Zabottini (this was the name of the chancellor) called me to Venice for the journey to Feltre. I had always cultivated the acquaintance of the nuns of Saint Francis, where there were charming boarders; the lady B * * * had one under her direction, who was very beautiful, very rich, and very amiable; she would have pleased me infinitely, but my age, my situation, and my fortune forbade me to flatter myself with the idea. The nun, however, did not despair; and when I called on her, she never failed to send for the young lady to the parlor. I felt that I was becoming seriously attached; the directress seemed satisfied; I did not comprehend her: I spoke to her one day of my inclination and my fear; and she encouraged me and confided the secret to me. This lady possessed merit and property; but there was a stain on her birth. "However, this small defect is nothing," said the lady with the veil; "the girl is prudent and well educated, and I answer for her character and conduct. She has," she continued, "a guardian, who must be gained over; but let me alone for that. This guardian, who is very old and very infirm, has, it is true, some pretensions to his ward; but he's in the wrong, and . . . as I stand for something in this business . . . let me alone, I say again; I shall arrange things for the best."

I own, from this discourse, this confidence, and this encouragement, I began to believe myself fortunate. Miss N * * * did not look upon me with an unfavorable eye, and I reckoned the affair as good as concluded.

The whole convent perceived my inclination for the boarder, and there were ladies acquainted with the intrigues of the parlor who took pity on me, and informed me of what was passing. They did it in this way.

The windows of my room were exactly opposite to the steeple of the convent; several apertures were contrived in its construction, through which the figures of those who approached them were confusedly seen. I had several times observed figures and signs at these apertures, and I learned in time that those signs marked the letters of the alphabet, that words were formed of them, and that a conversation could thus be carried on at a

distance. I had almost every day a quarter of an hour of this mute conversation, which was of a discreet and decorous nature.

By means of this manual alphabet I learned that Miss N * * * was on the point of being married to her guardian. Indignant at the proceedings of Lady B * * *, I called on her after dinner, determined to display my resentment. I demanded to see her; she came, and on looking steadily at me, perceived that I was chagrined, and dexterously took care not to give me time to speak; she began the attack herself with a sort of vigor and a degree of vehemence.

"Very well, sir," said she, "you are displeased, I see by your countenance." I wished to speak then, but she would not listen to me; she raised her voice and continued: "Yes, sir, Miss N * * * is to be married, and her guardian is to marry her." I wished to speak loud in my turn. "Silence, silence," cried she, "listen to me; this marriage is my contrivance; I have, after mature consideration, been induced to second it, and it was for you that I solicited it."—"For me!" said I. "Yes, silence," said she, "and you shall see the design of an honest woman, who is attached to you. Are you," continued she, "in a situation to marry? No, for a hundred reasons. Would the young lady have waited your conveniency? No, for it was not in her power; she must have married; a young man would have married her, and you would have lost her forever. Now she is to be married to an old man, to a valetudinary, who cannot live long: and, though I am unacquainted with the pleasures and inconveniences of marriage, I know this much, that a young wife must shorten the days of an old husband; you will receive a pretty widow who has been a wife merely in name; on that subject you may rest contented: she will even be better off, for she will be richer than she is at present; and in the mean time you can go on in your own way. Fear nothing on her account; no, my dear friend, fear nothing; she will mix in the world with her dotard, but I shall watch over her conduct. Yes, yes, she is yours; I pledge myself for that; I give you my word of honor."

Miss N * * * now made her appearance and approached the grate. The directress said to me, with a mysterious air, "Compliment miss on her marriage." I could hold out no longer: I made my bow, and went away without saying a word.

I never saw either the directress or the boarder again; and happily I soon forgot both of them.

On arriving in Venice, after embracing my mother and aunt, whose joy was excessive, I paid a visit to my uncle the attorney; whom I solicited to obtain a place for me with an advocate for instruction in the forms and practice of the bar. My uncle, who was enabled to make a choice, recommended me to M. Terzi, one of the best pleaders and chamber-counsel in the republic, with whom I was to remain two years; but I entered in the month of October, 1731, and left him in May, 1732; when I was received as an advocate. In all probability they looked merely to the date of the year and not to that of the months. There was always something extraordinary in all my arrangements, and, to say the truth, almost always to my advantage. I was born lucky, and when I have not been so the fault has been entirely my own.

The advocates at Venice must have their lodgings and be at their chambers in the quarter della Roba. I took apartments at Saint Paternieu, and my mother and aunt did not quit me. I equipped myself in my professional gown, the same as that of the patricians, enveloped my head in an immense wig, and waited with great impatience for the day of my presentation in court.

The presentation does not take place without ceremony. The novice must have two assistants, called at Venice Compari di Palazzo, whom the young man selects from among those old advocates who are the most attached to him. I chose M. Uccelli and M. Roberti, both my neighbors.

I went between my two friends to the bottom of the great staircase in the great hall of the court, and for half an hour I was obliged to make so many bows and contortions that my back was almost broken, and my wig resembled the mane of a lion. Every one who passed me had something to say respecting me; some observed that I was a lad with some expression in my countenance; others, that I was a new sweeper of the courts; some embraced me, and others laughed in my face. At length I ascended and sent my servant in quest of a gondola, not daring to make my appearance in the open street in my then equipment, and I appointed him to meet me in the hall of the great council, where I seated myself on a bench, and where I saw everybody pass without being seen by anybody.

I began to reflect on the profession of which I had made choice. There are generally two hundred and forty advocates in the list at Venice; of these there are from ten to twelve in first rank, twenty perhaps in the second, and all the rest are

obliged to hunt for clients, and the pettifogging attorneys are willing enough to become their hounds on the condition of sharing together the prey. I was in apprehension for myself, as I was last on the list, and I regretted the chanceries which I had abandoned.

But then, on the other hand, I saw no profession so lucrative and honorable as that of an advocate. A noble Venetian, a patrician, a member of the republic, who would not deign to become merchant, banker, notary, physician, or professor of a university, has no hesitation in embracing the profession of an advocate, which he follows in the courts, and he calls the other advocates his brothers. Everything depended on good fortune: and why was I to be less fortunate than another? The attempt required to be made, and it was incumbent on me to plunge into the chaos of the bar, where perseverance and probity lead to the temple of fortune.

While I was thus musing by myself, and building castles in Spain, I observed a fair, round, and plump woman of about thirty, advancing towards me, of a tolerable figure, with a flat nose, roguish eyes, a profusion of gold about her neck, ears, arms, and fingers, and in a dress which announced her to be of the inferior orders, but in easy circumstances; she accosted and saluted me.

"Good day, sir." — "Good day, madam." — "Will you allow me to pay you my compliments?" — "On what?" — "On your admission; I observed you making your obeisance at court; upon my word, sir, you are prettily equipped!" — "Am I not? Do you think me handsome?" — "Oh, the dress is nothing; M. Goldoni becomes everything." — "So you know me, madam?" — "Have not I seen you four years ago in the land of litigation, in a long peruque and a short robe?" — "You are in the right, when I was with an attorney?" — "Yes, with M. Indric." — "So you know my uncle, then?" — "I? I know every person here, from the doge to the clerks of court." — "Are you married?" — "No." — "Are you a widow?" — "No." — "I dare not ask you more." — "You are right." — "However, from your appearance . . . you seem a decent woman." — "I am so in reality." — "You have a revenue then?" — "None at all." — "But you are well equipped; and how do you live then?" — "I am a girl of the courts, and the courts maintain me." — "Upon my word, that is very singular! You belong to the courts, you say!" — "Yes, sir; my father

was employed in them." — "What did he follow?" — "He listened at the doors, and carried good news to those who were in expectation of pardons, or sentences, or favorable judgments; and, as he had good legs, he was always first with the news. My mother was always here as well as myself; she was not proud, she received money, and accepted of a few commissions. I was born and brought up in these gilded halls, and you see I have gold upon me." — "Your story is very singular; so you follow the footsteps of your mother?" — "No, sir; I do something else." — "And what is that?" — "I solicit lawsuits." — "Solicit lawsuits! I do not understand you." — "I am as well known as Barabbas: all the advocates and attorneys are well known to be my friends, and many people apply to me to procure them counsel and defenders. Those who have recourse to me are not generally rich; and I apply to newcomers, persons without employment, who wish nothing better than to have an opportunity of making themselves known. Do you know, sir, that, such as you see me, I have made the fortune of a good dozen of the most famous advocates at this bar? Come, sir, take courage; with your good leave I shall also be the making of you." I was amused with listening to her; and as my servant did not arrive I continued the conversation.

"Very well, madam; have you any good affair at present?" — "Yes, sir, I have several, and some of them excellent; I have a widow suspected of having concealed effects; another anxious that a contract of marriage drawn posterior to its date should be held good; I have girls who demand to be portioned; I have wives who wish a separation; and I have people of condition pursued by their creditors; you see, you have only to choose."

"My good woman," said I to her, "I have allowed you to speak, and I wish now to speak in my turn. I am young and entering on my career, and desirous of occasions of employment where I may appear to advantage; but the desire of labor and the itch of pleading will never induce me to undertake such bad causes as those you propose to me." — "Ah, ah!" said she, "you despise my clients, because I told you there was nothing to be gained; but listen: you shall be well paid, and even paid beforehand if you choose." I saw my servant at a distance; I rose, and said to the woman with a firm and determined tone, "No, you are not acquainted with me; I am a

man of honor." — She laid hold of my hand, and said with a serious air, "Bravo! continue always to entertain the same sentiments." — "Ah, ah," said I to her, "you change your language." — "Oh, yes," said she, "and the language which I now use is better than that I have quitted. Our conversation has not been without mystery; bear it in mind, and take care never to mention it. Adieu, sir, be always prudent and always honorable, and you will find your account in it." On this she went away, and I remained lost in astonishment. I could make nothing of the matter; but I afterwards learned that she was a spy; that she came for the purpose of sounding me; but I never either learned or wished to learn by whom she had been employed.

The Italian Comic "Masks."

In this city [Bologna], the mother of science and the Athens of Italy, complaints had been made some years before of my reformation, as having a tendency to suppress the four masks of the Italian comedy.

This sort of comedy was in greater estimation at Bologna than elsewhere. There were several persons of merit in that place, who took delight in composing outlines of pieces, which were very well represented there by citizens of great ability, and the delight of their country.

The amateurs of the old comedy, on seeing the rapid progress of the new, declared everywhere that it was unworthy of an Italian to give a blow to a species of comedy in which Italy had attained great distinction, and which no other nation had ever yet been able to imitate.

But what made the greatest impression on the discontented, was the suppression of masks, which my system appeared to threaten. It was said that these personages had for two centuries been the amusement of Italy, and that it ought not to be deprived of a species of comic diversion which it had created and so well supported.

Before venturing to give any opinion on this subject, I imagine the reader will have no objection to listen for a few minutes to a short account of the origin, employment, and effects of these four masks.

Comedy, which in all ages has been the favorite entertainment of polished nations, shared the fate of the arts and

sciences, and was buried under the ruins of the empire during the decay of letters.

The germ of comedy, however, was never altogether extinguished in the fertile bosom of Italy. Those who first endeavored to bring about its revival, not finding, in an ignorant age, writers of sufficient skill, had the boldness to draw out plans, to distribute them into acts and scenes, and to utter, extempore, the subjects, thoughts, and witticisms which they had concerted among themselves.

Those who could read (and neither the great nor the rich were of the number) found that in the comedies of Plautus and Terence there were always duped fathers, debauched sons, enamored girls, knavish servants, and mercenary maids; and, running over the different districts of Italy, they took the fathers from Venice and Bologna, and servants from Bergamo, and the lovers and waiting-maids from the dominions of Rome and Tuscany.

Written proofs are not to be expected of what took place in time when writing was not in use; but I prove my assertion in this way: — Pantaloon has always been a Venetian, the Doctor a Bolognese, and Brighella and Harlequin, Bergamasks; and from these places, therefore, the comic personages called the four masks of the Italian comedy were taken by the players.

What I say on this subject is not altogether the creature of my imagination: I possess a manuscript of the fifteenth century, in very good preservation, and bound in parchment, containing a hundred and twenty subjects, or sketches of Italian pieces, called comedies of art, and of which the bases of the comic humor are always Pantaloon, a Venetian merchant; the Doctor, a Bolognese jurisconsult; and Brighella and Harlequin, Bergamask valets, the first clever and sprightly, and the other a mere dolt. Their antiquity and their long existence indicate their origin.

With respect to their employment, Pantaloon and the Doctor, called by the Italians the two old men, represent the part of fathers, and the other parts where cloaks are worn.

The first is a merchant, because Venice in its ancient times was the richest and most extensively commercial country of Italy. He has always preserved the ancient Venetian costume; the black dress and the woolen bonnet are still worn in Venice; and the red under-waistcoat and breeches, cut out like drawers, with red stockings and slippers, are a most exact representation

of the equipment of the first inhabitants of the Adriatic marshes. The beard, which was considered as an ornament in those remote ages, has been caricatured, and rendered ridiculous in subsequent periods.

The second old man, called the Doctor, was taken from among the lawyers, for the sake of opposing a learned man to a merchant ; and Bologna was selected, because in that city there existed a university, which, notwithstanding the ignorance of the times, still preserved the offices and emoluments of the professors.

In the dress of the Doctor, we observe the ancient costume of the university and bar of Bologna, which is nearly the same at this day ; and the idea of the singular mask which covers his face and nose, was taken from a wine stain which disfigured the countenance of a jurisconsult in those times. This is a tradition still existing among the amateurs of the comedy of art.

Brighella and Harlequin, called in Italy the two Zani, were taken from Bergamo ; because, the former being a very sharp fellow, and the other a stupid clown, these two extremes are only to be found among the lower orders of that part of the country.

Brighella represents an intriguing, deceitful, and knavish valet. His dress is a species of livery ; his swarthy mask is a caricature of the color of the inhabitants of those of the high mountains, tanned by the heat of the sun.

Some comedians, in this character, have taken the name of Fenocchio, Fiqueto, and Scapin ; but they have always represented the same valet and the same Bergamask.

The harlequins have also assumed other names ; they have been sometimes Tracagnins, Truffaldins, Gradelins, and Mezetins : but they have always been stupid Bergamasks. Their dress is an exact representation of that of a poor devil who has picked up pieces of stuffs of different colors to patch his dress ; his hat corresponds with his mendicity, and the hare's tail with which it is ornamented is still common in the dress of the peasantry of Bergamo.

I have thus, I trust, sufficiently demonstrated the origin and employment of the four masks of the Italian comedy ; it now remains for me to mention the effects resulting from them.

The mask must always be very prejudicial to the action of the performer either in joy or sorrow ; whether he be in love,

cross, or good-humored, the same features are always exhibited; and however he may gesticulate and vary the tone, he can never convey by the countenance, which is the interpreter of the heart, the different passions with which he is inwardly agitated.

The masks of the Greeks and Romans were a sort of speaking trumpets, invented for the purpose of conveying the sound through the vast extent of their amphitheaters. Passions and sentiment were not, in those times, carried to the pitch of delicacy now indispensable. The actor must, in our days, possess a soul; and the soul under a mask is like a fire under ashes.

These were the reasons which induced me to endeavor the reform of the Italian theater, and to supply the place of farces with comedies.

AGAINST INCONSISTENCY IN OUR EXPECTATIONS.

By ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

[Anna Lætitia Aikin: An English miscellaneous writer; born in 1743; married Rochemont Barbauld, a Huguenot refugee, in 1774. A volume of "Miscellaneous Pieces," written with her brother, — but the best of them hers, — gave her reputation. She wrote "Hymns in Prose for Children," "Devotional Pieces," "Early Lessons," etc. She died in 1825.]

"What is more reasonable, than that they who take pains for anything, should get most in that particular for which they take pains? They have taken pains for power, you for right principles; they for riches, you for a proper use of the appearances of things: see whether they have the advantage of you in that for which you have taken pains, and which they neglect. If they are in power, and you not, why will not you speak the truth to yourself, that you do nothing for the sake of power, but that they do everything? No, but since I take care to have right principles, it is more reasonable that I should have power. Yes, in respect to what you take care about, your principles. But give up to others the things in which they have taken more care than you. Else it is just as if, because you have right principles, you should think it fit that when you shoot an arrow, you should hit the mark better than an archer, or that you should forge better than a smith."

— Epictetus.

As most of the unhappiness in the world arises rather from disappointed desires than from positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the

universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and though we may suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve orange trees in the open air through an English winter; or when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find, in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws as determinate, fixed, and invariable as any in Newton's "Principia." The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit, nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved than the force of affection or the influence of example. The man therefore who has well studied the operations of nature in mind as well as matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims upon Providence. He never will be disappointed either in himself or others. He will act with precision; and expect that effect and that alone, from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce. For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities: riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Everything is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor, our ingenuity, is so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich: Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing everything else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of

expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this — I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it, then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased — by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. "But (says the man of letters) what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life." *Et tibi magna statis!* — Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. "What reward have I then for all my labors?" What reward! A large, comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man — of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heavens! and what reward can you ask besides?

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end.

He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied.

You are a modest man — You love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality makes him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honor and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity

"Pure in the last recesses of the mind;"

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or — what you please.

"If these be motives weak, break off betimes;"

and as you have not spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with all the

indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of having the bulk of mankind for their disciples; but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life. They plainly told men what sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected.

> "Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
> Hoc age deliciis. . . ."

If you would be a philosopher these are the terms. You must do thus and thus: there is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

There is no one quality gives so much dignity to a character as consistency of conduct. Even if a man's pursuits be wrong and unjustifiable, yet if they are prosecuted with steadiness and vigor, we cannot withhold our admiration. The most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one important object, and pursue it through life. It was this made Cæsar a great man. His object was ambition; he pursued it steadily, and was always ready to sacrifice to it every interfering passion or inclination.

There is a pretty passage in one of Lucian's dialogues, where Jupiter complains to Cupid that, though he has had so many intrigues, he was never sincerely beloved. In order to be loved, says Cupid, you must lay aside your ægis and your thunderbolts, and you must curl and perfume your hair, and place a garland on your head, and walk with a soft step, and assume a winning, obsequious deportment. But, replied Jupiter, I am not willing to resign so much of my dignity. Then, returns Cupid, leave off desiring to be loved. — He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the same time.

It must be confessed, that men of genius are of all others most inclined to make these unreasonable claims. As their relish for enjoyment is strong, their views large and comprehensive, and they feel themselves lifted above the common bulk of mankind, they are apt to slight that natural reward of praise and admiration which is ever largely paid to distinguished abilities; and to expect to be called forth to public notice and favor: without considering that their talents are commonly very unfit for active life; that their eccentricity and turn for speculation disqualifies them for the business of the world, which is best carried on by men of moderate genius; and that society is not obliged to reward any one who is not useful to

it. The poets have been a very unreasonable race, and have often complained loudly of the neglect of genius and the ingratitude of the age. The tender and pensive Cowley, and the elegant Shenstone, had their minds tinctured by this discontent; and even the sublime melancholy of Young was too much owing to the stings of disappointed ambition.

The moderation we have been endeavoring to inculcate will likewise prevent much mortification and disgust in our commerce with mankind. As we ought not to wish in ourselves, so neither should we expect in our friends, contrary qualifications. Young and sanguine, when we enter the world, and feel our affections drawn forth by any particular excellence in a character, we immediately give it credit for all other; and are beyond measure disgusted when we come to discover, as we soon must discover, the defects in the other side of the balance. But Nature is much more frugal than to heap together all manner of shining qualities in one glaring mass. Like a judicious painter, she endeavors to preserve a certain unity of style and coloring in her pieces. Models of absolute perfection are only to be met with in romance; where exquisite beauty, and brilliant wit, and profound judgment, and immaculate virtue, are all blended together to adorn some favorite character. As an anatomist knows that the racer cannot have the strength and muscles of the draught horse; and that winged men, griffins, and mermaids must be mere creatures of the imagination; so the philosopher is sensible that there are combinations of moral qualities which never can take place but in idea. There is a different air and complexion in characters as well as in faces, though perhaps each equally beautiful; and the excellencies of one cannot be transferred to the other. Thus if one man possesses a stoical apathy of soul, acts independent of the opinion of the world, and fulfills every duty with mathematical exactness, you must not expect that man to be greatly influenced by the weakness of pity, or the partialities of friendship; you must not be offended that he does not fly to meet you after a short absence; or require from him the convivial spirit and honest effusions of a warm, open, susceptible heart. If another is remarkable for a lively active zeal, inflexible integrity, a strong indignation against vice, and freedom in reproving it, he will probably have some little bluntness in his address not altogether suitable to polished life: he will want the winning arts of conversation; he will disgust by a

kind of haughtiness and negligence in his manner, and often hurt the delicacy of his acquaintance with harsh and disagreeable truths.

We usually say: that man is a genius, *but* he has some whims and oddities, — such a one has a very general knowledge, *but* he is superficial; etc. Now in all such cases we should speak more rationally did we substitute *therefore* for *but*. He is a genius, *therefore* he is whimsical; and the like.

It is the fault of the present age, owing to the freer commerce that different ranks and professions now enjoy with each other, that characters are not marked with sufficient strength: the several classes run too much into one another. We have fewer pedants, it is true, but we have fewer striking originals. Every one is expected to have such a tincture of general knowledge as is incompatible with going deep into any science; and such a conformity to fashionable manners as checks the free workings of the ruling passion, and gives an insipid sameness to the face of society, under the idea of polish and regularity.

There is a cast of manners peculiar and becoming to each age, sex, and profession; one, therefore, should not throw out illiberal and commonplace censures against another. Each is perfect in its kind. A woman as a woman: a tradesman as a tradesman. We are often hurt by the brutality and sluggish conceptions of the vulgar; not considering that some there must be to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that cultivated genius, or even any great refinement and delicacy in their moral feelings, would be a real misfortune to them.

Let us then study the philosophy of the human mind. The man who is master of this science, will know what to expect from every one. From this man, wise advice; from that, cordial sympathy; from another, casual entertainment. The passions and inclinations of others are his tools, which he can use with as much precision as he would the mechanical powers; and he can as readily make allowance for the workings of vanity, or the bias of self-interest in his friends, as for the power of friction, or the irregularities of the needle.

LIFE.

By Mrs. BARBAULD.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when or how or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know: when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.

Oh, whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And, in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spellbound knight,
Through blank oblivion's years th' appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
Oh, say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

DIVISION OF LABOR AND ORIGIN OF MONEY.

By ADAM SMITH.

(From "The Wealth of Nations.")

[ADAM SMITH, political economist, was born at Kirkcaldy, Scotland, June 5, 1723. He was educated at the University of Glasgow (1737–1740) and at Balliol College, Oxford (1740–1747). He was a professor in Glasgow University (1751–1763); was made rector of the university in 1787, and received from it the degree of LL.D. His chief works are: "Theory of Moral Sentiments" (1759), "Origin of Languages" (1760), and "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" (1776), the last named being his masterpiece. He died at Edinburgh, July 17, 1790.]

THE greatest improvement in the productive powers of labor, and the greater part of the skill, dexterity, and judgment with which it is anywhere directed, or applied, seem to have been the effects of the division of labor.

The effects of the division of labor, in the general business of society, will be more easily understood by considering in what manner it operates in some particular manufactures. It is commonly supposed to be carried furthest in some very trifling ones: not perhaps that it really is carried further in them than in others of more importance; but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every different branch of the work can often be collected into the same workhouse, and placed at once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures, on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch of the work employs so great a number of workmen that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture, but one in which the division of labor has been very often taken notice of, the trade of the pin maker: a workman not educated to this business (which the division of labor has rendered a distinct trade), nor acquainted with the use of

the machinery employed in it (to the invention of which the same division of labor has probably given occasion), could scarce, perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire, another straights it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business, to whiten the pins is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought separately and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundredth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

In every other art and manufacture, the effects of the division of labor are similar to what they are in this very trifling one; though in many of them the labor can neither be so much subdivided, nor reduced to so great a simplicity of operation. The division of labor, however, so far as it can be introduced, occasions, in every art, a proportionable increase of the produc-

tive powers of labor. The separation of different trades and employments from one another seems to have taken place in consequence of this advantage. This separation too is generally carried furthest in those countries which enjoy the highest degree of industry and improvement; what is the work of one man in a rude state of society being generally that of several in an improved one. In every improved society, the farmer is generally nothing but a farmer; the manufacturer nothing but a manufacturer. The labor too which is necessary to produce any one complete manufacture is almost always divided among a great number of hands. How many different trades are employed in each branch of the linen and woolen manufactures, from the growers of the flax and the wool, to the bleachers and smoothers of the linen, or to the dyers and dressers of the cloth! The nature of agriculture, indeed, does not admit of so many subdivisions of labor, nor of so complete a separation of one business from another, as manufactures. It is impossible to separate so entirely the business of the grazier from that of the corn farmer, as the trade of the carpenter is commonly separated from that of the smith. The spinner is almost always a distinct person from the weaver; but the plowman, the harrower, the sower of the seed, and the reaper of the corn are often the same. The occasions for those different sorts of labor returning with the different seasons of the year, it is impossible that one man should be constantly employed in any one of them. This impossibility of making so complete and entire a separation of all the different branches of labor employed in agriculture is, perhaps, the reason why the improvement of the productive powers of labor in this art does not always keep pace with their improvement in manufactures. The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbors in agriculture as well as in manufactures; but they are commonly more distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former. Their lands are in general better cultivated, and having more labor and expense bestowed upon them, produce more in proportion to the extent and natural fertility of the ground. But this superiority of produce is seldom much more than in proportion to the superiority of labor and expense. In agriculture, the labor of the rich country is not always much more productive than that of the poor; or, at least, it is never so much more productive as it commonly is in manufactures. The corn of the rich country, therefore, will not always, in the same

degree of goodness, come cheaper to market than that of the poor. The corn of Poland, in the same degree of goodness, is as cheap as that of France, notwithstanding the superior opulence and improvement of the latter country. The corn of France is, in the corn provinces, fully as good, and in most years nearly about the same price with the corn in England, though in opulence and improvement France is perhaps inferior to England. The corn lands of England, however, are better cultivated than those of France, and the corn lands of France are said to be much better cultivated than those of Poland. But though the poor country, notwithstanding the inferiority of its cultivation, can, in some measure, rival the rich in the cheapness and goodness of its corn, it can pretend to no such competition in its manufactures ; at least if those manufactures suit the soil, climate, and situation of the rich country. The silks of France are better and cheaper than those of England, because the silk manufacture, at least under the present high duties upon the importation of raw silk, does not so well suit the climate of England as that of France. But the hardware and the coarse woolens of England are beyond all comparison superior to those of France, and much cheaper too in the same degree of goodness. In Poland there are said to be scarce any manufactures of any kind, a few of those coarser household manufactures excepted, without which no country can well subsist.

This great increase in the quantity of work, which, in consequence of the division of labor, the same number of people are capable of performing, is owing to three different circumstances: first, to the increase of dexterity in every particular workman ; secondly, to the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another ; and, lastly, to the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labor, and enable one man to do the work of many.

First, the improvement of the dexterity of the workman necessarily increases the quantity of the work he can perform ; and the division of labor, by reducing every man's business to some one simple operation, and by making this operation the sole employment of his life, necessarily increases very much the dexterity of the workman. A common smith, who, though accustomed to handle the hammer, has never been used to make nails, if upon some particular occasion he is obliged to attempt

it, will scarce, I am assured, be able to make above two or three hundred nails in a day, and those too very bad ones. A smith who has been accustomed to make nails, but whose sole or principal business has not been that of a nailer, can seldom with his utmost diligence make more than eight hundred or a thousand nails in a day. I have seen several boys under twenty years of age who had never exercised any other trade but that of making nails, and who, when they exerted themselves, could make, each of them, upwards of two thousand three hundred nails in a day. The making of a nail, however, is by no means one of the simplest operations. The same person blows the bellows, stirs or mends the fire as there is occasion, heats the iron, and forges every part of the nail: in forging the head, too, he is obliged to change his tools. The different operations into which the making of a pin, or of a metal button, is subdivided, are all of them much more simple, and the dexterity of the person of whose whole life it has been the sole business to perform them is usually much greater. The rapidity with which some of the operations of those manufactures are performed exceeds what the human hand could, by those who had never seen them, be supposed capable of acquiring.

Secondly, the advantage which is gained by saving the time commonly lost in passing from one sort of work to another is much greater than we should at first view be apt to imagine it. It is impossible to pass very quickly from one kind of work to another that is carried on in a different place, and with quite different tools. A country weaver, who cultivates a small farm, must lose a good deal of time in passing from his loom to the field, and from the field to his loom. When the two trades can be carried on in the same workhouse, the loss of time is no doubt much less. It is even in this case, however, very considerable. A man commonly saunters a little in turning his hand from one sort of employment to another. When he first begins the new work, he is seldom very keen and hearty; his mind, as they say, does not go to it, and for some time he rather trifles than applies to good purpose. The habit of sauntering and of indolent careless application, which is naturally, or rather necessarily, acquired by every country workman who is obliged to change his work and his tools every half hour, and to apply his hand in twenty different ways almost every day of his life, renders him almost always slothful and lazy, and incapable of any vigorous application even on the most pressing occasions.

Independent, therefore, of his deficiency in point of dexterity, this cause alone must always reduce considerably the quantity of work which he is capable of performing.

Thirdly, and lastly, everybody must be sensible how much labor is facilitated and abridged by the application of proper machinery. It is unnecessary to give any example. I shall only observe, therefore, that the invention of all those machines by which labor is so much facilitated and abridged seems to have been originally owing to the division of labor. Men are much more likely to discover easier and readier methods of attaining any object, when the whole attention of their minds is directed towards that single object, than when it is dissipated among a great variety of things. But in consequence of the division of labor, the whole of every man's attention comes naturally to be directed towards some one very simple object. It is naturally to be expected, therefore, that some one or other of those who are employed in each particular branch of labor should soon find out easier and readier methods of performing their own particular work, wherever the nature of it admits of such improvement. A great part of the machines made use of in those manufactures in which labor is most subdivided were originally the inventions of common workmen, who, being each of them employed in some very simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it. Whoever has been much accustomed to visit such manufactures, must frequently have been shown very pretty machines, which were the inventions of such workmen, in order to facilitate and quicken their own particular part of the work. In the first fire engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of those boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that, by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his playfellows. One of the greatest improvements that has been made upon this machine, since it was first invented, was in this manner the discovery of a boy who wanted to save his own labor.

All the improvements in machinery, however, have by no means been the inventions of those who had occasion to use

the machines. Many improvements have been made by the ingenuity of the makers of the machines, when to make them became the business of a peculiar trade; and some by that of those who are called philosophers or men of speculation, whose trade it is not to do anything, but to observe everything; and who, upon that account, are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. . . .

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labor, which occasions in a well-governed society that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity, of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society.

As it is by treaty, by barter, and by purchase that we obtain from one another the greater part of those mutual good offices which we stand in need of, so it is this same trucking disposition which originally gives occasion to the division of labor. In a tribe of hunters or shepherds a particular person makes bows and arrows, for example, with more readiness and dexterity than any other. He frequently exchanges them for cattle or for venison with his companions; and he finds at last that he can in this manner get more cattle and venison than if he himself went to the field to catch them. From a regard to his own interest, therefore, the making of bows and arrows grows to be his chief business, and he becomes a sort of armorer. Another excels in making the frames and covers of their little huts or movable houses. He is accustomed to be of use in this way to his neighbors, who reward him in the same manner with cattle and with venison, till at last he finds it his interest to dedicate himself entirely to this employment, and to become a sort of house carpenter. In the same manner a third becomes a smith or a brasier; a fourth a tanner or dresser of hides or skins, the principal part of the clothing of the savages. And thus the certainty of being able to exchange all that surplus part of the produce of his own labor which is over and above

his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labor as he may have occasion for, encourages every man to apply himself to a particular occupation, and to cultivate and bring to perfection whatever talent or genius he may possess for that particular species of business.

The difference of natural talents in different men is, in reality, much less than we are aware of; and the very different genius which appears to distinguish men of different professions, when grown up to maturity, is not upon many occasions so much the cause as the effect of the division of labor. The difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter, for example, seems to arise not so much from nature, as from habit, custom, and education. When they came into the world, and for the first six or eight years of their existence, they were, perhaps, very much alike, and neither their parents nor playfellows could perceive any remarkable difference. About that age, or soon after, they come to be employed in very different occupations. The difference of talents comes then to be taken notice of, and widens by degrees, till at last the vanity of the philosopher is willing to acknowledge scarce any resemblance. But without the disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, every man must have procured to himself every necessary and conveniency of life which he wanted. All must have had the same duties to perform, and the same work to do, and there could have been no such difference of employment as could alone give occasion to any great difference of talents.

Of the Origin and Use of Money.

When the division of labor has been once thoroughly established, it is but a very small part of a man's wants which the produce of his own labor can supply. He supplies the far greater part of them by exchanging that surplus part of the produce of his own labor, which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labor as he has occasion for. Every man thus lives by exchanging, or becomes in some measure a merchant, and the society itself grows to be what is properly a commercial society.

But when the division of labor first began to take place, this power of exchanging must frequently have been very much clogged and embarrassed in its operations. One man, we shall suppose, has more of a certain commodity than he himself has

occasion for, while another has less. The former consequently would be glad to dispose of, and the latter to purchase, a part of this superfluity. But if this latter should chance to have nothing that the former stands in need of, no exchange can be made between them. The butcher has more meat in his shop than he himself can consume, and the brewer and the baker would each of them be willing to purchase a part of it. But they have nothing to offer in exchange, except the different productions of their respective trades, and the butcher is already provided with all the bread and beer which he has immediate occasion for. No exchange can, in this case, be made between them. He cannot be their merchant, nor they his customers; and they are all of them thus mutually less serviceable to one another. In order to avoid the inconveniency of such situations, every prudent man in every period of society, after the first establishment of the division of labor, must naturally have endeavored to manage his affairs in such a manner as to have at all times by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of some one commodity or other, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the produce of their industry.

Many different commodities, it is probable, were successively both thought of and employed for this purpose. In the rude ages of society, cattle are said to have been the common instrument of commerce; and, though they must have been a most inconvenient one, yet in old times we find things were frequently valued according to the number of cattle which had been given in exchange for them. The armor of Diomede, says Homer, cost only nine oxen; but that of Glaucus cost a hundred oxen. Salt is said to be the common instrument of commerce and exchanges in Abyssinia; a species of shells in some parts of the coast of India; dried cod at Newfoundland; tobacco in Virginia; sugar in some of our West India colonies; hides or dressed leather in some other countries; and there is at this day a village in Scotland where it is not uncommon, I am told, for a workman to carry nails instead of money to the baker's shop or the alehouse.

In all countries, however, men seem at last to have been determined by irresistible reasons to give the preference, for this employment, to metals above every other commodity. Metals can not only be kept with as little loss as any other commodity, scarce anything being less perishable than they are, but they can likewise, without any loss, be divided into any

number of parts, as by fusion those parts can easily be reunited again: a quality which no other equally durable commodities possess, and which more than any other quality renders them fit to be the instruments of commerce and circulation. The man who wanted to buy salt, for example, and had nothing but cattle to give in exchange for it, must have been obliged to buy salt to the value of a whole ox or a whole sheep at a time. He could seldom buy less than this, because what he was to give for it could seldom be divided without loss; and if he had a mind to buy more, he must, for the same reasons, have been obliged to buy double or triple the quantity, the value, to wit, of two or three oxen, or of two or three sheep. If, on the contrary, instead of sheep or oxen, he had metals to give in exchange for it, he could easily proportion the quantity of the metal to the precise quantity of the commodity which he had immediate occasion for.

Different metals have been made use of by different nations for this purpose. Iron was the common instrument of commerce among the ancient Spartans; copper among the ancient Romans; and gold and silver among all rich and commercial nations.

Those metals seem originally to have been made use of for this purpose in rude bars, without any stamp or coinage. Thus we are told by Pliny, upon the authority of Timæus, an ancient historian, that, till the time of Servius Tullius, the Romans had no coined money, but made use of unstamped bars of copper, to purchase whatever they had occasion for. These rude bars, therefore, performed at this time the function of money.

The use of metals in this rude state was attended with two very considerable inconveniences: first, with the trouble of weighing; and, secondly, with that of assaying them. In the precious metals, where a small difference in the quantity makes a great difference in the value, even the business of weighing, with proper exactness, requires at least very accurate weights and scales. The weighing of gold in particular is an operation of some nicety. In the coarser metals, indeed, where a small error would be of little consequence, less accuracy would, no doubt, be necessary. Yet we should find it excessively troublesome, if every time a poor man had occasion either to buy or sell a farthing's worth of goods, he was obliged to weigh the farthing. The operation of assaying is still more difficult, still

more tedious, and unless a part of the metal is fairly melted in the crucible, with proper dissolvents, any conclusion that can be drawn from it is extremely uncertain. Before the institution of coined money, however, unless they went through this tedious and difficult operation, people must always have been liable to the grossest frauds and impositions, and instead of a pound weight of pure silver or pure copper, might receive in exchange for their goods an adulterated composition of the coarsest and cheapest materials, which had, however, in their outward appearance, been made to resemble those metals. To prevent such abuses, to facilitate exchanges, and thereby to encourage all sorts of industry and commerce, it has been found necessary, in all countries that have made any considerable advances towards improvement, to affix a public stamp upon certain quantities of such particular metals as were in those countries commonly made use of to purchase goods. Hence the origin of coined money, and of those public offices called mints; institutions exactly of the same nature with those of the alnagers and stamp masters of woolen and linen cloth. All of them are equally meant to ascertain, by means of a public stamp, the quantity and uniform goodness of those different commodities when brought to market.

The first public stamps of this kind that were affixed to the current metals seem, in many cases, to have been intended to ascertain what it was both most difficult and most important to ascertain, the goodness or fineness of the metal, and to have resembled the sterling mark which is at present affixed to plate and bars of silver, or the Spanish mark which is sometimes affixed to ingots of gold, and which being struck only upon one side of the piece, and not covering the whole surface, ascertains the fineness, but not the weight of the metal.

The inconveniency and difficulty of weighing those metals with exactness gave occasion to the institution of coins, of which the stamp covering entirely both sides of the piece and sometimes the edges too, was supposed to ascertain, not only the fineness, but the weight of the metal. Such coins, therefore, were received by tale as at present, without the trouble of weighing. But in every country of the world, I believe, the avarice and injustice of princes and sovereign states, abusing the confidence of their subjects, have by degrees diminished the real quantity of metal which had been originally contained in their coins. By means of those operations the princes and

sovereign states which performed them were enabled, in appearance, to pay their debts and fulfill their engagements with a smaller quantity of silver than would otherwise have been requisite. It was indeed in appearance only; for their creditors were really defrauded of a part of what was due to them. All other debtors in the state were allowed the same privilege, and might pay with the same nominal sum of the new and debased coin whatever they had borrowed in the old. Such operations, therefore, have always proved favorable to the debtor and ruinous to the creditor, and have sometimes produced a greater and more universal revolution in the fortunes of private persons than could have been occasioned by a very great public calamity.

It is in this manner that money has become in all civilized nations the universal instrument of commerce, by the intervention of which goods of all kinds are bought and sold, or exchanged for one another.

THE TEAZLES AND THE SURFACES.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(From "The School for Scandal.")

[Richard Brinsley Sheridan: A British dramatist; born in Dublin, September 30, 1751; died in London, July 7, 1816. His father was an actor, his mother the author of several plays, and his mind naturally turned toward the drama. His first play, "The Rivals" (1774), was performed January 17, 1775, at Covent Garden Theater, and at first met with utter failure. It was later revised and reproduced, and was successful. Among his other plays are: "St Patrick's Day; or, the Scheming Lieutenant," first produced May 2, 1775; the book of a comic opera, "Duenna," November 21, 1775; "A Trip to Scarborough," February 24, 1775; "The School for Scandal," May 8, 1777; and "The Critic," October 30, 1779. In 1776 he succeeded David Garrick as manager of the Drury Lane Theater, and in 1780 he entered politics as a member of Parliament. He subsequently neglected his dramatic work for politics, was financially ruined, and finally arrested for debt.]

Sir Peter Teazle *alone.*

Sir Peter—When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and

fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing, I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution — a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

* * * * * * *

SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle — Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter — Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teazle — Authority! No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter — Old enough! — ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teazle — My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter — No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teazle — And I am to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter — Oons! madam — if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle — No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style — the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teazle — Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teazle — And then, you know my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox chase.

Sir Peter — I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach horse.

Lady Teazle — No — I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach horse.

Sir Peter — This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank — in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teazle — Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is ——

Sir Peter — My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teazle — Hem! hem!

Sir Peter — I thank you, madam — but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle — Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter — 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle — Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter — The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle — For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter — Ay — there again — taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle — That's very true indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter — Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady Teazle — Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter — Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle — What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter — Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle — Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter — Grace indeed!

Lady Teazle — But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's, too.

Sir Peter — Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle — Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-bye to ye. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter — So — I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

* * * * * * *

[Sir Peter Teazle has just been pressing his ward Maria to marry Joseph Surface, whom she detests, in place of Charles, whom she loves; she refuses to consider Joseph, though obeying in respect to holding no communication with Charles, and goes out in indignation after a stormy scene.]

Sir Peter — Was ever man so crossed as I am, everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter — [LADY TEAZLE *sings without.*] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humor. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady Teazle — Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter — Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady Teazle — I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter — Two hundred pounds; what, an't I to be in a good humor without paying for it! But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady Teazle — Oh, no — there — my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*

Sir Peter — And you shall no longer reproach me with not

giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady Teazle — If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter — Well — then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady Teazle — I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing — didn't you?

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive —

Lady Teazle — Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter — Indeed!

Lady Teazle — Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir Peter — Thank you.

Lady Teazle — And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter — And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple ——

Lady Teazle — And never differ again?

Sir Peter — No, never! — though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady Teazle — I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter — Now see, my angel! take care — contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady Teazle — Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir Peter — There, now! you — you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teazle — Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear ——

Sir Peter — There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teazle — No, I'm sure I don't: but, if you will be so peevish ——

Sir Peter — There now! who begins first?

Lady Teazle — Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing — but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter — No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teazle — Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter — Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

Lady Teazle — You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter — Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady Teazle — So much the better.

Sir Peter — No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you — a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighborhood!

Lady Teazle — And I am sure I was a fool to marry you — an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter — Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teazle — No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter — I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds ——

Lady Teazle — Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter — Very well, madam! very well! a separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady Teazle — Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir

Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you — so bye! bye! [*Exit.*

Sir Peter — Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either! Oh, I'm the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

Scene: A Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S *House.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE *and* Servant.

Joseph Surface — No letter from Lady Teazle?

Servant — No, sir.

Joseph Surface [*aside*] — I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles' imprudence and bad character are great points in my favor. [*Knocking without.*

Servant — Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Joseph Surface — Hold! See whether it is or not, before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

Servant — 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Joseph Surface — Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window — that will do; — my opposite neighbor is a maiden lady of so curious a temper. [Servant *draws the screen, and exit.*] I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret, — at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady Teazle — What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient? O Lud! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

Joseph Surface — O madam, punctuality is a species of constancy very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

[*Places chairs, and sits after* LADY TEAZLE *is seated.*

Lady Teazle — Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know, Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too — that's the best of the story, isn't it?

Joseph Surface — I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*

Lady Teazle — I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

Joseph Surface [*aside*] — Indeed I do not. — [*Aloud*] Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady Teazle — Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me.

Joseph Surface — Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance — without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for, when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady Teazle — No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody — that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter, too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart — indeed 'tis monstrous!

Joseph Surface — But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honor of her sex to endeavor to outwit him.

Lady Teazle — Indeed! So that, if he suspects me without cause, it follows that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't?

Joseph Surface — Undoubtedly — for your husband should never be deceived in you: and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady Teazle — To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence ——

Joseph Surface — Ah, my dear madam, there is the great

mistake! 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions? why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady Teazle — 'Tis very true!

Joseph Surface — Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humor and agree with your husband.

Lady Teazle — Do you think so?

Joseph Surface — Oh, I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for — in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady Teazle — So, so; then I perceive your prescription is that I must sin in my own defense, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation?

Joseph Surface — Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady Teazle — Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

Joseph Surface — An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady Teazle — Why, if my understanding were once convinced ——

Joseph Surface — Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes — Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honor to desire it.

Lady Teazle — Don't you think we may as well leave honor out of the argument? [*Rises.*

Joseph Surface — Ah, the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

Lady Teazle — I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your honorable logic, after all.

Joseph Surface — Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of —— [*Taking her hand.*

Reënter Servant.

'Sdeath, you blockhead — what do you want?

Servant — I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph Surface — Sir Peter! — Oons — the devil!

Lady Teazle — Sir Peter! O Lud! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

Servant — Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady Teazle — Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic — Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs — I'll get behind here — and if ever I'm so imprudent again ——
[*Goes behind the screen.*

Joseph Surface — Give me that book.
[*Sits down.* Servant *pretends to adjust his chair.*

Enter Sir Peter Teazle.

Sir Peter — Ay, ever improving himself — Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface —— [*Pats* Joseph *on the shoulder.*

Joseph Surface — Oh, my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon — [*Gaping, throws away the book.*] I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

Sir Peter — 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge — hung, I perceive, with maps.

Joseph Surface — Oh, yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir Peter — I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

Joseph Surface — Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry either.
[*Aside.*

Sir Peter — Well, I have a little private business ——

Joseph Surface — You need not stay. [*To* Servant.

Servant — No, sir. [*Exit.*

Joseph Surface — Here's a chair, Sir Peter — I beg ——

Sir Peter — Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you — a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

Joseph Surface — Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir Peter — Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Joseph Surface — Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir Peter — Yes! and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Joseph Surface — How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir Peter — Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathize with me!

Joseph Surface — Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir Peter — I am convinced of it. Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

Joseph Surface — I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

Sir Peter — Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Joseph Surface — My brother! impossible!

Sir Peter — Oh, my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph Surface — Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir Peter — True; but your brother has no sentiment — you never hear him talk so.

Joseph Surface — Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir Peter — Ay; but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Joseph Surface — That's very true.

Sir Peter — And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Joseph Surface — That's true, to be sure — they would laugh.

Sir Peter — Laugh! ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

Joseph Surface — No, you must never make it public.

Sir Peter — But then again — that the nephew of my old

friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

Joseph Surface — Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir Peter — Ay — I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian: in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him — my advice!

Joseph Surface — Oh, 'tis not to be credited! There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine — I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir Peter — What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

Joseph Surface — Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honor.

Sir Peter — I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and, if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

Joseph Surface — This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous. — [*Aside*] I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

Sir Peter — Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Joseph Surface — Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter — And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

Joseph Surface [*softly*] — Oh, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

Sir Peter — I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Joseph Surface [*softly*] — I beg you will not mention it.

What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! — [*Aside*] 'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way!

Sir Peter — And though you are averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph Surface — Pray, Sir Peter, now oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is intrusted with his friend's distresses can never ——

Reënter Servant.

Well, sir?

Servant — Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph Surface — 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within — I'm out for the day.

Sir Peter — Stay — hold — a thought has struck me: — you shall be at home.

Joseph Surface — Well, well, let him up. — [*Exit* Servant.] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter — Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere, then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Joseph Surface — Oh, fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick? — to trepan my brother, too?

Sir Peter — Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: [*going up*] here, behind the screen will be — Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already — I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

Joseph Surface — Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner, a silly rogue that plagues me; and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir Peter — Ah, Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you — But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph Surface — Oh, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it!

Sir Peter — No! then, faith, let her hear it out. — Here's a closet will do as well.

Joseph Surface — Well, go in there.

Sir Peter — Sly rogue! sly rogue! [*Goes into the closet.*

Joseph Surface — A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady Teazle [*peeping*] — Couldn't I steal off?

Joseph Surface — Keep close, my angel!

Sir Peter [*peeping*] — Joseph, tax him home.

Joseph Surface — Back, my dear friend!

Lady Teazle [*peeping*] — Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

Joseph Surface — Be still, my life!

Sir Peter [*peeping*] — You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

Joseph Surface — In, in, my dear Sir Peter! — 'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles Surface — Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

Joseph Surface — Neither, brother, I assure you.

Charles Surface — But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

Joseph Surface — He was, brother; but, hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Charles Surface — What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

Joseph Surface — No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Charles Surface — Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray?

Joseph Surface — To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavoring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Charles Surface — Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word. — Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that

he has got a young wife, has he? — or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

Joseph Surface — This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh ——

Charles Surface — True, true, as you were going to say — then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honor.

Joseph Surface — Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [*Raising his voice.*

Charles Surface — To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement. Besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Joseph Surface — But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you ——

Charles Surface — Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonorable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way — and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father ——

Joseph Surface — Well!

Charles Surface — Why, I believe I should be obliged to ——

Joseph Surface — What?

Charles Surface — To borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, i' faith, I always understood you were her favorite.

Joseph Surface — Oh, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

Charles Surface — Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances ——

Joseph Surface — Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Charles Surface — Egad, I'm serious! Don't you remember one day, when I called here ——

Joseph Surface — Nay, prithee, Charles ——

Charles Surface — And found you together ——

Joseph Surface — Zounds, sir, I insist ——

Charles Surface — And another time when your servant ——

Joseph Surface — Brother, brother, a word with you! — [*Aside*] Gad, I must stop him.

Charles Surface — Informed, I say, that ——

Joseph Surface — Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter

has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Charles Surface — How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

Joseph Surface — Softly, there! [*Points to the closet.*

Charles Surface — Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

Joseph Surface — No, no ——

Charles Surface — I say, Sir Peter, come into court. — [*Pulls in* SIR PETER.] What! my old guardian! — What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog.? Oh, fie! Oh, fie!

Sir Peter — Give me your hand, Charles — I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph — 'twas my plan!

Charles Surface — Indeed!

Sir Peter — But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Charles Surface — Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more. Wasn't it, Joseph?

Sir Peter — Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Charles Surface — Ay, ay, that was a joke.

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, I know his honor too well.

Charles Surface — But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that. Mightn't he, Joseph?

Sir Peter — Well, well, I believe you.

Joseph Surface — Would they were both out of the room! [*Aside.*

Sir Peter — And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

Reënter Servant, *and whispers* JOSEPH SURFACE.

Servant — Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

Joseph Surface — Lady Sneerwell! Gad's life! she must not come here. [*Exit* Servant.] Gentlemen, I beg pardon — I must wait on you downstairs: here is a person come on particular business.

Charles Surface — Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

Joseph Surface [*aside*] — They must not be left together.

— [*Aloud*] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly. [*Aside to* SIR PETER] Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

Sir Peter [*aside to* JOSEPH SURFACE] — I! not for the world! [*Exit* JOSEPH SURFACE.] Ah, Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

Charles Surface — Psha! he is too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

Sir Peter — No, no, — come, come, — you wrong him. No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect. — [*Aside*] I have a great mind to tell him — we should have such a laugh at Joseph.

Charles Surface — Oh, hang him! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit!

Sir Peter — Hark'ee — you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

Charles Surface — Why, you won't tell him?

Sir Peter — No — but — this way. — [*Aside*] Egad, I'll tell him — [*Aloud*] Hark'ee — have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles Surface — I should like it of all things.

Sir Peter — Then, i' faith, we will! I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called.

[*Whispers.*

Charles Surface — What! Joseph? you jest.

Sir Peter — Hush! — a little French milliner — and the best of the jest is — she's in the room now.

Charles Surface — The devil she is!

Sir Peter — Hush! I tell you. [*Points to the screen.*

Charles Surface — Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

Sir Peter — No, no, he's coming: — you shan't indeed!

Charles Surface — Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

Sir Peter — Not for the world! — Joseph will never forgive me.

Charles Surface — I'll stand by you ——

Sir Peter — Odds, here he is!

[CHARLES SURFACE *throws down the screen.*

Reënter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Charles Surface — Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful.

Sir Peter — Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

Charles Surface — Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word! — Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too? — Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! — Well — though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another; so I'll leave you to yourselves. — [*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness. — Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

[*Exit.*

Joseph Surface — Sir Peter — notwithstanding — I confess — that appearances are against me — if you will afford me your patience — I make no doubt — but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir Peter — If you please, sir.

Joseph Surface — The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria — I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper — and knowing my friendship to the family — she, sir, I say — called here — in order that — I might explain these pretensions — but on your coming — being apprehensive — as I said — of your jealousy — she withdrew — and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir Peter — A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady Teazle — For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir Peter — How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady Teazle — There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir Peter — I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Joseph Surface [*aside to* LADY TEAZLE] — 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady Teazle — Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir Peter — Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady Teazle — Hear me, Sir Peter! — I came here on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came, seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honor to his baseness.

Sir Peter — Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed!

Joseph Surface — The woman's mad!

Lady Teazle — No, sir; she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means. — Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me — but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honorable addresses to his ward — I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

[*Exit.*

Joseph Surface — Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows ——

Sir Peter — That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Joseph Surface — You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to ——

Sir Peter — Oh, damn your sentiments!

[*Exeunt* SIR PETER *and* JOSEPH SURFACE, *talking.*

FOOTE'S JESTS.

[SAMUEL FOOTE, English dramatist and actor, was born at Truro, Cornwall, in 1720. After squandering a small fortune in London, he turned to the stage as a means of support and made an unsuccessful début in "Othello." In 1747, however, in a small theater in the Haymarket, he began to give a series of farces and variety entertainments, including imitations of the principal actors and other celebrities of the day, and at once found himself famous. He wrote over twenty dramatic pieces, of which the best are: "An Auction of Pictures," "The Liar," "The Minor," "The Nabob," and "The Mayor of Garratt." He died at Dover, October 21, 1777.]

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

FOOTE praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in *Cork*. "No, sir," said he, quickly, "but I have seen a great many drawings of it."

DINING BADLY.

Foote, returning from dining with a lord of the admiralty, was met by a friend, who asked him what sort of a day he had had. "Very indifferent indeed: bad company and a worse dinner." "I wonder at that," said the other, "as I thought the admiral a good jolly fellow." "Why, as to that, he may be a good sea-lord, but take it from me, he is a very bad land-lord."

THE POINT OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

Being asked at what time of life he thought female beauty began to decline, he replied: "Woman is to be counted like a game of piquet: twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, — sixty!"

TREES IN SCOTLAND.

On his return from Scotland, being asked by a lady whether there was any truth in the report that there were no trees in Scotland, "A very malicious report indeed, my lady," said he; "for, just as I was crossing from Port Patrick to Donaghadee, I saw two blackbirds perched on *as fine a thistle* as ever I saw in my life."

IRISH HUMOR.

Foote always acknowledged the humor and naïveté of the Irish, and gave many instances of it in the course of his con-

vivial hours. One frosty day, he said, as he was crossing the ferry near Dublin, a passenger was put into the boat quite drunk, who was at first very ungovernable. This occasioned many remarks. One said, "how beastly drunk he was;" another, "that he ought to be thrown overboard," etc. At last, the boatman, looking at him, seemingly with an eye of compassion, exclaimed: "Why, to be sure, good people, the man is bad enough; but, bad as he is, I wish I had half his disorder about me."

Garrick's Parsimony.

Foote and Garrick supping together at the Bedford, the former, in pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, dropped a guinea, which rolled in such a direction that they could not readily find it. "Where the deuce," says Foote, "can it be gone to?" "Gone to the devil, I suppose," said Garrick. "Well said, David, you are always what I took you for: ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

Foote, showing a house which he had newly fitted up to some friends, in passing through his bedchamber one of the company observed a small Roman bust of Garrick on the bureau, at which he smiled. "I don't wonder," said Foote, "you should laugh at me for allowing him to be so near my gold; but then please to observe he has no hands."

Walter Ross.

Foote having occasion for the testimony of Walter Ross, of Edinburgh, in some theatrical lawsuit, the latter (who was a Scotchman) traveled all the way up to town in a post chaise under the character of writer to the Signet, for which he charged Foote the whole of his expenses.

The cause, when it came to a hearing, was determined against Foote, and, as it was then said, on the incompetency of the evidence of Ross, which created some little coolness between the parties. Friends, however, interfering, they were reconciled, and dined together the day before Ross went out of town; during which meeting Foote asked him, in the course of conversation, how he intended to travel back. "On foot," said Ross, taking him in his own way. "I am heartily sorry for that," said the other, "as I know of no man who more richly deserves horsing."

Baron Newman.

This celebrated gambler (well known about town thirty years ago by the title of the "left-handed Baron") being detected, in the rooms at Bath, in the act of secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one-pair-of-stairs room, where they were playing. The Baron, meeting Foote some time afterwards, loudly complained of this usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honor. "Do!" said Foote, "why, 'tis a plain case: never play so high again as long as you live."

The Faro Bank.

A gentleman having lost his money at a faro bank, where he suspected the lady of the house, he communicated his suspicions to Foote; who comforted him by saying, "that he might depend upon it, 'twas all *fair* play."

Apology for Absence.

A conceited young man asking Foote what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before to which he had a card of invitation, "Oh, my dear sir!" replied Foote, "say nothing about it: you were never missed."

Female Robbery.

A lady of fashion having suddenly eloped to avoid her creditors, a circle of her former friends were, as usual, sitting in judgment on her character, and relating different anecdotes which fell within their respective knowledge. Among the rest, Lady Betty D—— was violently severe against her, for robbing her ladyship of a fine new set of teeth, which she borrowed of her for the feigned purpose of getting a new set like them. "Nay," said Foote, "now, Lady Betty, that's no such great matter after all." "What! no great matter, sir, to rob me of my teeth?" "Why, no, I really think not; for, at the worst, you know it was only biting the biter."

Personation.

On the morning before he set out for Dover, an old performer belonging to the Haymarket Theater called to take leave of him. "Well," said Foote, "what's the matter with you this morning, you look so ruefully?" "Why, I don't know

how it is, but I find I'm not myself to-day." "No! then I heartily wish you joy; for though I don't know who you are now, you must certainly be a gainer by the change."

The Danger of Female Beauty.

A white horse and a beautiful woman, Foote said, were two troublesome things to manage: as the first was difficult to be kept clean; and the second, honest.

EVELINA AND THE BRANGHTONS.

By FRANCES BURNEY.

Frances Burney, later Madame D'Arblay, English novelist, was born at Lynn Regis, June 13, 1752. Her first novel, "Evelina," was published in 1778; her second, "Cecilia," in 1782; the third, "Camilla," in 1796, after her marriage to a French "*Émigré*" artillery officer; her last, "The Wanderer," in 1814. She brought out a tragedy, "Edwy and Elvina," in 1794. She wrote also the "Memoirs of Dr. Burney" (her father), published in 1832. She died January 6, 1840. Her "Letters and Diaries" were published 1842–1846.

Holborn, *June 17th.*

Yesterday Mr. Smith carried his point, of making a party for Vauxhall, consisting of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, all the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, himself,—and me!—for I find all endeavors vain to escape anything which these people desire I should not.

There were twenty disputes previous to our setting out; first, as to the *time* of our going: Mr. Branghton, his son, and young Brown were for six o'clock; and all the ladies and Mr. Smith were for eight;—the latter, however, conquered.

Then, as to the *way* we should go; some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himself was for walking: but the boat, at length, was decided upon. Indeed, this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me, for the Thames was delightfully pleasant.

The Garden is very pretty, but too formal; I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra make a most brilliant and gay appearance; and, had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it was a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert, in the course of which a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly.

Mr. Smith endeavored to attach himself to me, with such officious assiduity, and impertinent freedom, that he quite sickened me. Indeed, M. Du Bois was the only man of the party to whom, voluntarily, I ever addressed myself. He is civil and respectful, and I have found nobody else so since I left Howard Grove. His English is very bad, but I prefer it to speaking French myself, which I dare not venture to do. I converse with him frequently, both to disengage myself from others, and to oblige Madame Duval, who is always pleased when he is attended to.

As we were walking about the orchestra, I heard a bell ring, and, in a moment, Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled as well as I could to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping; "Stopping, Ma'am!" cried he, "why, we must run on, or we shall lose the cascade!"

And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. Young Branghton, in particular, laughed till he could hardly stand.

The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively.

But this was not the only surprise which was to divert them at my expense; for they led me about the garden, purposely to enjoy my first sight of various other deceptions.

About ten o'clock, Mr. Smith having chosen a *box* in a very conspicuous place, we all went to supper. Much fault was found with everything that was ordered, though not a morsel of anything was left; and the dearness of provisions, with con-

jectures upon what profit was made by them, supplied discourse during the whole meal.

When wine and cider were brought, Mr. Smith said, "Now let's enjoy ourselves; now is the time, or never. Well, Ma'am, and how do you like Vauxhall?"

"Like it!" cried young Branghton, "why, how can she help liking it? She has never seen such a place before, that I'll answer for."

"For my part," said Miss Branghton, "I like it because it is not vulgar."

"This must have been a fine treat for you, Miss," said Mr. Branghton; "why, I suppose you was never so happy in all your life before?"

I endeavored to express my satisfaction with some pleasure, yet I believe they were much amazed at my coldness.

"Miss ought to stay in town till the last night," said young Branghton, "and then, it's my belief, she'd say something to it! Why, Lord, it's the best night of any; there's always a riot,—and there the folks run about,—and then there's such squealing and squalling!—and there all the lamps are broke,—and the women run skimper scamper—I declare I would not take five guineas to miss the last night!"

I was very glad when they all grew tired of sitting, and called for the waiter to pay the bill. The Miss Branghtons said they would walk on, while the gentlemen settled the account, and asked me to accompany them; which, however, I declined.

"You girls may do as you please," said Madame Duval; "but as to me, I promise you, I shan't go nowhere without the gentlemen."

"No more, I suppose, will my *Cousin*," said Miss Branghton, looking reproachfully towards Mr. Smith.

This reflection, which I feared would flatter his vanity, made me, most unfortunately, request Madame Duval's permission to attend them. She granted it, and away we went, having promised to meet in the room.

To the room, therefore, I would immediately have gone: but the sisters agreed that they would first have a *little pleasure*, and they tittered, and talked so loud, that they attracted universal notice.

"Lord, Polly," said the eldest, "suppose we were to take a turn in the dark walks?"

"Ay, do," answered she, "and then we'll hide ourselves, and then Mr. Brown will think we are lost."

I remonstrated very warmly against this plan, telling them it would endanger our missing the rest of the party all the evening.

"O dear," cried Miss Branghton, "I thought how uneasy Miss would be, without a beau!"

This impertinence I did not think worth answering; and, quite by compulsion, I followed them down a long alley, in which there was hardly any light.

By the time we came near the end, a large party of gentlemen, apparently very riotous, and who were hallooing, leaning on one another, and laughing immoderately, seemed to rush suddenly from behind some trees, and, meeting us face to face, put their arms at their sides, and formed a kind of circle, which first stopped our proceeding, and then our retreating, for we were presently entirely inclosed. The Miss Branghtons screamed aloud, and I was frightened exceedingly: our screams were answered with bursts of laughter, and, for some minutes, we were kept prisoners, till at last, one of them, rudely seizing hold of me, said I was a pretty little creature.

Terrified to death, I struggled with such vehemence to disengage myself from him, that I succeeded, in spite of his efforts to detain me; and immediately, and with a swiftness which fear only could have given me, I flew rather than ran up the walk, hoping to secure my safety by returning to the lights and company we had so foolishly left: but before I could possibly accomplish my purpose, I was met by another party of men, one of whom placed himself so directly in my way, calling out, "Whither so fast, my love?" that I could only have proceeded by running into his arms.

In a moment, both my hands, by different persons, were caught hold of; and one of them, in a most familiar manner, desired, when I ran next, to accompany me in a race; while the rest of the party stood still and laughed.

I was almost distracted with terror, and so breathless with running that I could not speak, till another, advancing, said I was as handsome as an angel, and desired to be of the party. I then just articulated, "For Heaven's sake, Gentlemen, let me pass."

Another then rushing suddenly forward exclaimed, "Heaven and earth! what voice is that?"

"The voice of the prettiest little actress I have seen this age," answered one of my persecutors.

"No, — no, — no, —" I *panted* out, "I am no actress, — pray let me go, — pray let me pass."

"By all that's sacred," cried the same voice, which I then knew for Sir Clement Willoughby's, "'tis herself!"

"Sir Clement Willoughby," cried I. "O Sir, assist — assist me — or I shall die with terror!"

"Gentlemen," cried he, disengaging them all from me in an instant, "pray leave this lady to me."

Loud laughs proceeded from every mouth, and two or three said, "*Willoughby has all the luck!*" But one of them, in a passionate manner, vowed he would not give me up, for that he had the first right to me, and would support it.

"You are mistaken," said Sir Clement; "this lady is — I will explain myself to you another time; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken."

And then, taking my willing hand, he led me off, amidst the loud acclamations, laughter, and gross merriment of his impertinent companions.

As soon as we had escaped from them, Sir Clement, with a voice of surprise, exclaimed, "My dearest creature, what wonder, what strange revolution, has brought you to such a spot as this?"

Ashamed of my situation, and extremely mortified to be thus recognized by him, I was for some time silent, and when he repeated his question, only stammered out, "I have, — I hardly know how, — lost myself from my party."

He caught my hand, and eagerly pressing it, in a passionate voice said, "O that I had sooner met with thee!"

Surprised at a freedom so unexpected, I angrily broke from him, saying, "Is this the protection you give me, Sir Clement?"

And then I saw, what the perturbation of my mind had prevented my sooner noticing, that he had led me, though I know not how, into another of the dark alleys, instead of the place whither I meant to go.

"Good God!" I cried, "where am I? — What way are you going?"

"Where," answered he, "we shall be least observed."

Astonished at this speech, I stopped short, and declared I would go no further.

"And why not, my angel?" again endeavoring to take my hand.

My heart beat with resentment; I pushed him away from me with all my strength, and demanded how he dared treat me with such insolence.

"Insolence?" repeated he.

"Yes, Sir Clement, *insolence;* from you, who know me, I had a claim for protection, — not to such treatment as this."

"By Heaven," cried he, with warmth, "you distract me, — why, tell me, — why do I see you here? — Is this a place for Miss Anville? — these dark walks! — no party! — no companion! — by all that's good, I can scarce believe my senses!"

Extremely offended at this speech, I turned angrily from him, and, not deigning to make any answer, walked on towards that part of the garden whence I perceived the lights and company.

He followed me; but we were both some time silent.

"So you will not explain to me your situation?" said he, at length.

"No, Sir," answered I, disdainfully.

"Nor yet — suffer me to make my own interpretation?"

I could not bear this strange manner of speaking; it made my very soul shudder, — and I burst into tears.

He flew to me, and actually flung himself at my feet, as if regardless who might see him, saying, "Oh, Miss Anville — loveliest of women — forgive my — my — I beseech you forgive me; — if I have offended, — if I have hurt you — I could kill myself at the thought!"

"No matter, Sir, no matter," cried I, "if I can but find my friends, — I will never speak to — never see you again!"

"Good God! — good Heaven! — my dearest life, what is it I have done? — what is it I have said?"

"You best know, Sir, *what* and *why;* — but don't hold me here, — let *me* be gone; and do *you!*"

"Not till you forgive me! — I cannot part with you in anger."

"For shame, for shame, Sir!" cried I, indignantly; "do you suppose I am to be thus compelled? — do you take advantage of the absence of my friends, to affront me?"

"No, Madam," cried he, rising, "I would sooner forfeit my life than act so mean a part. But you have flung me into

amazement unspeakable, and you will not condescend to listen to my request of giving me some explanation."

"The manner, Sir," said I, "in which you spoke that request made and will make me scorn to answer it."

"Scorn! — I will own to you, I expected not such displeasure from Miss Anville."

"Perhaps, Sir, if you had, you would less voluntarily have merited it."

"My dearest life, surely it must be known to you that the man does not breathe who adores you so passionately, so fervently, so tenderly, as I do! — why then will you delight in perplexing me? — in keeping me in suspense — in torturing me with doubt?"

"I, Sir, delight in perplexing you! — You are much mistaken. Your suspense, your doubts, your perplexities, — are of your own creating; and believe me, Sir, they may *offend*, but they can never *delight* me: — but, as you have yourself raised, you must yourself satisfy them."

"Good God! — that such haughtiness and such sweetness can inhabit the same mansion!"

I made no answer, but quickening my pace, I walked on silently and sullenly; till this most impetuous of men, snatching my hand, which he grasped with violence, besought me to forgive him, with such earnestness of supplication that, merely to escape his importunities, I was forced to speak, and, in some measure, to grant the pardon he requested: though it was accorded with a very ill grace; but, indeed, I knew not how to resist the humility of his entreaties: yet never shall I recollect the occasion he gave me of displeasure, without feeling it renewed.

We now soon arrived in the midst of the general crowd, and my own safety being then insured, I grew extremely uneasy for the Miss Branghtons, whose danger, however imprudently incurred by their own folly, I too well knew how to tremble for. To this consideration all my pride of heart yielded, and I determined to seek my party with the utmost speed; though not without a sigh did I recollect the fruitless attempt I had made, after the opera, of concealing from this man my unfortunate connections, which I was now obliged to make known.

I hastened, therefore, to the room, with a view of sending young Branghton to the aid of his sisters. In a very short time,

I perceived Madame Duval, and the rest, looking at one of the paintings.

I must own to you, honestly, my dear Sir, that an involuntary repugnance seized me, at presenting such a set to Sir Clement, — he who had been used to see me in parties so different! — My pace slackened as I approached them, — but they presently perceived me.

"*Ah, Mademoiselle!*" cried M. Du Bois, "*Que je suis charmé de vous voir!*"

"Pray, Miss," cried Mr. Brown, "where's Miss Polly?"

"Why, Miss, you've been a long while gone," said Mr. Branghton; "we thought you'd been lost. But what have you done with your cousins?"

I hesitated, — for Sir Clement regarded me with a look of wonder.

"*Pardi,*" cried Madame Duval, "I shan't let you leave me again in a hurry. Why, here we've been in such a fright! — and, all the while, I suppose, you've been thinking nothing about the matter."

"Well," said young Branghton, "as long as Miss is come back, I don't mind, for as to Bid and Poll, they can take care of themselves. But the best joke is, Mr. Smith is gone all about a looking for you."

These speeches were made almost in a breath: but when, at last, they waited for an answer, I told them that, in walking up one of the long alleys, we had been frightened and separated.

"The long alleys!" repeated Mr. Branghton, "and, pray, what had you to do in the long alleys? why, to be sure, you must all of you have had a mind to be affronted!"

This speech was not more impertinent to me, than surprising to Sir Clement, who regarded all the party with evident astonishment. However, I told young Branghton no time ought to be lost, for that his sisters might require his immediate protection.

"But how will they get it?" cried this brutal brother; "if they've a mind to behave in such a manner as that, they ought to protect themselves; and so they may for me."

"Well," said the simple Mr. Brown, "whether you go or no, I think I may as well see after Miss Polly."

The father, then interfering, insisted that his son should accompany him; and away they went.

It was now that Madame Duval first perceived Sir Clement;

to whom turning with a look of great displeasure, she angrily said, "*Ma foi*, so you are comed here, of all the people in the world! — I wonder, child, you would let such a — such a *person* as that keep company with you."

"I am very sorry, Madam," said Sir Clement, in a tone of surprise, "if I have been so unfortunate as to offend you; but I believe you will not regret the honor I now have of attending Miss Anville, when you hear that I have been so happy as to do her some service."

Just as Madame Duval, with her usual *Ma foi*, was beginning to reply, the attention of Sir Clement was wholly drawn from her, by the appearance of Mr. Smith, who coming suddenly behind me, and freely putting his hands on my shoulders, cried, "Oho, my little runaway, have I found you at last? I have been scampering all over the gardens for you, for I was determined to find you, if you were above ground. — But how could you be so cruel as to leave us?"

I turned round to him, and looked with a degree of contempt that I hoped would have quieted him; but he had not the sense to understand me; and, attempting to take my hand, he added, "Such a demure-looking lady as you are, who'd have thought of your leading one such a dance? — Come, now, don't be so coy, — only think what a trouble I have had in running after you!"

"The trouble, Sir," said I, "was of your own choice, — not mine." And I walked round to the other side of Madame Duval.

Perhaps I was too proud, — but I could not endure that Sir Clement, whose eyes followed him with looks of the most surprised curiosity, should witness his unwelcome familiarity.

Upon my removal, he came up to me and, in a low voice, said, "You are not, then, with the Mirvans?"

"No, Sir."

"And pray, may I ask, — have you left them long?"

"No, Sir."

"How unfortunate I am! — but yesterday I sent to acquaint the Captain I should reach the Grove by to-morrow noon! However, I shall get away as fast as possible. Shall you be long in town?"

"I believe not, Sir."

"And then, when you leave it, — which way — will you allow me to ask, which way you shall travel?"

"Indeed, — I don't know."

"Not know! — But do you return to the Mirvans any more?"

"I — I can't tell, Sir."

And then I addressed myself to Madame Duval, with such a pretended earnestness that he was obliged to be silent.

As he cannot but observe the great change in my situation, which he knows not how to account for, there is something in all these questions, and this unrestrained curiosity, that I did not expect from a man who, when he pleases, can be so well-bred as Sir Clement Willoughby. He seems disposed to think that the alteration in my companions authorizes an alteration in his manners. It is true, he has always treated me with uncommon freedom, but never before with so disrespectful an abruptness. This observation, which he has given me cause to make, of his *changing with the tide*, has sunk him more in my opinion than any other part of his conduct.

Yet I could almost have laughed, when I looked at Mr. Smith, who no sooner saw me addressed by Sir Clement, than, retreating aloof from the company, he seemed to lose at once all his happy self-sufficiency and conceit; looking now at the baronet, now at himself, surveying, with sorrowful eyes, his dress, struck with his air, his gestures, his easy gayety; he gazed at him with envious admiration, and seemed himself, with conscious inferiority, to shrink into nothing.

Soon after, Mr. Brown, running up to us, called out, "La, what, i'n't Miss Polly come yet?"

"Come!" said Mr. Branghton, "why, I thought you went to fetch her yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, but couldn't find her; — yet I dare say I've been over half the garden."

"Half! but why did not you go over it all?"

"Why, so I will: but only I thought I'd just come and see if she was here first."

"But where's Tom?"

"Why, I don't know; for he would not stay with me, all as ever I could say; for we met some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, and so he bid me go and look by myself, for he said, says he, 'I can divert myself better another way,' says he."

This account being given, away went this silly young man; and Mr. Branghton, extremely incensed, said he would go and see after them himself.

"So now," cried Madame Duval, "he's gone too! Why, at this rate, we shall have to wait for one or other of them all night!"

Observing that Sir Clement seemed disposed to renew his inquiries, I turned towards one of the paintings, and, pretending to be very much occupied in looking at it, asked M. Du Bois some questions concerning the figures.

"O, *mon Dieu!*" cried Madame Duval, "don't ask him; your best way is to ask Mr. Smith, for he's been here the oftenest. Come, Mr. Smith, I dare say you can tell us all about them."

"Why, yes, Ma'am, yes," said Mr. Smith, who, brightening up at this application, advanced towards us, with an air of assumed importance, which, however, sat very uneasily upon him, and begged to know what he should explain first; "For I have attended," said he, "to all these paintings, and know everything in them perfectly well; for I am rather fond of pictures, Ma'am; and, really, I must say, I think a pretty picture is a — a very — is really a very — is something very pretty."

"So do I too," said Madame Duval, "but pray now, Sir, tell us who that is meant for," pointing to a figure of Neptune.

"That! — why that, Ma'am, is, — Lord bless me, I can't think how I come to be so stupid, but really I have forgot his name, — and yet, I know it as well as my own, too, — however, he's a *General*, Ma'am, they are all Generals."

I saw Sir Clement bite his lips; and, indeed, so did I mine.

"Well," said Madame Duval, "it's the oddest dress for a General ever I see!"

"He seems so capital a figure," said Sir Clement to Mr. Smith, "that I imagine he must be *Generalissimo* of the whole army."

"Yes, Sir, yes," answered Mr. Smith, respectfully bowing, and highly delighted at being thus referred to, "you are perfectly right, — but I cannot for my life think of his name; — perhaps, Sir, you may remember it?"

"No, really," replied Sir Clement, "my acquaintance among the Generals is not so extensive."

The ironical tone of voice in which Sir Clement spoke entirely disconcerted Mr. Smith; who, again retiring to an humble distance, seemed sensibly mortified at the failure of his attempt to recover his consequence.

Soon after, Mr. Branghton returned, with his youngest daughter, whom he had rescued from a party of insolent young men; but he had not yet been able to find the eldest. Miss Polly was really frightened, and declared she would never go into the dark walks again. Her father, leaving her with us, went in quest of her sister.

While she was relating her adventures, to which nobody listened more attentively than Sir Clement, we saw Mr. Brown enter the room. "O la!" cried Miss Polly, "let me hide myself, and don't tell him I'm come."

She then placed herself behind Madame Duval, in such a manner that she could not be seen.

"So Miss Polly is not come yet!" said the simple swain; "well, I can't think where she can be! I've been a looking and looking, and looking all about, and can't find her, all I can do."

"Well but, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Smith, "shan't you go and look for the lady again?"

"Yes, Sir," said he, sitting down, "but I must rest me a little bit first. You can't think how tired I am."

"O fie, Mr. Brown, fie," cried Mr. Smith, winking at us, "tired of looking for a lady! Go, go, for shame!"

"So I will, Sir, presently; but you'd be tired too, if you had walked so far: besides, I think she's gone out of the garden, or else I must have seen something or other of her."

A *he, he, he!* of the tittering Polly now betrayed her, and so ended this ingenious little artifice.

At last appeared Mr. Branghton and Miss Biddy, who, with a face of mixed anger and confusion, addressing herself to me, said, "So, Miss, so you ran away from me! Well, see if I don't do as much by you, some day or other! But I thought how it would be, you'd no mind to leave the *gentlemen*, though you'd run away from *me*."

I was so much surprised at this attack that I could not answer her for very amazement; and she proceeded to tell us how ill she had been used, and that two young men had been making her walk up and down the dark walks by absolute force, and as fast as ever they could tear her along; and many other particulars, which I will not tire you with relating. In conclusion, looking at Mr. Smith, she said, "But, to be sure, thought I, at least all the company will be looking for me; so I little expected to find you all here, talking as comfortably

as ever you can. However, I know I may thank my cousin for it!"

"If you mean *me*, Madam," said I, very much shocked, "I am quite ignorant in what manner I can have been accessory to your distress."

"Why, by running away so. If you'd stayed with us, I'll answer for it, Mr. Smith and M. Du Bois would have come to look for us; but I suppose they could not leave your ladyship."

The folly and unreasonableness of this speech would admit of no answer. But what a scene was this for Sir Clement! his surprise was evident; and, I must acknowledge, my confusion was equally great.

We had now to wait for young Branghton, who did not appear for some time; and, during this interval, it was with difficulty that I avoided Sir Clement, who was on the rack of curiosity, and dying to speak to me.

When, at last, the hopeful youth returned, a long and frightful quarrel ensued between him and his father, in which his sisters occasionally joined, concerning his neglect; and he defended himself only by a brutal mirth, which he indulged at their expense.

Every one, now, seemed inclined to depart,—when, as usual, a dispute arose, upon the *way* of our going, whether in a coach or a boat. After much debating, it was determined that we should make two parties, one by the water and the other by land; for Madame Duval declared she would not, upon any account, go into a boat at night.

Sir Clement then said that if she had no carriage in waiting, he should be happy to see her and me safe home, as his was in readiness.

Fury started into her eyes, and passion inflamed every feature, as she answered, "*Pardi*, no,—you may take care of yourself, if you please; but as to me, I promise you I shan't trust myself with no such person."

He pretended not to comprehend her meaning, yet, to waive a discussion, acquiesced in her refusal. The coach party fixed upon consisted of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, Miss Branghton, and myself.

I now began to rejoice, in private, that, at least, our lodgings would be neither seen nor known by Sir Clement. We soon met with a hackney coach, into which he handed me, and then took leave.

Madame Duval, having already given the coachman her direction, he mounted the box, and we were just driving off, when Sir Clement exclaimed, "By Heaven, this is the very coach I had in waiting for myself!"

"This coach, your honor!" said the man; "no, that it i'n't."

Sir Clement, however, swore that it was, and, presently, the man, begging his pardon, said he had really forgotten that he was engaged.

I have no doubt but that this scheme occurred to him at the moment, and that he made some sign to the coachman, which induced him to support it: for there is not the least probability that the accident really happened, as it is most likely his own chariot was in waiting.

The man then opened the coach door, and Sir Clement, advancing to it, said, "I don't believe there is another carriage to be had, or I would not incommode you; but, as it may be disagreeable to you to wait here any longer, I beg you will not get out, for you shall be set down before I am carried home, if you will be so good as to make a little room."

And so saying, in he jumped, and seated himself between M. Du Bois and me, while our astonishment at the whole transaction was too great for speech. He then ordered the coachman to drive on, according to the directions he had already received.

For the first ten minutes, no one uttered a word; and then, Madame Duval, no longer able to contain herself, exclaimed, "*Ma foi*, if this isn't one of the most impudentest things ever I see!"

Sir Clement, regardless of this rebuke, attended only to me; however, I answered nothing he said, when I could possibly avoid so doing. Miss Branghton made several attempts to attract his notice, but in vain, for he would not take the trouble of paying her any regard.

Madame Duval, during the rest of the ride, addressed herself to M. Du Bois in French, and in that language exclaimed with great vehemence against boldness and assurance.

I was extremely glad when I thought our journey must be nearly at an end, for my situation was very uneasy to me, as Sir Clement perpetually endeavored to take my hand. I looked out of the coach window, to see if we were near home; Sir Clement, stooping over me, did the same, and then, in a

voice of infinite wonder, called out, "Where the d——l is the man driving to? — why, we are in Broad St. Giles'!"

"O, he's very right," cried Madame Duval, "so never trouble your head about that, for I shan't go by no directions of yours, I promise you."

When, at last, we stopped, at *a Hosier's* in *High Holborn* — Sir Clement said nothing, but his *eyes*, I saw, were very busily employed in viewing the place, and the situation of the house. The coach, he said, belonged to him, and therefore he insisted upon paying for it; and then he took leave. M. Du Bois walked home with Miss Branghton, and Madame Duval and I retired to our apartments.

How disagreeable an evening's adventure! Not one of the party seemed satisfied except Sir Clement, who was in high spirits: but Madame Duval was enraged at meeting with him; Mr. Branghton, angry with his children; the frolic of the Miss Branghtons had exceeded their plan, and ended in their own distress; their brother was provoked that there had been no riot; Mr. Brown was tired; and Mr. Smith mortified. As to myself, I must acknowledge, nothing could be more disagreeable to me than being seen by Sir Clement Willoughby with a party at once so vulgar in themselves, and so familiar to me.

LOVE AND AGE.

BY MADAME D'HOUDETOT.

(Translated by Leigh Hunt.)

[COUNTESS D'HOUDETOT, 1730–1773, was a friend of Rousseau (see the extract from his "Confessions" in Vol. 16, detailing his relations with her), and the "Julie" of his "Nouvelle Héloïse."]

WHEN young, I loved. At that enchanting age,
  So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight;
And when I reached the time for being sage,
  Still I loved on, for reason gave me right.

Snows come at length, and livelier joys depart,
  Yet gentle ones still kiss these eyelids dim,
For still I love, and love consoles my heart:
  What could console me for the loss of Him?

LETTERS FROM SELBORNE

To the Honourable Daines Barrington.

By GILBERT WHITE.

[Gilbert White: An English naturalist; born at Selborne, July 18, 1720; died there June 20, 1793. He was educated at Oxford and obtained a fellowship there in 1744, later taking orders in the Church of England. His life was chiefly spent in Selborne, where he was rector from 1785 until his death. He wrote "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" (1789) and "The Naturalists' Calendar, with Observations in Various Branches of Natural History" (1795). His "Letters" were published in 1876.]

RUSH-LIGHT.

I shall make no apology for troubling you with the detail of a very simple piece of domestic œconomy, being satisfied that you think nothing beneath your attention that tends to utility: the matter alluded to is the use of rushes instead of candles, which I am well aware prevails in many districts besides this; but as I know there are countries also where it does not obtain, and as I have considered the subject with some degree of exactness, I shall proceed in my humble story, and leave you to judge of the expediency.

The proper species of rush for this purpose seems to be the *juncus conglomeratus*, or common soft rush, which is to be found in most moist pastures, by the sides of streams, and under hedges. These rushes are in best condition in the height of summer; but may be gathered, so as to serve the purpose well, quite on to autumn. It would be needless to add that the largest and longest are best. Decayed labourers, women, and children, make it their business to procure and prepare them. As soon as they are cut they must be flung into water, and kept there; for otherwise they will dry and shrink, and the peel will not run. At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel or rind, so as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib from top to bottom that may support the pith; but this, like other feats, soon becomes familiar even to children; and we have seen an old woman, stone-blind, performing this business with great dispatch, and seldom failing to strip them with the nicest regularity. When these *junci* are thus prepared, they must lie out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun.

Some address is required in dipping these rushes in the

scalding fat or grease; but this knack also is to be attained by practice. The careful wife of an industrious Hampshire labourer obtains all her fat for nothing; for she saves the scummings of her bacon-pot for this use; and, if the grease abounds with salt, she causes the salt to precipitate to the bottom, by setting the scummings in a warm oven. Where hogs are not much in use, and especially by the sea-side, the coarser animal-oils will come very cheap. A pound of common grease may be procured for four pence; and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes; and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling; so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shillings. If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the grease, it will give it a consistency, and render it more cleanly, and make the rushes burn longer; mutton-suet has the same effect.

A good rush, which measured in length two feet four inches and a half, being minuted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour: and a rush of still greater length has been known to burn one hour and a quarter.

These rushes give a good clear light. Watch-lights (coated with tallow), it is true, shed a dismal one, "darkness visible"; but then the wicks of those have two ribs of the rind, or peel, to support the pith, while the wick of the dipped rush has but one. The two ribs are intended to impede the progress of the flame and make the candle last.

In a pound of dry rushes, avoirdupois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals. Now suppose each of these burns, one with another, only half an hour, then a poor man will purchase eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three shillings. According to this account each rush, before dipping, costs $\frac{1}{33}$ of a farthing, and $\frac{1}{11}$ afterwards. Thus a poor family will enjoy $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours of comfortable light for a farthing. An experienced old house-keeper assures me that one pound and a half of rushes completely supplies his family the year round, since working people burn no candle in the long days, because they rise and go to bed by daylight.

Little farmers use rushes much, in the short days, both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen; but the very poor, who are always the worst economists, and therefore must continue very poor, buy a halfpenny candle every evening, which, in their blowing open rooms, does not burn much more

than two hours. Thus have they only two hours' light for their money instead of eleven.

SELBORNE, *Nov.* 1, 1776.

A NATURAL BEE-TAMER.

We had in this village more than twenty years ago an idiot-boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object. And as people of this cast have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dozed away his time, within his father's house, by the fireside, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields, and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps were his prey wherever he found them: he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives; and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or bee-bird; and very injurious to men that kept bees: for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding.

When a tall youth he was removed from hence to a distant village, where he died, as I understand, before he arrived at manhood.

SELBORNE, *Dec.* 12, 1775.

GEOLOGICAL IMPORTANCE OF EARTH-WORMS.

Lands that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor; and probably the reason may be because the worms are drowned. The most significant insects and reptiles are of much

more consequence, and have much more influence in the œconomy of Nature, than the incurious are aware of; and are mighty in their effect, from their minuteness, which renders them less an object of attention; and from their numbers and fecundity. Earth-worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of Nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For, to say nothing of half the birds, and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them; by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants; by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and, most of all, by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which, being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills, and slopes, where the rain washes the earth away; and they affect slopes, probably to avoid being flooded. Gardeners and farmers express their detestation of worms; the former because they render their walks unsightly, and make them much work: and the latter because, as they think, worms eat their green corn. But these men would find that the earth without worms would soon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation; and consequently sterile: and besides, in favour of worms, it should be hinted that green corn, plants, and flowers, are not so much injured by them as by many species of *coleoptera* (scarabs) and *tipulæ* (long-legs), in their larva, or grub-state; and by unnoticed myriads of small shell-less snails, called slugs, which silently and imperceptibly make amazing havoc in the field and garden.

Farmer Young, of Norton farm, says that this spring (1777) about four acres of his wheat in one field was entirely destroyed by slugs, which swarmed on the blades of corn, and devoured it as it sprang.

These hints we think proper to throw out in order to set the inquisitive and discerning to work.

A good monography of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open a large and new field in natural history. Worms work most in the spring; but by no means lie torpid in the dead months; they are out every mild night in the winter, as any person may satisfy himself. They are hermaphrodites, and are, consequently, very prolific.

SELBORNE, *May* 20, 1777.

VOICES OF THE BIRD-KIND.

From the motion of birds, the transition is natural enough to their notes and language, of which I shall say something. Not that I would pretend to understand their language, like the vizier of the Spectator, who, by the recital of a conversation which passed between two owls, reclaimed a sultan, before delighting in conquest and devastation; but I would be thought only to mean that many of the winged tribes have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants, and feelings; such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent; some are copious and fluent as it were in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds: no bird, like the fish-kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient, and, like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood.

The notes of the eagle-kind are shrill and piercing; and about the season of nidification much diversified, as I have been often assured by a curious observer of Nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the king of birds. Owls have very expressive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the *vox humana*, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males: they use also a quick call and a horrible scream; and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, besides their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding season, attempt sometimes in the gaiety of their hearts to sing, but with no great success; the parrot-kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers; the woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goatsucker, from the dusk till daybreak, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful *passeres* express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The swallow, as has been observed in a former letter, by a shrill alarm bespeaks the attention of the other *hirun-*

dines, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious; as cranes, wild-geese, wild-ducks, and the like: their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

In so extensive a subject, sketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endless to instance in all their infinite variety the notes of the feathered nation. I shall therefore confine the remainder of this letter to the few domestic fowls of our yards, which are most known, and therefore best understood. And first the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like most of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and shocking to the ear: the yelling of cats, and the braying of an ass, are not more disgustful. The voice of the goose is trumpet-like, and clanking; and once saved the Capitol at Rome, as grave historians assert; the hiss also of the gander is formidable and full of menace, and "protective of his young." Among ducks the sexual distinction of voice is remarkable; for, while the quack of the female is loud and sonorous, the voice of the drake is inward and harsh, and feeble, and scarce discernible. The cock turkey struts and gobbles to his mistress in a most uncouth manner; he hath also a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adversary. When a hen turkey leads forth her young brood she keeps a watchful eye; and if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a steady and attentive look; but, if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled.

No inhabitants of the yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression, and so copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey, with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation, and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay she intimates the event by a joyous soft and easy note. Of all the occurrences of their life that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt.

The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother her new relation demands a new language; she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated, as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary; if he finds food, he calls a favourite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phrases and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing; by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum, as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night.

A neighbouring gentleman one summer had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a faggot pile and the end of his house, to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly vexed to see his flock thus diminishing, hung a setting net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the caitif dashed, and was entangled. Resentment suggested the law of retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge, inspired, were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before: the exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces.

AN ENGLISH WONDER OF COLD AND SNOW.

There were some circumstances attending the remarkable frost in January, 1776, so singular and striking, that a short detail of them may not be unacceptable.

The first week in January was uncommonly wet, and drowned with vast rains from every quarter: from whence it may be inferred, as there is great reason to believe is the case, that intense frosts seldom take place till the earth is perfectly glutted and chilled with water; and hence dry autumns are seldom followed by rigorous winters.

January 7th. — Snow driving all the day, which was followed by frost, sleet, and some snow, till the 12th, when a prodigious mass overwhelmed all the works of men, drifting over the tops of the gates, and filling the hollow lanes.

On the 14th the writer was obliged to be much abroad, and thinks he never before, or since, has encountered such rugged Siberian weather. Many of the narrow roads were now filled above the tops of the hedges; through which the snow was driven into most romantic and grotesque shapes, so striking to the imagination, as not to be seen without wonder and pleasure. The poultry dared not to stir out of their roosting places; for cocks and hens are so dazzled and confounded by the glare of snow that they would soon perish without assistance. The hares also lay sullenly in their seats, and would not move till compelled by hunger; being conscious, poor animals, that the drifts and heaps treacherously betray their footsteps, and prove fatal to numbers of them.

From the 14th the snow continued to increase, and began to stop the road waggons, and coaches, which could no longer keep on their regular stages: more especially on the western roads, where the fall appears to have been deeper than in the south. The company at Bath, that wanted to attend the Queen's birthday, were strangely incommoded: the carriages of many persons, who got in their way to town from Bath as far as Marlborough, after strange embarrassments, here met with a *ne plus ultra.* The ladies fretted, and offered large rewards to labourers if they would shovel them a track to London: but the relentless heaps of snow were too bulky to be removed; and so the 18th passed over, leaving the company in very uncomfortable circumstances at the Castle and other inns.

On the 22d the author had occasion to go to London through a sort of Laplandian scene, very wild and grotesque indeed. But the metropolis itself exhibited a still more singular appearance than the country; for being bedded deep in snow, the pavement of the streets could not be touched by the wheels or the horses' feet, so that the carriages ran about without the least noise. Such an exemption from din and clatter was strange, but not pleasant; it seemed to convey an uncomfortable idea of desolation: —

"... ipa silentia terrent."
"By silence terrified."

SALADIN AND NATHAN.

By LESSING.

(From "Nathan the Wise.")

[Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, poet and dramatist, was born at Camenz, Silesia, January 22, 1729; died at Brunswick, February 15, 1781. He was educated at the Fürstenschule of Meissen; studied theology at Leipsic, 1746–1748; and worked as a journalist and critic in Berlin, 1748–1752. Meanwhile he became deeply interested in the drama, published several successful plays, and in 1767 was made official playwright, and director of the Hamburg theater. From 1770 until his death he was librarian of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel. The comedy "Minna von Barnhelm" (1765) was the first national drama of Germany, and the tragedy "Emilia Galotti" (1772) is considered his dramatic masterpiece, but the noble philosophic drama "Nathan the Wise" (1779) is the only one that lives. His masterpiece, however, is "Laocoön" (1766), a short fragment on the principles of art, which has been, and still is, of world-wide influence. His other works are: "Wolfenbüttelsche Fragmente" (1777), "Anti-Goerze" (1778), "Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts" (1780), and "Ernst und Falk" (1778–1780).]

Scene: Saladin's *Palace.* Saladin *and* Sittah *his sister.*

Sittah —

His caravans through every desert toil,
His laden camels throng the public roads,
His ships in every harbor furl their sails.
Al-Hafi long ago has told me this,
Adding, with pride, how Nathan gives away
What he esteems it noble to have earned
By patient industry, for others' wants;
How free from bias is his lofty soul,
His heart to every virtue how unlocked,
To every lovely feeling how allied! . . .
But come what may, let him be Jew or not,
If he be rich, that is enough for me.

Saladin —

You would not, sister, take his wealth by force?

Sittah —

By force? What mean you? Fire and sword? Oh no!
What force is necessary with the weak
But their own weakness?

* * * * * * *

Saladin —

Bring the Jew here, as soon as he arrives. . . .
Ah, sister!

Sittah —

You look as if some contest were at hand.

Saladin —

Ay! and with weapons I'm not used to wield.
Must I then play the hypocrite — and frame
Precautions — lay a snare? Where learnt I that?
And for what end? To seek for money — money!
For money from a Jew? And to such arts
Must Saladin descend, that he may win
The most contemptible of paltry things?

Sittah —

But paltry things, despised too much, are sure
To find some method of revenge.

Saladin — 'Tis true!
What if this Jew should prove an upright man,
Such as the Dervise painted him?

Sittah — Why, then,
Your difficulty ceases; for a snare
Implies an avaricious, cheating Jew,
And not an upright man. Then he is ours
Without a snare. 'Twill give us joy to hear
How such a man will speak — with what stern strength
He'll tear the net, or with what cunning skill
Untangle all its meshes, one by one.

Saladin —

True, Sittah! 'twill afford me rare delight.

Sittah —

What, then, need trouble you? For if he be,
Like all his nation, a mere cozening Jew,
You need not blush, if you appear to him
No better than he deems all other men.
But if to him you wear a different look,
You'll be a fool — his dupe!

Saladin — So I must, then,
Do ill, lest bad men should think ill of me.

Sittah —

Yes, brother, if you call it doing ill
To put a thing to its intended use.

Saladin —

Well, there is nothing woman's wit invents
It cannot palliate ——

Sittah — How, palliate?

Saladin —

Sittah, I fear such fine-wrought filigree
Will break in my rude hand. It is for those
Who frame such plots to bring them into play.
The execution needs the inventor's skill.

But let it pass. — I'll dance as best I can —
Yet sooner would I do it ill than well.

Sittah —

Oh, brother, have more courage in yourself!
Have but the will, I'll answer for the rest.
How strange that men like you are ever prone
To think it is their swords alone that raise them.
When with the fox the noble lion hunts,
'Tis of the fellowship he feels ashamed,
But of the cunning, never.

Saladin — Well, 'tis strange
That women so delight to bring mankind
Down to their level. But, dear Sittah, go;
I think I know my lesson.

Sittah — Must I go?

Saladin —

You did not mean to stay?

Sittah — No, not with you,
But in this neighb'ring chamber.

Saladin — What! to listen?
Not so, my sister, if I shall succeed.
Away! the curtain rustles — he is come.
Beware of lingering! I'll be on the watch.

[*While* SITTAH *retires through one door,* NATHAN *enters at another, and* SALADIN *seats himself.*

SALADIN, NATHAN.

Saladin —

Draw nearer, Jew — yet nearer — close to me!
Lay fear aside.

Nathan — Fear, Sultan, 's for your foes.

Saladin —

Your name is Nathan?

Nathan — Yes.

Saladin — Nathan the Wise.

Nathan —

No.

Saladin — But, at least the people call you so.

Nathan —

That may be true. The people!

Saladin — Do not think
I treat the people's voice contemptuously.
I have been wishing long to know the man
Whom it has called the Wise.

Nathan — What if it named
Him so in scorn? If wise means prudent only —
And prudent, one who knows his interest well?
Saladin —
Who knows his real interest, you mean.
Nathan —
Then, Sultan, selfish men were the most prudent,
And wise, and prudent, then, would mean the same.
Saladin —
You're proving what your speeches contradict.
You know the real interests of man:
The people know them not — have never sought
To know them. That alone can make man wise.
Nathan —
Which every man conceives himself to be.
Saladin —
A truce to modesty! To meet it ever,
When we are seeking truth is wearisome. [*Springs up.*
So, let us to the point. Be candid, Jew,
Be frank and honest.
Nathan — I will serve you, prince,
And prove that I am worthy of your favor.
Saladin —
How will you serve me?
Nathan — You shall have the best
Of all I have, and at the cheapest rate.
Saladin —
What mean you? Not your wares? — My sister, then,
Shall make the bargain with you. (That's for the listener!)
I am not versed in mercantile affairs,
And with a merchant's craft I've naught to do.
Nathan —
Doubtless you would inquire if I have marked
Upon my route the movements of the foe?
Whether he's stirring? If I may presume ——
Saladin —
Neither was that my object. On that point
I know enough. But hear me.
Nathan — I obey.
Saladin —
It is another, a far different thing
On which I seek for wisdom; and since you
Are called the Wise, tell me which faith or law
You deem the best.

Nathan — Sultan, I am a Jew.

Saladin —

And I a Mussulman. The Christian stands
Between us. Here are three religions, then,
And of these three one only can be true.
A man like you remains not where his birth
By accident has cast him; or if so,
Conviction, choice, or ground of preference,
Supports him. Let me, Nathan, hear from you,
In confidence, the reasons of your choice,
Which I have lacked the leisure to examine.
It may be, Nathan, that I am the first
Sultan who has indulged this strange caprice,
Which need not, therefore, make a Sultan blush.
Am I the first? Nay, speak; or if you seek
A brief delay to shape your scattered thoughts,
I yield it freely. (Has she overheard?
She will inform me if I've acted right.)
Reflect then, Nathan, I shall soon return. [*Exit.*

Nathan [*alone*] —

Strange! how is this? What can the Sultan want?
I came prepared for cash — he asks for truth!
Truth! as if truth were cash! A coin disused —
Valued by weight! If so, 'twere well, indeed!
But coin quite new, not coin but for the die,
To be flung down and on the counter told —
It is not that. Like gold tied up in bags,
Will truth lie hoarded in the wise man's head,
To be produced at need? Now, in this case,
Which of us plays the Jew? He asks for truth.
Is truth what he requires? his aim, his end?
Or does he use it as a subtle snare?
That were too petty for his noble mind.
Yet what is e'er too petty for the great?
Did he not rush at once into the house,
Whilst, as a friend, he would have paused or knocked?
I must beware. Yet to repel him now,
And act the stubborn Jew, is not the thing;
And wholly to fling off the Jew, still less.
For if no Jew, he might with justice ask,
Why not a Mussulman? — That thought may serve. —
Others than children may be quieted
With tales well told. But see, he comes — he comes.

SALADIN, NATHAN.

Saladin [*aside*] —
(The coast is clear) — I am not come too soon?
Have you reflected on this matter, Nathan?
Speak! no one hears.
Nathan — Would all the world might hear!
Saladin —
And are you of your cause so confident.
'Tis wise, indeed, of you to hide no truth,
For truth to hazard all, even life and goods.
Nathan —
Ay, when necessity and profit bid.
Saladin —
I hope that henceforth I shall rightly bear
One of my names, "Reformer of the world
And of the law!"
Nathan — A noble title, truly;
But, Sultan, ere I quite explain myself,
Permit me to relate a tale.
Saladin — Why not?
I ever was a friend of tales well told.
Nathan —
Well told! Ah, Sultan! that's another thing.
Saladin —
What! still so proudly modest? But begin.
Nathan —
In days of yore, there dwelt in Eastern lands
A man, who from a valued hand received
A ring of priceless worth. An opal stone
Shot from within an ever-changing hue,
And held this virtue in its form concealed,
To render him of God and man beloved,
Who wore it in this fixed unchanging faith.
No wonder that its Eastern owner ne'er
Withdrew it from his finger, and resolved
That to his house the ring should be secured.
Therefore he thus bequeathed it: first to him
Who was the most beloved of his sons,
Ordaining then that he should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children; then,
That without heeding birth, the fav'rite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should still
Be lord of all the house. You hear me, Sultan?

Saladin —
I understand. Proceed.
Nathan — From son to son,
The ring at length descended to a sire
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him,
And whom he loved with just and equal love.
The first, the second, and the third, in turn,
According as they each apart received
The overflowings of his heart, appeared
Most worthy, as his heir, to take the ring,
Which, with good-natured weakness, he in turn
Had promised privately to each; and thus
Things lasted for a while. But death approached,
The father now embarrassed, could not bear
To disappoint two sons, who trusted him.
What's to be done? In secret he commands
The jeweler to come, that from the form
Of the true ring, he may bespeak two more.
Nor cost nor pains are to be spared, to make
The rings alike — quite like the true one. This
The artist managed. When the rings were brought
The father's eye could not distinguish which
Had been the model. Overjoyed, he calls
His sons, takes leave of each apart — bestows
His blessing and his ring on each — and dies.
You hear me?
Saladin [*who has turned away in perplexity*] —
Ay! I hear. Conclude the tale.
Nathan —
'Tis ended, Sultan! All that follows next
May well be guessed. Scarce is the father dead,
When with his ring each separate son appears,
And claims to be the lord of all the house.
Question arises, tumult and debate —
But all in vain — the true ring could no more
Be then distinguished than — [*after a pause, in which he awaits the Sultan's reply*] the true faith now.
Saladin —
Is that your answer to my question?
Nathan — No!
But it may serve as my apology.
I cannot venture to decide between
Rings which the father had expressly made,
To baffle those who would distinguish them.

Saladin —

Rings, Nathan! Come, a truce to this! The creeds
Which I have named have broad, distinctive marks,
Differing in raiment, food, and drink!

Nathan — 'Tis true!
But then they differ not in their foundation.
Are not all built on history alike,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust. Is it not so?
In whom are we most likely to put trust?
In our own people? in those very men
Whose blood we are? who, from our earliest youth,
Have proved their love for us, have ne'er deceived,
Except in cases where 'twere better so?
Why should I credit my forefathers less
Than you do yours? or can I ask of you
To charge your ancestors with falsehood, that
The praise of truth may be bestowed on mine?
And so of Christians.

Saladin — By our Prophet's faith,
The man is right. I have no more to say.

Nathan —

Now let us to our rings once more return.
We said the sons complained; each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring — as was the case —
In virtue of a promise that he should
One day enjoy the ring's prerogative.
In this they spoke the truth. Then each maintained
It was not possible that to himself
His father had been false. Each could not think
His father guilty of an act so base.
Rather than that, reluctant as he was
To judge his brethren, he must yet declare
Some treach'rous act of falsehood had been done.

Saladin —

Well! and the judge? I'm curious now to hear
What you will make him say. Go on, go on!

Nathan —

The judge said: If the father is not brought
Before my seat, I cannot judge the case.
Am I to judge enigmas? Do you think
That the true ring will here unseal its lips?
But, hold! You tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the secret power to make the man

Who wears it, both by God and man beloved.
Let that decide. Who of the three is loved
Best by his brethren? Is there no reply?
What! do these love-exciting rings alone
Act inwardly? Have they no outward charm?
Does each one love himself alone? You're all
Deceived deceivers. All your rings are false.
The real ring, perchance, has disappeared;
And so your father, to supply the loss,
Has caused three rings to fill the place of one.

Saladin —
O, charming, charming!

Nathan — And, the judge continued,
If you insist on judgment, and refuse
My counsel, be it so. I recommend
That you consider how the matter stands.
Each from his father has received a ring:
Let each then think the real ring his own.
Your father, possibly, desired to free
His power from one ring's tyrannous control.
He loved you all with an impartial love,
And equally, and had no inward wish
To prove the measure of his love for one
By pressing heavily upon the rest.
Therefore, let each one imitate this love;
So, free from prejudice, let each one aim
To emulate his brethren in the strife
To prove the virtues of his several ring,
By offices of kindness and of love,
And trust in God. And if, in years to come,
The virtues of the ring shall reappear
Amongst your children's children, then, once more
Come to this judgment seat. A greater far
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide.
So spake the modest judge.

Saladin — O God, O God!

Nathan —
And if now, Saladin, you think you're he ——

Saladin [*approaches* NATHAN *and takes his hand, which he retains to the end of the scene*] —
This promised judge — I? — Dust! I? — Naught! O God!

Nathan —
What is the matter, Sultan?

Saladin — Dearest Nathan!
That judge's thousand years are not yet past;

His judgment seat is not for me. But go,
And still remain my friend.

Nathan — Has Saladin
Aught else to say?

Saladin — No.

Nathan — Nothing?

Saladin — Truly nothing.
But why this eagerness?

Nathan — I could have wished
An opportunity to ask a boon.

Saladin —
Wait not for opportunity. Speak now.

Nathan —
I have been trav'ling, and am just returned
From a long journey, from collecting debts.
Hard cash is troublesome these perilous times,
I know not where I may bestow it safely.
These coming wars need money; and, perchance,
You can employ it for me, Saladin?

Saladin [*fixing his eyes upon* NATHAN] —
I ask not, Nathan, have you seen Al-Hafi?
Nor if some shrewd suspicion of your own
Moves you to make this offer.

Nathan — What suspicion?

Saladin —
I do not ask — forgive me, — it is just,
For what avails concealment? I confess
I was about ——

Nathan — To ask this very thing?

Saladin —
Yes!

Nathan — Then our objects are at once fulfilled.

CAPTAIN COOK'S DEATH.

(From "Narrative of Cook's Voyages," by A. Kippis.)

THE circumstances which brought Captain Cook back to Karakakooa Bay, and the unhappy consequences that followed, I shall give from Mr. Samwell's narrative of his death. This narrative was, in the most obliging manner, communicated to me in manuscript, by Mr. Samwell, with entire liberty to make such use of it as I should judge proper. Upon a perusal of it, its importance struck me in so strong a light that I wished to have it separately laid before the world. Accordingly, with Mr. Samwell's concurrence, I procured its publication, that, if any objections should be made to it, I might be able to notice them in my own work. As the narrative had continued for more than two years unimpeached and uncontradicted, I esteem myself fully authorized to insert it in this place, as containing the most complete and authentic account of the melancholy catastrophe which, at Owyhee, befell our illustrious navigator and commander.

"On the 6th [February, 1779] we were overtaken by a gale of wind, and the next night the 'Resolution' had the misfortune of springing the head of the foremast in such a dangerous manner that Captain Cook was obliged to return to Keragegooah in order to have it repaired; for we could find no other convenient harbor on the island. The same gale had occasioned much distress among some canoes that had paid us a visit from the shore. One of them, with two men and a child on board, was picked up by the 'Resolution,' and rescued from destruction: the men, having toiled hard all night in attempting to reach the land, were so much exhausted that they could hardly mount the ship's side. When they got upon the quarterdeck, they burst into tears, and seemed much affected with the dangerous situation from which they had escaped; but the little child appeared lively and cheerful. One of the 'Resolution's' boats was also so fortunate as to save a man and two women, whose canoe had been upset by the violence of the waves. They were brought on board and, with the others, partook of the kindness and humanity of Captain Cook.

"On the morning of Wednesday, the 10th, we were within a few miles of the harbor, and were soon joined by several

canoes, in which appeared many of our old acquaintance, who seemed to have come to welcome us back. Among them was Coo, aha, a priest; he had brought a small pig and some cocoanuts in his hand, which, after having chanted a few sentences, he presented to Captain Clerke. He then left us, and hastened on board the 'Resolution,' to perform the same friendly ceremony before Captain Cook. Having but light winds all that day, we could not gain the harbor. In the afternoon, a chief of the first rank, and nearly related to Kariopoo, paid us a visit on board the 'Discovery.' His name was Ka, mea, mea; he was dressed in a very rich feathered cloak, which he seemed to have brought for sale, but would part with it for nothing except iron daggers. These the chiefs, sometime before our departure, had preferred to every other article; for, having received a plentiful supply of hatchets and other tools, they began to collect a store of warlike instruments. Kameamea procured nine daggers for his cloak; and, being pleased with his reception, he and his attendants slept on board that night.

"In the morning of the 11th of February, the ships anchored again in Keragegooah Bay, and preparation was immediately made for landing the 'Resolution's' foremast. We were visited but by few of the Indians, because there were but few in the bay. On our departure, those belonging to other parts had repaired to their several habitations, and were again to collect from various quarters before we could expect to be surrounded by such multitudes as we had once seen in that harbor. In the afternoon, I walked about a mile into the country to visit an Indian friend, who had, a few days before, come near twenty miles, in a small canoe, to see me, while the ship lay becalmed. As the canoe had not left us long before a gale of wind came on, I was alarmed for the consequences: however, I had the pleasure to find that my friend had escaped unhurt, though not without some difficulties. I take notice of this short excursion, merely because it afforded me an opportunity of observing that there appeared no change in the disposition or behavior of the inhabitants. I saw nothing that could induce me to think that they were displeased with our return, or jealous of the intention of our second visit. On the contrary, that abundant good nature, which had always characterized them, seemed still to glow in every bosom, and to animate every countenance.

"The next day, February the 12th, the ships were put under a taboo by the chiefs: a solemnity, it seems, that was requisite to be observed before Kariopoo, the king, paid his first visit to Captain Cook after his return. He waited upon him the same day, on board the 'Resolution,' attended by a large train, some of which bore the presents designed for Captain Cook, who received him in his usually friendly manner, and gave him several articles in return. This amicable ceremony being settled, the taboo was dissolved: matters went on in the usual train, and the next day, February the 13th, we were visited by the natives in great numbers; the 'Resolution's' mast was landed, and the astronomical observatories erected on their former situation. I landed, with another gentleman at the town of Kavaroah, where we found a great number of canoes, just arrived from different parts of the island, and the Indians busy in constructing temporary huts on the beach for their residence during the stay of the ships. On our return on board the 'Discovery,' we learned that an Indian had been detected in stealing the armorer's tongs from the forge, for which he received a pretty severe flogging, and was sent out of the ship. Notwithstanding the example made of this man, in the afternoon another had the audacity to snatch the tongs and chisel from the same place, with which he jumped overboard and swam for the shore. The master and a midshipman were instantly dispatched after him in the small cutter. The Indian, seeing himself pursued, made for a canoe; his countrymen took him on board, and paddled as swift as they could towards the shore; we fired several muskets at them, but to no effect, for they soon got out of reach of our shot. Pareah, one of the chiefs, who was at that time on board the 'Discovery,' understanding what had happened, immediately went ashore, promising to bring back the stolen goods. Our boat was so far distanced, in chasing the canoe which had taken the thief on board, that he had time to make his escape into the country. Captain Cook, who was then ashore, endeavored to intercept his landing; but it seems that he was led out of the way by some of the natives, who had officiously intruded themselves as guides. As the master was approaching near the landing place, he was met by some of the Indians in a canoe; they had brought back the tongs and chisel, together with another article, that we had not missed, which happened to be the lid of the water cask. Having recovered these things, he was returning on board when

he was met by the 'Resolution's' pinnace, with five men in her, who, without any orders, had come from the observatories to his assistance. Being thus unexpectedly reënforced, he thought himself strong enough to insist upon having the thief, or the canoe which took him in, delivered up as reprisals. With that view he turned back, and having found the canoe on the beach, he was preparing to launch it into the water, when Pareah made his appearance, and insisted upon his not taking it away, as it was his property. The officer not regarding him, the chief seized upon him, pinioned his arms behind, and held him by the hair of his head, on which one of the sailors struck him with an oar; Pareah instantly quitted the officer, snatched the oar out of the man's hand, and snapped it in two across his knee. At length the multitude began to attack our people with stones. They made some resistance, but were soon overpowered, and obliged to swim for safety to the small cutter, which lay farther out than the pinnace. The officers, not being expert swimmers, retreated to a small rock in the water, where they were closely pursued by the Indians. One man darted a broken oar at the master; but his foot slipping at the time, he missed him, which fortunately saved that officer's life. At last, Pareah interfered, and put an end to their violence. The gentlemen, knowing that his presence was their only defense against the fury of the natives, entreated him to stay with them, till they could get off in the boats; but that he refused, and left them. The master went to seek assistance from the party at the observatories; but the midshipman chose to remain in the pinnace. He was very rudely treated by the mob, who plundered the boat of everything that was loose on board, and then began to knock her to pieces, for the sake of the iron work; but Pareah fortunately returned in time to prevent her destruction. He had met the other gentleman on his way to the observatories, and, suspecting his errand, had forced him to return. He dispersed the crowd again, and desired the gentlemen to return on board; they represented that all the oars had been taken out of the boat, on which he brought some of them back, and the gentlemen were glad to get off without farther molestation. They had not proceeded far before they were overtaken by Pareah, in a canoe; he delivered the midshipman's cap, which had been taken from him in the scuffle, joined noses with them, in token of reconciliation, and was anxious to know if Captain Cook would kill him for what had happened. They assured

him of the contrary, and made signs of friendship to him in return. He then left them, and paddled over to the town of Kavaroah, and that was the last time we ever saw him. Captain Cook returned on board soon after, much displeased with the whole of this disagreeable business; and the same night sent a lieutenant on board the 'Discovery' to learn the particulars of it, as it had originated in that ship.

"It was remarkable that in the midst of the hurry and confusion attending this affair Kanynah (a chief who had always been on terms particularly friendly with us) came from the spot where it happened, with a hog to sell on board the 'Discovery'; it was of an extraordinary large size, and he demanded for it a pahowa, or dagger, of an unusual length. He pointed to us that it must be as long as his arm. Captain Clerke not having one of that length, told him he would get one made for him by the morning, with which being satisfied, he left the hog, and went ashore without making any stay with us. It will not be altogether foreign to the subject to mention a circumstance that happened to-day on board the 'Resolution.' An Indian chief asked Captain Cook, at his table, if he was a Tata Toa, which means a fighting man, or a soldier. Being answered in the affirmative, he desired to see his wounds. Captain Cook held out his right hand, which had a scar upon it, dividing the thumb from the finger, the whole length of the metacarpal bones. The Indian, being thus convinced of his being a Toa, put the same question to another gentleman present, but he happened to have none of those distinguishing marks: the chief then said that he himself was a Toa, and showed the scars of some wounds he had received in battle. Those who were on duty at the observatories were disturbed, during the night, with shrill and melancholy sounds, issuing from the adjacent villages, which they took to be the lamentations of the women. Perhaps the quarrel between us might have filled their minds with apprehensions for the safety of their husbands; but be that as it may, their mournful cries struck the sentinels with unusual awe and terror.

"To widen the breach between us some of the Indians, in the night, took away the 'Discovery's' large cutter, which lay swamped at the buoy of one of her anchors; they had carried her off so quietly that we did not miss her till the morning, Sunday, February the 14th. Captain Clerke lost no time in waiting upon Captain Cook, to acquaint him with the accident;

he returned on board with orders for the launch and small cutter to go, under the command of the second lieutenant, and lie off the east point of the bay, in order to intercept all canoes that might attempt to get out; and, if he found it necessary, to fire upon them. At the same time, the third lieutenant of the 'Resolution,' with the launch and small cutter, was sent on the same service to the opposite point of the bay, and the master was dispatched in the large cutter, in pursuit of a double canoe, already under sail, making the best of her way out of the harbor. He soon came up with her, and, by firing a few muskets, drove her on shore, and the Indians left her; this happened to be the canoe of Omea, a man who bore the title of Orono. He was on board himself, and it would have been fortunate if our people had secured him, for his person was held as sacred as that of the king. During this time, Captain Cook was preparing to go ashore himself, at the town of Kavaroah, in order to secure the person of Kariopoo, before he should have time to withdraw himself to another part of the island, out of our reach. This appeared the most effectual step that could be taken on the present occasion for the recovery of the boat. It was the measure he had invariably pursued, in similar cases, at other islands in these seas, and it had always been attended with the desired success: in fact, it would be difficult to point out any other mode of proceeding on these emergencies likely to attain the object in view; we had reason to suppose that the king and his attendants had fled when the alarm was first given; in that case it was Captain Cook's intention to secure the large canoes which were hauled up on the beach. He left the ship about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, corporal, and seven private men; the pinnace's crew were also armed and under the command of Mr. Roberts. As they rowed towards the shore, Captain Cook ordered the launch to leave her station at the west point of the bay, in order to assist his own boat. This is a circumstance worthy of notice; for it clearly shows that he was not unapprehensive of meeting with resistance from the natives, or unmindful of the necessary preparations for the safety of himself and his people. I will venture to say that, from the appearance of things just at that time, there was not one, beside himself, who judged that such precaution was absolutely requisite: so little did his conduct, on the occasion, bear the marks of rashness or a precipitate self-confidence! He landed,

with the marines, at the upper end of the town of Kavaroah: the Indians immediately flocked round, as usual, and showed him the customary marks of respect by prostrating themselves before him — there were no signs of hostilities or much alarm among them. Captain Cook, however, did not seem willing to trust to appearances; but was particularly attentive to the disposition of the marines, and to have them kept clear of the crowd. He first inquired for the king's sons, two youths who were much attached to him, and generally his companions on board. Messengers being sent for them, they soon came to him, and informing him that their father was asleep at a house not far from them, he accompanied them thither, and took the marines along with them. As he passed along, the natives everywhere prostrated themselves before him, and seemed to have lost no part of that respect they had always shown to his person. He was joined by several chiefs, among whom was Kanynah, and his brother Koohowrooah. They kept the crowd in order, according to their usual custom; and, being ignorant of his intention in coming on shore, frequently asked him if he wanted any hogs or other provisions; he told them that he did not, and that his business was to see the king. When he arrived at the house, he ordered some of the Indians to go in and inform Kariopoo that he waited without to speak with him. They came out two or three times, and instead of returning any answers from the king, presented some pieces of red cloth to him, which made Captain Cook suspect that he was not in the house; he therefore desired the lieutenant of marines to go in. The lieutenant found the old man just awakened from sleep, and seemingly alarmed at the message; but he came out without hesitation. Captain Cook took him by the hand, and in a friendly manner asked him to go on board, to which he very readily consented. Thus far matters appeared in a favorable train, and the natives did not seem much alarmed or apprehensive of hostility on our side; at which Captain Cook expressed himself a little surprised, saying that, as the inhabitants of that town appeared innocent of stealing the cutter, he should not molest them, but that he must get the king on board. Kariopoo sat down before his door, and was surrounded by a great crowd: Kanynah and his brother were both very active in keeping order among them. In a little time, however, the Indians were observed arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on thick mats which they use

as armor. This hostile appearance increased, and became more alarming on the arrival of two men in a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, with the news of a chief called Kareemo having been killed by one of the 'Discovery's' boats. In their passage across they had also delivered this account to each of the ships. Upon that information the women who were sitting upon the beach at their breakfasts, and conversing familiarly with our people in the boats, retired, and a confused murmur spread through the crowd. An old priest came to Captain Cook with a cocoanut in his hand, which he held out to him as a present, at the same time singing very loud. He was often desired to be silent, but in vain; he continued importunate and troublesome, and there was no such thing as getting rid of him or his noise: it seemed as if he meant to divert our attention from his countrymen, who were growing more tumultuous and arming themselves in every quarter. Captain Cook, being at the same time surrounded by a great crowd, thought his situation rather hazardous; he therefore ordered the lieutenant of marines to march his small party to the water side, where the boats lay within a few yards of the shore; the Indians readily made a lane for them to pass, and did not offer to interrupt them. The distance they had to go might be about fifty or sixty yards; Captain Cook followed, having hold of Kariopoo's hand, who accompanied him very willingly; he was attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. The troublesome old priest followed, making the same savage noise. Keowa, the younger son, went directly into the pinnace, expecting his father to follow; but just as he arrived at the water side, his wife threw her arms about his neck, and with the assistance of two chiefs forced him to sit down by the side of a double canoe. Captain Cook expostulated with them, but to no purpose: they would not suffer the king to proceed, telling him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship. Kariopoo, whose conduct seemed entirely resigned to the will of others, hung down his head, and appeared much distressed.

"While the king was in this situation, a chief well known to us, of the name Coho, was observed lurking near, with an iron dagger partly concealed under his cloak, seemingly with the intention of stabbing Captain Cook or the lieutenant of marines. The latter proposed to fire at him, but Captain Cook would not permit it. Coho, closing upon them, obliged the officer to strike him with his piece, which made him retire.

Another Indian laid hold of the sergeant's musket and endeavored to wrench it from him, but was prevented by the lieutenant's making a blow at him. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult increase, and the Indians growing more daring and resolute, observed that if he were to take the king off by force, he could not do it without sacrificing the lives of many of his people. He then paused a little, and was on the point of giving his orders to reëmbark when a man threw a stone at him, which he returned with a discharge of small shot (with which one barrel of his double piece was loaded). The man having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt; he brandished his spear, and threatened to dart it at Captain Cook, who being still unwilling to take away his life, instead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his musket. He expostulated strongly with the most forward of the crowd upon their turbulent behavior. He had given up all thoughts of getting the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then only to act on the defensive, and to secure a safe embarkation for his small party, which was closely pressed by a body of several thousand people. Keowa, the king's son, who was in the pinnace, being alarmed on hearing the first firing, was, at his own entreaty, put on shore again; for even at that time Mr. Roberts, who commanded her, did not apprehend that Captain Cook's person was in any danger: otherwise he would have detained the prince, which, no doubt, would have been a great check on the Indians. One man was observed behind a double canoe in the action of darting his spear at Captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him in his own defense, but happened to kill another close to him, equally forward in the tumult; the sergeant observing that he had missed the man he aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did and killed him. By this time, the impetuosity of the Indians was somewhat repressed; they fell back in a body, and seemed staggered; but being pushed on by those behind, they returned to the charge, and poured a volley of stones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was instantly followed by a fire from the boats. At this Captain Cook was heard to express his astonishment; he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to cease firing, and to come nearer in to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could without grounding, notwithstanding the showers of stones

that fell among the people; but ——, the lieutenant who commanded in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of Captain Cook, withdrew his boat farther off at the moment that everything seems to have depended upon the timely exertions of those in the boats. By his own account, he mistook the signal; but be that as it may, this circumstance appears to me to have decided the fatal turn of the affair, and to have removed every chance which remained with Captain Cook of escaping with his life. The business of saving the marines out of the water, in consequence of that, fell altogether upon the pinnace, which thereby became so much crowded that the crew were in a great measure prevented from using their firearms, or giving what assistance they otherwise might have done to Captain Cook; so that he seems at the most critical point of time to have wanted the assistance of both boats, owing to the removal of the launch. For, notwithstanding that they kept up a fire on the crowd, from the situation to which they had removed in that boat, the fatal confusion which ensued on her being withdrawn, to say the least of it, must have prevented the full effect that the prompt coöperation of the two boats, according to Captain Cook's orders, must have had towards the preservation of himself and his people. At that time, it was to the boats alone that Captain Cook had to look for his safety; for when the marines had fired, the Indians rushed among them, and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed; their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately escaped, and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock; he was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head, to guard it from the stones, and carrying his musket under the other arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity; for he stopped once or twice, as if undetermined to proceed. At last he advanced upon him unawares, and with a large club, or common stake, gave him a blow on the back of the head, and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to have stunned Captain Cook; he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. As he was rising, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bite of water about knee deep, where others crowded upon him, and endeavored to keep him under; but struggling very strongly with them, he got his

head up, and, casting his look towards the pinnace, seemed to solicit assistance. Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet from the crowded and confused state of the crew it seems it was not in their power to save him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water; he was, however, able to get his head up once more, and being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavoring to support himself by it when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no more. They hauled him up lifeless on the rocks, where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching the daggers out of each other's hands to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

"I need make no reflection on the great loss we suffered on this occasion, or attempt to describe what we felt. It is enough to say that no man was ever more beloved or admired; and it is truly painful to reflect that he seems to have fallen a sacrifice merely for want of being properly supported: a fate singularly to be lamented, as having fallen to his lot who had ever been conspicuous for his care of those under his command, and who seemed, to the last, to pay as much attention to their preservation as to that of his own life.

"If anything could have added to the shame and indignation universally felt on this occasion, it was to find that his remains had been deserted, and left exposed on the beach, although they might have been brought off. It appears from the information of four or five midshipmen, who arrived on the spot at the conclusion of the fatal business, that the beach was then almost entirely deserted by the Indians, who at length had given way to the fire of the boats, and dispersed through the town; so that there seemed no great obstacle to prevent the recovery of Captain Cook's body; but the lieutenant returned on board without making the attempt. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on this painful subject, and to relate the complaints and censures that fell on the conduct of the lieutenant. It will be sufficient to observe that they were so loud as to oblige Captain Clerke publicly to notice them, and to take the depositions of his accusers down in writing. The captain's bad state of health and approaching dissolution, it is supposed, induced him to destroy these papers a short time before his death.

"It is a painful task to be obliged to notice circumstances which seem to reflect upon the character of any man. A strict regard to truth, however, compelled me to the insertion of these facts, which I have offered merely as facts, without presuming to connect with them any comment of my own; esteeming it the part of a faithful historian 'to extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice.'

"The fatal accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning, about an hour after Captain Cook landed. It did not seem that the king or his sons were witnesses to it; but it is supposed that they withdrew in the midst of the tumult. The principal actors were the other chiefs, many of them the king's relations and attendants; the man who stabbed him with the dagger was called Nooah. I happened to be the only one who recollected his person, from having on a former occasion mentioned his name in the journal I kept. I was induced to take particular notice of him, more from his personal appearance than any other consideration, though he was of high rank, and a near relation of the king: he was stout and tall, with a fierce look and demeanor, and one who united in his figure the two qualities of strength and agility, in a greater degree than ever I remembered to have seen before in any other man. His age might be about thirty, and by the white scurf on his skin, and his sore eyes, he appeared to be a hard drinker of kava. He was a constant companion of the king, with whom I first saw him, when he paid a visit to Captain Clerke. The chief who first struck Captain Cook with the club, was called Karimano, craha, but I did not know him by his name. These circumstances I learned of honest Kaireekea, the priest, who added, that they were both held in great esteem on account of that action; neither of them came near us afterwards. When the boats left the shore, the Indians carried away the dead body of Captain Cook and those of the marines, to the rising ground, at the back of the town, where we could plainly see them with our glasses from the ships.

"This most melancholy accident appears to have been altogether unexpected and unforeseen, as well on the part of the natives as ourselves. I never saw sufficient reason to induce me to believe that there was anything of design, or a preconcerted plan on their side, or that they purposely sought to quarrel with us; thieving, which gave rise to the whole, they were equally guilty of in our first and second visits. It was the

cause of every misunderstanding that happened between us: their petty thefts were generally overlooked, but sometimes slightly punished; the boat which they at last ventured to take away was an object of no small magnitude to people in our situation, who could not possibly replace her, and therefore not slightly to be given up. We had no other chance of recovering her, but by getting the person of the king into our possession; on our attempting to do that, the natives became alarmed for his safety, and naturally opposed those whom they deemed his enemies. In the sudden conflict that ensued, we had the unspeakable misfortune of losing our excellent commander, in the manner already related. It is in this light the affair has always appeared to me as entirely accidental, and not in the least owing to any previous offense received, or jealousy of our second visit entertained by the natives.

"Pareah seems to have been the principal instrument in bringing about this fatal disaster. We learned afterwards that it was he who had employed some people to steal the boat; the king did not seem to be privy to it, or even apprised of what had happened, till Captain Cook landed.

"It was generally remarked that, at first, the Indians showed great resolution in facing our firearms; but it was entirely owing to ignorance of their effect. They thought that their thick mats would defend them from a ball as well as from a stone; but being soon convinced of their error, yet still at a loss to account how such execution was done among them, they had recourse to a stratagem, which, though it answered no other purpose, served to show their ingenuity and quickness of invention. Observing the flashes of the muskets, they naturally concluded that water would counteract their effect, and therefore, very sagaciously, dipped their mats, or armor, in the sea, just as they came on to face our people; but finding this last resource to fail them, they soon dispersed, and left the beach entirely clear. It was an object they never neglected, even at the greatest hazard, to carry off their slain: a custom probably owing to the barbarity with which they treat the dead body of an enemy, and the trophies they make of his bones."

HENRY WHARTON'S ESCAPE.

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(From "The Spy.")

[JAMES FENIMORE COOPER: An American novelist; born at Burlington, N.J., September 15, 1789; died September 14, 1851, at Cooperstown, N.Y., whither his father had removed about 1790, it being then a wild frontier region. Cooper attended Yale College for three years, when he was expelled; shipped as a common sailor, and became a lieutenant in the navy. Later in life he visited Europe, and was United States consul at Lyons (1826–1829). Among his most popular novels are: "The Spy" (1821), "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Red Rover," "The Bravo," "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," "Wing and Wing," "Wyandotte," and "Satanstoe." He also wrote a "Naval History of the United States" (1839), "Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers" (1846).]

[Captain Henry Wharton of the patriot forces in the Revolution has been captured and wrongfully sentenced to death as a spy. Harvey Birch is an American spy whose service is the pretending to be a renegade patriot, turned Tory for hire, in order to gain the confidence of the British.]

THE person who was ushered into the apartment, preceded by Cæsar and followed by the matron, was a man beyond the middle age, or who might rather be said to approach the downhill of life. In stature he was above the size of ordinary men, though his excessive leanness might contribute in deceiving as to his height; his countenance was sharp and unbending, and every muscle seemed set in rigid compression. No joy, or relaxation, appeared ever to have dwelt on features that frowned habitually, as if in detestation of the vices of mankind. The brows were beetling, dark, and forbidding, giving the promise of eyes of no less repelling expression; but the organs were concealed beneath a pair of enormous green goggles, through which they glared around with a fierceness that denounced the coming day of wrath. All was fanaticism, uncharitableness, and denunciation. Long, lank hair, a mixture of gray and black, fell down his neck, and in some degree obscured the sides of his face, and, parting on his forehead, fell in either direction in straight and formal screens. On the top of this ungraceful exhibition was laid, impending forward, so as to overhang in some measure the whole fabric, a large hat of three equal cocks. His coat was of a rusty black, and his breeches

and stockings were of the same color; his shoes without luster, and half concealed beneath huge plated buckles.

He stalked into the room, and giving a stiff nod with his head, took the chair offered him by the black, in dignified silence. For several minutes no one broke this ominous pause in the conversation,—Henry feeling a repugnance to his guest that he was vainly endeavoring to conquer, and the stranger himself drawing forth occasional sighs and groans, that threatened a dissolution of the unequal connection between his sublimated soul and its ungainly tenement. During this deathlike preparation, Mr. Wharton, with a feeling nearly allied to that of his son, led Sarah from the apartment. His retreat was noticed by the divine, in a kind of scornful disdain, who began to hum the air of a popular psalm tune, giving it the full richness of the twang that distinguishes the Eastern psalmody.

"Cæsar," said Miss Peyton, "hand the gentleman some refreshment; he must need it after his ride."

"My strength is not in the things of life," said the divine, speaking in a hollow, sepulchral voice. "Thrice have I this day held forth in my Master's service, and fainted not; still it is prudent to help this frail tenement of clay, for, surely, 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

Opening a pair of enormous jaws, he took a good measure of the proffered brandy, and suffered it to glide downward with that sort of facility with which man is prone to sin.

"I apprehend, then, sir, that fatigue will disable you from performing the duties which kindness had induced you to attempt."

"Woman!" exclaimed the stranger, with energy, "when was I ever known to shrink from a duty? But 'judge not, lest ye be judged,' and fancy not that it is given to mortal eyes to fathom the intentions of the Deity."

"Nay," returned the maiden, meekly, and slightly disgusted with his jargon. "I pretend not to judge of either events, or the intentions of my fellow-creatures, much less of those of Omnipotence."

"'Tis well, woman—'tis well," cried the minister, waving his hand with supercilious disdain; "humility becometh thy sex and lost condition; thy weakness driveth thee on headlong, like 'unto the bosom of destruction.'"

Surprised at this extraordinary deportment, yielding to that habit which urges us to speak reverently on sacred sub-

jects, even when perhaps we had better continue silent, Miss Peyton replied: —

"There is a power above, that can and will sustain us all in welldoing, if we seek its support in humility and truth."

The stranger turned a lowering look at the speaker, and then composing himself into an air of self-abasement, he continued, in the same repelling tones: —

"It is not every one that crieth out for mercy that will be heard. The ways of Providence are not to be judged by men —'many are called, but few chosen.' It is easier to talk of humility than to feel it. Are you so humble, vile worm, as to wish to glorify God by your own damnation? If not, away with you for a publican and a pharisee!"

Such gross fanaticism was uncommon in America, and Miss Peyton began to imbibe the impression that her guest was deranged; but remembering that he had been sent by a well-known divine, and one of reputation, she discarded the idea, and, with some forbearance, observed: —

"I may deceive myself in believing that mercy is proffered to all, but it is so soothing a doctrine that I would not willingly be undeceived."

"Mercy is only for the elect," cried the stranger, with an unaccountable energy; "and you are in the 'valley of the shadow of death.' Are you not a follower of idle ceremonies, which belong to the vain church that our tyrants would gladly establish here, along with their stamp acts and tea laws? Answer me that, woman; and remember that Heaven hears your answer; are you not of that idolatrous communion?"

"I worship at the altars of my fathers," said Miss Peyton, motioning to Henry for silence; "but bow to no other idol than my own infirmities."

"Yes, yes, I know ye, self-righteous and papal as ye are — followers of forms, and listeners to bookish preaching; think you, woman, that holy Paul had notes in his hand to propound the word to the believers?"

"My presence disturbs you," said Miss Peyton, rising: "I will leave you with my nephew, and offer those prayers in private that I did wish to mingle with his."

So saying, she withdrew, followed by the landlady, who was not a little shocked, and somewhat surprised, by the intemperate zeal of her new acquaintance; for, although the good woman believed that Miss Peyton and her whole church were

on the highroad to destruction, she was by no means accustomed to hear such offensive and open avowals of their fate.

Henry had with difficulty repressed the indignation excited by this unprovoked attack on his meek and unresisting aunt; but as the door closed on her retiring figure, he gave way to his feelings.

"I must confess, sir," he exclaimed, with heat, "that in receiving a minister of God I thought I was admitting a Christian, and one who, by feeling his own weaknesses, knew how to pity the frailties of others. You have wounded the meek spirit of an excellent woman, and I acknowledge but little inclination to mingle in prayer with so intolerant a spirit."

The minister stood erect, with grave composure, following with his eyes, in a kind of scornful pity, the retiring females, and suffered the expostulation of the youth to be given as if unworthy of his notice. A third voice, however, spoke: —

"Such a denunciation would have driven many women into fits; but it has answered the purpose well enough, as it is."

"Who's that?" cried the prisoner, in amazement, gazing around the room in quest of the speaker.

"It is I, Captain Wharton," said Harvey Birch, removing the spectacles, and exhibiting his piercing eyes, shining under a pair of false eyebrows.

"Good heavens — Harvey!"

"Silence!" said the peddler, solemnly; "'tis a name not to be mentioned, and least of all here, within the heart of the American army." Birch paused, and gazed around him for a moment, with an emotion exceeding the base passion of fear, and then continued, in a gloomy tone, "There are a thousand halters in that very name, and little hope would there be left me of another escape, should I be again taken. This is a fearful venture that I am making; but I could not sleep in quiet, and know that an innocent man was about to die the death of a dog, when I might save him." . . .

Great pains had been taken in forming the different articles used in the disguise of Captain Wharton, and when arranged, under the skillful superintendence of the peddler, they formed together a transformation that would easily escape detection from any but an extraordinary observer.

The mask was stuffed and shaped in such a manner as to preserve the peculiarities, as well as the color, of the African

visage; and the wig was so artfully formed of black and white wool, as to imitate the pepper-and-salt color of Cæsar's own head, and to exact plaudits from the black himself, who thought it an excellent counterfeit in everything but quality.

"There is but one man in the American army who could detect you, Captain Wharton," said the peddler, surveying his work with satisfaction, "and he is just now out of our way."

"And who is he?"

"The man who made you a prisoner. He would see your white skin through a plank. But strip, both of you; your clothes must be exchanged from head to foot."

Cæsar, who had received minute instructions from the peddler in their morning interview, immediately commenced throwing aside his coarse garments, which the youth took up and prepared to invest himself with, — unable, however, to repress a few signs of loathing.

In the manner of the peddler there was an odd mixture of care and humor; the former was the result of a perfect knowledge of their danger, and the means necessary to be used in avoiding it; and the latter proceeded from the unavoidably ludicrous circumstances before him, acting on an indifference which sprang from habit and long familiarity with such scenes as the present.

"Here, captain," he said, taking up some loose wool, and beginning to stuff the stockings of Cæsar, which were already on the leg of the prisoner; "some judgment is necessary in shaping this limb. You will have to display it on horseback; and the Southern dragoons are so used to the brittle shins that, should they notice your well-turned calf, they'd know at once that it never belonged to a black."

"Golly!" said Cæsar, with a chuckle that exhibited a mouth open from ear to ear, "Massy Harry breeches fit."

"Anything but your leg," said the peddler, coolly pursuing the toilet of Henry. "Slip on the coat, captain, over all. Upon my word, you would pass well at a pinkster frolic; and here, Cæsar, place this powdered wig over your curls, and be careful and look out of the window whenever the door is opened, and on no account speak, or you will betray all."

"I s'pose Harvey tink a color'd man an't got a tongue like oder folk," grumbled the black, as he took the station assigned to him.

Everything now was arranged for action, and the peddler

very deliberately went over the whole of his injunctions to the two actors in the scene. The captain he conjured to dispense with his erect military carriage, and for a season to adopt the humble paces of his father's negro; and Cæsar he enjoined to silence and disguise, so long as he could possibly maintain them. Thus prepared, he opened the door and called aloud to the sentinel, who had retired to the farthest end of the passage, in order to avoid receiving any of that spiritual comfort which he felt was the sole property of another.

"Let the woman of the house be called," said Harvey, in the solemn key of his assumed character; "and let her come alone. The prisoner is in a happy train of meditation, and must not be led from his devotions."

Cæsar sank his face between his hands, and when the soldier looked into the apartment, he thought he saw his charge in deep abstraction. Casting a glance of huge contempt at the divine, he called aloud for the good woman of the house. She hastened to the summons, with earnest zeal, entertaining a secret hope that she was to be admitted to the gossip of a deathbed repentance.

"Sister," said the minister, in the authoritative tones of a master, "have you in the house 'The Christian Criminal's Last Moments, or Thoughts on Eternity, for Them who Die a Violent Death'?"

"I never heard of the book!" said the matron, in astonishment.

"'Tis not unlikely; there are many books you have never heard of; it is impossible for this poor penitent to pass in peace without the consolations of that volume. One hour's reading in it is worth an age of man's preaching."

"Bless me, what a treasure to possess! — when was it put out?"

"It was first put out at Geneva, in the Greek language, and then translated at Boston. It is a book, woman, that should be in the hands of every Christian, especially such as die upon the gallows. Have a horse prepared instantly for this black, who shall accompany me to my Brother ——, and I will send down the volume yet in season. Brother, compose thy mind; you are now in the narrow path to glory."

Cæsar wriggled a little in his chair, but he had sufficient recollection to conceal his face with hands that were, in their turn, concealed by gloves. The landlady departed to comply

with this very reasonable request, and the group of conspirators were again left to themselves.

"This is well," said the peddler; "but the difficult task is to deceive the officer who commands the guard — he is lieutenant to Lawton, and has learned some of the captain's own cunning in these things. Remember, Captain Wharton," continued he, with an air of pride, "that now is the moment when everything depends on our coolness."

"My fate can be made but little worse than it is at present, my worthy fellow," said Henry; "but for your sake I will do all that in me lies."

"And wherein can I be more forlorn and persecuted than I now am?" asked the peddler, with that wild incoherence which often crossed his manner. "But I have promised *one* to save you, and to him I never have yet broken my word."

"And who is he?" said Henry, with awakened interest.

"No one."

The man soon returned, and announced that the horses were at the door. Harvey gave the captain a glance, and led the way down the stairs, first desiring the woman to leave the prisoner to himself, in order that he might digest the wholesome mental food that he had so lately received.

A rumor of the odd character of the priest had spread from the sentinel at the door to his comrades; so that when Harvey and Wharton reached the open space before the building, they found a dozen idle dragoons loitering about, with the waggish intention of quizzing the fanatic, and employed in affected admiration of the steeds.

"A fine horse!" said the leader in this plan of mischief; "but a little low in flesh; I suppose from hard labor in your calling."

"My calling may be laborsome to both myself and this faithful beast, but then a day of settling is at hand, that will reward me for all my outgoings and incomings," said Birch, putting his foot in the stirrup and preparing to mount.

"You work for pay, then, as we fight for't?" cried another of the party.

"Even so — is not the laborer worthy of his hire?"

"Come, suppose you give us a little preaching; we have a leisure moment just now, and there's no telling how much good you might do a set of reprobates like us, in a few words; here, mount this horse block, and take your text where you please."

The men now gathered in eager delight around the peddler, who, glancing his eye expressively toward the captain, who had been suffered to mount, replied: —

"Doubtless, for such is my duty. But, Cæsar, you can ride up the road and deliver the note — the unhappy prisoner will be wanting the book, for his hours are numbered."

"Ay — ay, go along, Cæsar, and get the book," shouted half a dozen voices, all crowding eagerly around the ideal priest, in anticipation of a frolic.

The peddler inwardly dreaded that, in their unceremonious handling of himself and garments, his hat and wig might be displaced, when detection would be certain; he was therefore fain to comply with their request. Ascending the horse block, after hemming once or twice, and casting several glances at the captain, who continued immovable, he commenced as follows:

"I shall call your attention, my brethren, to that portion of Scripture which you will find in the second book of Samuel, and which is written in the following words: '*And the king lamented over Abner, and said, Died Abner as a fool dieth? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters: as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. And all the people wept again over him.*' Cæsar, ride forward, I say, and obtain the book as directed; thy master is groaning in spirit even now for the want of it."

"An excellent text!" cried the dragoons. "Go on — go on — let the snowball stay; he wants to be edified as well as another."

"What are you at there, scoundrels?" cried Lieutenant Mason, as he came in sight from a walk he had taken, to sneer at the evening parade of the regiment of militia; "away with every man of you to your quarters, and let me find that each horse is cleaned and littered when I come round." The sound of the officer's voice operated like a charm, and no priest could desire a more silent congregation, although he might possibly have wished for one that was more numerous. Mason had not done speaking, when it was reduced to the image of Cæsar only. The peddler took that opportunity to mount, but he had to preserve the gravity of his movements; for the remark of the troopers upon the condition of their beasts was but too just, and a dozen dragoon horses stood saddled and bridled at hand, ready to receive their riders at a moment's warning.

"Well, have you bitted the poor fellow within," said Mason,

"that he can take his last ride under the curb of divinity, old gentleman?"

"There is evil in thy conversation, profane man," cried the priest, raising his hands and casting his eyes upward in holy horror; "so I will depart from thee unhurt, as Daniel was liberated from the lions' den."

"Off with you, for a hypocritical, psalm-singing, canting rogue in disguise," said Mason, scornfully; "by the life of Washington! it worries an honest fellow to see such voracious beasts of prey ravaging a country for which he sheds his blood. If I had you on a Virginia plantation for a quarter of an hour, I'd teach you to worm the tobacco with the turkeys."

"I leave you, and shake the dust off my shoes, that no remnant of this wicked hole may tarnish the vestments of the godly."

"Start, or I will shake the dust from your jacket, designing knave! A fellow to be preaching to my men! There's Hollister put the devil in them by his exhorting; the rascals were getting too conscientious to strike a blow that would raise the skin. But hold! whither do you travel, master blackey, in such godly company?"

"He goes," said the minister, hastily speaking for his companion, "to return with a book of much condolence and virtue to the sinful youth above, whose soul will speedily become white, even as his outwards are black and unseemly. Would you deprive a dying man of the consolation of religion?"

"No, no, poor fellow, his fate is bad enough; a famous good breakfast his prim body of an aunt gave us. But harkee, Mr. Revelations, if the youth must die *secundum artem*, let it be under a gentleman's direction; and my advice is, that you never trust that skeleton of yours among us again, or I will take the skin off and leave you naked."

"Out upon thee for a reviler and scoffer of goodness!" said Birch, moving slowly, and with a due observance of clerical dignity, down the road, followed by the imaginary Cæsar; "but I leave thee, and that behind me that will prove thy condemnation, and take from thee a hearty and joyful deliverance."

"Damn him," muttered the trooper; "the fellow rides like a stake, and his legs stick out like the cocks of his hat. I wish I had him below these hills, where the law is not overparticular, I'd ——"

"Corporal of the guard! — corporal of the guard!" shouted

the sentinel in the passage to the chambers; "corporal of the guard! — corporal of the guard!"

The subaltern flew up the narrow stairway that led to the room of the prisoner, and demanded the meaning of the outcry.

The soldier was standing at the open door of the apartment, looking in with a suspicious eye on the supposed British officer. On observing his lieutenant, he fell back with habitual respect, and replied, with an air of puzzled thought: —

"I don't know, sir; but just now the prisoner looked queer. Ever since the preacher has left him he don't look as he used to do — but," gazing intently over the shoulder of his officer, "it must be him, too! There is the same powdered head, and the darn in the coat, where he was hit the day he had the last brush with the enemy."

"And then all this noise is occasioned by your doubting whether that poor gentleman is your prisoner or not, is it, sirrah? Who the devil do you think it can be else?"

"I don't know who else it can be," returned the fellow, sullenly; "but he is grown thicker and shorter, if it is he; and see for yourself, sir, he shakes all over, like a man in an ague."

This was but too true. Cæsar was an alarmed auditor of this short conversation, and, from congratulating himself upon the dexterous escape of his young master, his thoughts were very naturally beginning to dwell upon the probable consequences to his own person. The pause that succeeded the last remark of the sentinel in no degree contributed to the restoration of his faculties. Lieutenant Mason was busied in examining with his own eyes the suspected person of the black, and Cæsar was aware of the fact, by stealing a look through a passage under one of his arms that he had left expressly for the purpose of reconnoitering. Captain Lawton would have discovered the fraud immediately, but Mason was by no means so quick-sighted as his commander. He therefore turned rather contemptuously to the soldier and, speaking in an undertone, observed: —

"That anabaptist, methodistical, quaker, psalm-singing rascal has frightened the boy with his farrago about flames and brimstone. I'll step in and cheer him with a little rational conversation."

"I have heard of fear making a man white," said the soldier, drawing back, and staring as if his eyes would start from their sockets, "but it has changed the royal captain to a black!"

The truth was that Cæsar, unable to hear what Mason uttered in a low voice, and having every fear aroused in him by what had already passed, incautiously removed the wig a little from one of his ears in order to hear the better, without in the least remembering that its color might prove fatal to his disguise. The sentinel had kept his eyes fastened on his prisoner, and noticed the action. The attention of Mason was instantly drawn to the same object; and, forgetting all delicacy for a brother officer in distress, or, in short, forgetting everything but the censure that might alight on his corps, the lieutenant sprang forward and seized the terrified African by the throat; for no sooner had Cæsar heard his color named, than he knew his discovery was certain; and at the first sound of Mason's heavy boot on the floor he arose from his seat, and retreated precipitately to a corner of the room.

"Who are you?" cried Mason, dashing the head of the old man against the angle of the wall at each interrogatory; "who the devil are you, and where is the Englishman? Speak, thou thundercloud! Answer me, you jackdaw, or I'll hang you on the gallows of the spy!"

Cæsar continued firm. Neither the threats nor the blows could extract any reply, until the lieutenant, by a very natural transition in the attack, sent his heavy boot forward in a direction that brought it in direct contact with the most sensitive part of the negro — his shin. The most obdurate heart could not have exacted further patience, and Cæsar instantly gave in. The first words he spoke were: —

"Golly! Massa, you tink I got no feelin'?"

"By heavens!" shouted the lieutenant, "it is the negro himself! Scoundrel! where is your master, and who was the priest?" While speaking, he made a movement as if about to renew the attack; but Cæsar cried aloud for mercy, promising to tell all that he knew.

"Who was the priest?" repeated the dragoon, drawing back his formidable leg, and holding it in threatening suspense.

"Harvey, Harvey!" cried Cæsar, dancing from one leg to the other, as he thought each member in turn might be assailed.

"Harvey who, you black villain?" cried the impatient lieutenant, as he executed a full measure of vengeance by letting his leg fly.

"Birch!" shrieked Cæsar, falling on his knees, the tears rolling in large drops over his shining face.

"Harvey Birch!" echoed the trooper, hurling the black from him and rushing from the room. "To arms! to arms! Fifty guineas for the life of the peddler spy — give no quarter to either. Mount! mount! to arms! to horse!"

During the uproar occasioned by the assembling of the dragoons, who all rushed tumultuously to their horses, Cæsar rose from the floor, where he had been thrown by Mason, and began to examine into his injuries. Happily for himself, he had alighted on his head, and consequently sustained no material damage.

The road which it was necessary for the peddler and the English captain to travel, in order to reach the shelter of the hills, lay for a half-mile in full view from the door of the building that had so recently been the prison of the latter; running for the whole distance over the rich plain that spreads to the very foot of the mountains, which here rise in a nearly perpendicular ascent from their bases; it then turned short to the right, and was obliged to follow the windings of nature, as it won its way into the bosom of the Highlands.

To preserve the supposed difference in their stations, Harvey rode a short distance ahead of his companion, and maintained the sober, dignified pace that was suited to his assumed character. On their right, the regiment of foot that we have already mentioned lay in tents; and the sentinels who guarded their encampment were to be seen moving with measured tread under the skirts of the hills themselves.

The first impulse of Henry was, certainly, to urge the beast he rode to his greatest speed at once, and by a coup de main not only accomplish his escape, but relieve himself from the torturing suspense of his situation. But the forward movement that the youth made for this purpose was instantly checked by the peddler.

"Hold up!" he cried, dexterously reining his own horse across the path of the other; "would you ruin us both? Fall into the place of a black, following his master. Did you not see their blooded chargers, all saddled and bridled, standing in the sun before the house? How long do you think that miserable Dutch horse you are on would hold his speed, if pursued by the Virginians? Every foot that we can gain, without giving the alarm, counts a day in our lives. Ride steadily after

me, and on no account look back. They are as subtle as foxes, ay, and as ravenous for blood as wolves!"

Henry reluctantly restrained his impatience, and followed the direction of the peddler. His imagination, however, continually alarmed him with the fancied sounds of pursuit; though Birch, who occasionally looked back under the pretense of addressing his companion, assured him that all continued quiet and peaceful.

"But," said Henry, "it will not be possible for Cæsar to remain long undiscovered. Had we not better put our horses to the gallop, and by the time they can reflect on the cause of our flight, we can reach the corner of the woods?"

"Ah! you little know them, Captain Wharton," returned the peddler; "there is a sergeant at this moment looking after us, as if he thought all was not right; the keen-eyed fellow watches me like a tiger lying in wait for his leap. When I stood on the horse block, he half suspected that something was wrong. Nay, check your beast — we must let the animals walk a little, for he is laying his hand on the pommel of his saddle. If he mounts, we are gone. The foot soldiers could reach us now with their muskets."

"What does he now?" asked Henry, reining his horse to a walk, but at the same time pressing his heels into the animal's sides, to be in readiness for a spring.

"He turns from his charger, and looks the other way; now trot on gently — not so fast — not so fast. Observe the sentinel in the field, a little ahead of us — he eyes us keenly."

"Never mind the footman," said Henry, impatiently; "he can do nothing but shoot us, whereas these dragoons may make me a captive again. Surely, Harvey, there are horses moving down the road behind us. Do you see nothing particular?"

"Humph!" ejaculated the peddler; "there is something particular, indeed, to be seen behind the thicket on our left. Turn your head a little, and you may see and profit by it too."

Henry eagerly seized this permission to look aside, and the blood curdled to his heart as he observed that they were passing a gallows, which unquestionably had been erected for his own execution. He turned his face from the sight in undisguised horror.

"There is a warning to be prudent," said the peddler, in the sententious manner that he often adopted.

"It is a terrific sight, indeed!" cried Henry, for a moment veiling his eyes with his hand, as if to drive a vision from before him.

The peddler moved his body partly around, and spoke with energetic but gloomy bitterness — "And yet, Captain Wharton, you see it where the setting sun shines full upon you; the air you breathe is clear, and fresh from the hills before you. Every step that you take leaves that hated gallows behind; and every dark hollow, and every shapeless rock in the mountains, offers you a hiding place from the vengeance of your enemies. But I have seen the gibbet raised when no place of refuge offered. Twice have I been buried in dungeons, where, fettered and in chains, I have passed nights in torture, looking forward to the morning's dawn that was to light me to a death of infamy. The sweat has started from limbs that seemed already drained of their moisture; and if I ventured to the hole that admitted air through grates of iron to look out upon the smiles of nature, which God has bestowed for the meanest of his creatures, the gibbet has glared before my eyes, like an evil conscience harrowing the soul of a dying man. Four times have I been in their power, besides this last; but — twice — did I think my hour had come. It is hard to die at the best, Captain Wharton; but to spend your last moments alone and unpitied, to know that none near you so much as think of the fate that is to you the closing of all that is earthly; to think that in a few hours you are to be led from the gloom which, as you dwell on what follows, becomes dear to you, to the face of day, and there to meet all eyes fixed upon you, as if you were a wild beast; and to lose sight of everything amid the jeers and scoffs of your fellow-creatures — that, Captain Wharton, that indeed is to die!"

Henry listened in amazement, as his companion uttered this speech with a vehemence altogether new to him; both seemed to have forgotten their danger and their disguises.

"What! were you ever so near death as that?"

"Have I not been the hunted beast of these hills for three years past?" resumed Harvey; "and once they even led me to the foot of the gallows itself, and I escaped only by an alarm from the royal troops. Had they been a quarter of an hour later I must have died. There was I placed in the midst of unfeeling men, and gaping women and children, as a monster to be cursed. When I would pray to God, my ears were in-

sulted with the history of my crimes; and when, in all that multitude, I looked around for a single face that showed me any pity, I could find none — no, not even one; all cursed me as a wretch who would sell his country for gold. The sun was brighter to my eyes than common — but it was the last time I should see it. The fields were gay and pleasant, and everything seemed as if this world was a kind of heaven. Oh! how sweet life was to me at that moment! 'Twas a dreadful hour, Captain Wharton, and such as you have never known. You have friends to feel for you, but I had none but a father to mourn my loss, when he might hear of it; but there was no pity, no consolation near, to soothe my anguish. Everything seemed to have deserted me. I even thought that HE had forgotten that I lived."

"What! did you feel that God himself had forsaken you, Harvey?"

"God never forsakes his servants," returned Birch, with reverence, and exhibiting naturally a devotion that hitherto he had only assumed.

"And who did you mean by HE?"

The peddler raised himself in his saddle to the stiff and upright posture that was suited to his outward appearance. The look of fire, that for a short time glowed on his countenance, disappeared in the solemn lines of unbending self-abasement, and, speaking as if addressing a negro, he replied:

"In heaven there is no distinction of color, my brother; therefore you have a precious charge within you, that you must hereafter render an account of;" dropping his voice — "this is the last sentinel near the road; look not back, as you value your life."

Henry remembered his situation, and instantly assumed the humble demeanor of his adopted character. The unaccountable energy of the peddler's manner was soon forgotten in the sense of his own immediate danger; and with the recollection of his critical situation, returned all the uneasiness that he had momentarily forgotten.

"What see you, Harvey?" he cried, observing the peddler to gaze toward the building they had left with ominous interest; "what see you at the house?"

"That which bodes no good to us," returned the pretended priest. "Throw aside the mask and wig; you will need all your senses without much delay; throw them in the road.

There are none before us that I dread, but there are those behind who will give us a fearful chase."

"Nay, then," cried the captain, casting the implements of his disguise into the highway, "let us improve our time to the utmost. We want a full quarter to the turn; why not push for it at once?"

"Be cool; they are in alarm, but they will not mount without an officer, unless they see us fly — now he comes, he moves to the stables; trot briskly; a dozen are in their saddles, but the officer stops to tighten his girths; they hope to steal a march upon us; he is mounted; now ride, Captain Wharton, for your life, and keep at my heels. If you quit me, you will be lost!"

A second request was unnecessary. The instant that Harvey put his horse to his speed, Captain Wharton was at his heels, urging the miserable animal he rode to the utmost. Birch had selected his own beast; and although vastly inferior to the high-fed and blooded chargers of the dragoons, still it was much superior to the little pony that had been thought good enough to carry Cæsar Thompson on an errand. A very few jumps convinced the captain that his companion was fast leaving him, and a fearful glance thrown behind him informed the fugitive that his enemies were as speedily approaching. With that abandonment that makes misery doubly grievous, when it is to be supported alone, Henry cried aloud to the peddler not to desert him. Harvey instantly drew up, and suffered his companion to run alongside of his own horse. The cocked hat and wig of the peddler fell from his head the moment that his steed began to move briskly, and this development of their disguise, as it might be termed, was witnessed by the dragoons, who announced their observation by a boisterous shout, that seemed to be uttered in the very ears of the fugitives, so loud was the cry, and so short the distance between them.

"Had we not better leave our horses?" said Henry, "and make for the hills across the fields, on our left? — the fence will stop our pursuers."

"That way lies the gallows," returned the peddler; "these fellows go three feet to our two, and would mind the fences no more than we do these ruts; but it is a short quarter to the turn, and there are two roads behind the wood. They may stand to choose until they can take the track, and we shall gain a little upon them there."

"But this miserable horse is blown already," cried Henry, urging his beast with the end of his bridle, at the same time that Harvey aided his efforts by applying the lash of a heavy riding whip he carried; "he will never stand it for half a mile farther."

"A quarter will do; a quarter will do," said the peddler; "a single quarter will save us, if you follow my directions."

Somewhat cheered by the cool and confident manner of his companion, Henry continued silently urging his horse forward. A few moments brought them to the desired turn, and as they doubled round a point of low underbush, the fugitives caught a glimpse of their pursuers scattered along the highway. Mason and the sergeant, being better mounted than the rest of the party, were much nearer to their heels than even the peddler thought could be possible.

At the foot of the hills, and for some distance up the dark valley that wound among the mountains, a thick underwood of saplings had been suffered to shoot up, where the heavier growth was felled for the sake of the fuel. At the sight of this cover Henry again urged the peddler to dismount, and to plunge into the woods; but his request was promptly refused. The two roads before mentioned met at a very sharp angle, at a short distance from the turn, and both were circuitous, so that but little of either could be seen at a time. The peddler took the one which led to the left, but held it only a moment; for, on reaching a partial opening in the thicket, he darted across into the right-hand path, and led the way up the steep ascent which lay directly before them. This maneuver saved them. On reaching the fork, the dragoons followed the track, and passed the spot where the fugitives had crossed to the other road, before they missed the marks of the footsteps. Their loud cries were heard by Henry and the peddler, as their wearied and breathless animals toiled up the hill, ordering their comrades in the rear to ride in the right direction.

The captain again proposed to leave their horses, and dash into the thicket.

"Not yet, not yet," said Birch, in a low voice; "the road falls from the top of this hill as steep as it rises; first let us gain the top." While speaking they reached the desired summit, and both threw themselves from their horses, Henry plunging into the thick underwood which covered the side of the

mountain for some distance above them. Harvey stopped to give each of their beasts a few severe blows of his whip, that drove them headlong down the path on the other side of the eminence, and then followed his example.

The peddler entered the thicket with a little caution, and avoided, as much as possible, rustling or breaking the branches in his way.

There was but time only to shelter his person from view, when a dragoon led up the ascent; and on reaching the height, he cried aloud : —

"I saw one of their horses turning the hill this minute."

"Drive on; spur forward, my lads," shouted Mason; "give the Englishman quarter, but cut down the peddler, and make an end of him."

Henry felt his companion gripe his arm hard, as he listened in a great tremor to this cry, which was followed by the passage of a dozen horsemen, with a vigor and speed that showed too plainly how little security their overtired steeds could have afforded them.

"Now," said the peddler, rising from the cover to reconnoiter, and standing for a moment in suspense, "all that we gain is clear gain; for as we go up, they go down. Let us be stirring."

"But will they not follow us, and surround this mountain?" said Henry, rising, and imitating the labored but rapid progress of his companion; "remember, they have foot as well as horse, and at any rate, we shall starve in the hills."

"Fear nothing, Captain Wharton," returned the peddler, with confidence; "this is not the mountain that I would be on, but necessity has made me a dexterous pilot among these hills. I will lead you where no man will dare to follow. See, the sun is already setting behind the tops of the western mountains, and it will be two hours to the rising of the moon. Who, think you, will follow us far, on a November night, among these rocks and precipices?"

"Listen!" exclaimed Henry; "the dragoons are shouting to each other; they miss us already."

"Come to the point of this rock, and you may see them," said Harvey, composedly seating himself down to rest. "Nay, they can see us — observe, they are pointing up with their fingers. There, one has fired his pistol, but the distance is too great even for a musket."

"They will pursue us," cried the impatient Henry; "let us be moving."

"They will not think of such a thing," returned the peddler, picking the checkerberries that grew on the thin soil where he sat, and very deliberately chewing them, leaves and all, to refresh his mouth. "What progress could they make here, in their heavy boots and spurs, and long swords? No, no — they may go back and turn out the foot, but the horse pass through these defiles, when they can keep the saddle, with fears and trembling. Come, follow me, Captain Wharton; we have a troublesome march before us, but I will bring you where none will think of venturing this night."

So saying, they both arose, and were soon hid from view among the rocks and caverns of the mountain.

The conjecture of the peddler was true; Mason and his men dashed down the hill in pursuit, as they supposed, of their victims, but on reaching the bottom lands, they found only the deserted horses of the fugitives. Some little time was spent in examining the woods near them, and in endeavoring to take the trail on such ground as might enable the horses to pursue, when one of the party descried the peddler and Henry seated on the rock already mentioned.

"He's off," muttered Mason, eying Harvey with fury; "he's off, and we are disgraced. By heavens, Washington will not trust us with the keeping of a suspected Tory, if we let the rascal trifle in this manner with the corps; and there sits the Englishman, too, looking down upon us with a smile of benevolence! I fancy that I can see it. Well, well, my lad, you are comfortably seated, I will confess, and that is something better than dancing upon nothing; but you are not to the west of the Harlem River yet, and I'll try your wind before you tell Sir Henry what you have seen, or I'm no soldier."

"Shall I fire, and frighten the peddler?" asked one of the men, drawing his pistol from the holster.

"Ay, startle the birds from their perch — let us see how they can use the wing." The man fired the pistol, and Mason continued — "'Fore George, I believe the scoundrels laugh at us. But homeward, or we shall have them rolling stones upon our heads, and the Royal Gazettes teeming with an account of a rebel regiment routed by two loyalists. They have told bigger lies than that before now."

The dragoons moved sullenly after their officer, who rode

toward their quarters, musing on the course it behooved him to pursue in the present dilemma. It was twilight when Mason's party reached the dwelling, before the door of which were collected a great number of the officers and men, busily employed in giving and listening to the most exaggerated accounts of the escape of the spy. The mortified dragoons gave their ungrateful tidings with the sullen air of disappointed men; and most of the officers gathered around Mason to consult of the steps that ought to be taken. Miss Peyton and Frances were breathless and unobserved listeners to all that passed between them, from the window of the chamber immediately above their heads.

"Something must be done, and that speedily," observed the commanding officer of the regiment which lay encamped before the house; "this English officer is doubtless an instrument in the great blow aimed at us by the enemy lately; besides, our honor is involved in his escape."

"Let us beat the woods!" cried several, at once; "by morning we shall have them both again."

"Softly, softly, gentlemen," returned the colonel; "no man can travel these hills after dark, unless used to the passes. Nothing but horse can do service in this business, and I presume Lieutenant Mason hesitates to move without the orders of his major."

"I certainly dare not," replied the subaltern, gravely shaking his head, "unless you will take the responsibility of an order; but Major Dunwoodie will be back again in two hours, and we can carry the tidings through the hills before daylight; so that, by spreading patrols across from one river to the other, and offering a reward to the country people, their escape will yet be impossible, unless they can join the party that is said to be out on the Hudson."

"A very plausible plan," cried the colonel, "and one that must succeed; but let a messenger be dispatched to Dunwoodie, or he may continue at the ferry until it proves too late; though doubtless the runaways will lie in the mountains to-night."

To this suggestion Mason acquiesced, and a courier was sent to the major with the important intelligence of the escape of Henry, and an intimation of the necessity of his presence to conduct the pursuit. After this arrangement the officers separated.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

[For biographical sketch, see page 267.]

Toll for the brave!
  The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
  Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
  Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
  And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
  And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
  With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
  Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
  His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
  No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
  She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
  His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
  With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
  Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
  The tears that England owes

Her timbers yet are sound,
  And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
  And plow the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more.

THE DEBT OF THE GIULI TRE.

By CASTI.

(Translated by Leigh Hunt.)

[Giovanni Battista Casti, Italian poet, was born at Montefiascone, in the States of the Church, in 1721. Though of low extraction, he became canon of the cathedral in his native place; but caring more for pleasure and travel than for church advancement, visited the chief European capitals, and on Metastasio's death, in 1782, was made *Poeta Cesario* (poet laureate) of Austria, and wrote comic operas with great success. He resigned in 1796 to have a freer hand, lived in Paris, and died in 1803. His best known works are "Novelle Galanti," metrical tales, and "Gli Animali Parlanti," or "The Talking Animals" (1802), a satirical allegory on the political systems tried or suggested by the French Revolution. He wrote also "Poema Tartaro" a satire on the court of Catherine II. of Russia.]

[The "giulio" was a small coin, three of which he owed to the creditor whose importunities he thus makes poetic capital of.]

I.

No: none are happy in this best of spheres.
Lo! when a child, we tremble at a look;
Our freshest age is withered o'er a book;
Then fine arts bite us, and great characters.
Then we go boiling with our youthful peers,
In love and hate, in riot and rebuke;
By hook misfortune has us, or by crook,
And griefs and gouts come thick'ning with one's years.

In fine, we've debts: — and when we've debts, no ray
Of hope remains to warm us to repose.
Thus has my own life passed from day to day;
And now, by way of climax, though not close,
The fatal debit of the *Giuli Tre*
Fills up the solemn measure of my woes.

II.

Often and often have I understood
From Galen's readers and Hippocrates's,

That there are certain seasons in diseases
In which the patient oughtn't to lose blood.
Whether the reason that they give be good,
Or doctors square their practice to the thesis,
I know not; nor is this the best of places
For arguing that matter, as I could.

All that I know is this, — that *Giuli Tre*
Has no such scruple or regard with me,
Nor holds the rule himself: for every day
He does his best, and that most horribly,
To make me lose my cash; which, I must say,
Has with one's blood some strange affinity.

III.

Never did beetle hum so teasingly
About one's ears, in walking, when it's hot;
Never did fly return so to one spot,
As comes my teasing Creditor on me.
Let it but rain, for instance, and you'll see
The flies and beetles vanish like a shot;
But never comes the time, — the day is not, —
In which this vermin here will let me be.

Perhaps as bodies tend invariably
Towards other bodies by some force divine, —
Attraction, gravity, or centripathy,
(God knows; I'm little versed in your right line,)
So by some natural horrid property
This pretty satellite tends towards me and mine.

IV.

I've said forever, and again I say,
And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
That from a certain period to this day,
Pence are a family quite extinct with me,
And yet you still pursue me, and waylay,
With your insufferable importunity,
And for those d—d infernal *Giuli Tre*
Haunt me without remorse or decency.

Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so
You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say
You saw me sus. per coll. — No, *Giuli*, no.
The fact is, I'll determine not to pay;

And drive you, *Giuli*, to a state so low,
That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.

V.

Oh, with what folly did they toil in vain,
Who thought old Arnold, Sully, or Gabor wise,
And night and day labored with earnest eyes
To turn their metals into golden grain!
How did their pots and they perspire again
Over their sulphurs, salts, and mercuries,
And never, after all, could see their prize,
Or do what Nature does, and with no pain:

And yet, ah me! why, why, dear Nature say,
This lovely art — why must it be despised?
Why mayn't we follow this thy noblest way?
I'd work myself; and having realized,
Great Heavens! a capital of *Giuli Tre*,
Break up my tools, content and aggrandized.

VI.

My Creditor seems often in a way
Extremely pleasant with me, and polite;
Just like a friend. — You'd fancy, at first sight,
He thought no longer of the *Giuli Tre*.
All that he wants to know is, what they say
Of Frederick now; whether his guess was right
About the sailing of the French that night;
Or, What's the news of Hanover and D'Estrée.

But start from whence he may, he comes as truly,
By little and little, to his ancient pass,
And says, "Well — when am I to have the *Giuli?*"
'Tis the cat's way. She takes her mouse, alas!
And having purred, and eyed, and tapped him duly,
Gives him at length the fatal *coup de grace*.

VII.

My Creditor has no such arms as he
Whom Homer trumpets, or whom Virgil sings,
Arms which dismissed so many souls in strings,
From warlike Ilium and from Italy;
Nor has he those of later memory,
With which Orlando did such loads of things;

But with hard hints, and horrid botherings,
And such rough ways, — with these he warreth me.

And suddenly he launcheth at me, lo!
His terrible demand the *Giuli Tre;*
I draw me back, and thrust him with a No!
Then glows the fierce resentment of the fray,
Till turning round, I scamper from the foe;
The only way, I find, to gain the day.

THE CURATE AND HIS BISHOP.

(From the French. Written during the Old Régime. Translated by Leigh Hunt.)

On business called from his abode,
A curate jogged along the road.
In patient leanness jogged his mare;
The curate, jogging, breathed a prayer;
And jogging as she faced the meads,
His maid, behind him, told her beads.

They hear a carriage, it o'ertakes 'em;
With grinding noise and dust it rakes 'em;
'Tis he himself! they know his port;
My Lord the Bishop, bound to court.
Beside him to help meditation,
The lady sits, his young relation.

The carriage stops! the curate doffs
His hat, and bows; the lady coughs:
The prelate bends his lordly eyes,
And "How now, sir!" in wrath he cries;
"What! choose the very King's highway,
And ride with girls in open day!
Good heav'ns! what next will curates do?
My fancy shudders at the view. —
Girl, cover up your horrid stocking:
Was ever seen a group so shocking!"

"My Lord," replies the blushing man,
"Pardon me, pray, and pardon Anne;
Oh deem it, good my Lord, no sin:
I had no coach to put her in."

THE BROTHERS.

By GEORGE CRABBE.

[George Crabbe, English poet, was born at Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk seaboard, December 25, 1754. Having failed to establish himself as a physician in his native town, he went up to London to make a trial of literature. After a hard struggle with poverty he obtained the assistance of Burke, and was introduced to Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Thurlow, and the publisher Dodsley, who brought out "The Library" (1781). At Burke's suggestion, Crabbe entered the Church, became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, and from 1813 until his death, February 3, 1832, was rector of Trowbridge in Wiltshire. His principal works are: "The Village," "The Parish Register," "The Borough," and "Tales of the Hall."]

Than old *George Fletcher*, on the British coast
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast:
Kind, simple, and sincere — he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and chorused — "Hearts of oak!"
In dangers steady, with his lot content,
His days in labor and in love were spent.
  He left a son so like him, that the old
With joy exclaimed, "'Tis Fletcher we behold;"
But to his brother, when the kinsmen came
And viewed his form, they grudged the father's name.
George was a bold, intrepid, careless lad,
With just the failings that his father had;
Isaac was weak, attentive, slow, exact,
With just the virtues that his father lacked.
  George lived at sea: upon the land a guest —
He sought for recreation, not for rest;
While, far unlike, his brother's feeble form
Shrank from the cold, and shuddered at the storm;
Still with the seaman's to connect his trade,
The boy was bound where blocks and ropes were made.
  George, strong and sturdy, had a tender mind,
And was to Isaac pitiful and kind;
A very father, till his art was gained,
And then a friend unwearied he remained;
He saw his brother was of spirit low,
His temper peevish, and his motions slow;
Not fit to bustle in a world, or make
Friends to his fortune for his merit's sake;
But the kind sailor could not boast the art
Of looking deeply in the human heart;
Else had he seen that this weak brother knew

What men to court — what objects to pursue;
That he to distant gain the way discerned,
And none so crooked but his genius learned.
Isaac was poor, and this the brother felt;
He hired a house, and there the landman dwelt,
Wrought at his trade, and had an easy home,
For there would George with cash and comforts come:
And when they parted, Isaac looked around
Where other friends and helpers might be found.
He wished for some port place, and one might fall,
He wisely thought, if he should try for all;
He had a vote — and were it well applied,
Might have its worth — and he had views beside;
Old Burgess Steel was able to promote
An humble man who served him with a vote;
For Isaac felt not what some tempers feel,
But bowed and bent the neck to Burgess Steel;
And great attention to a lady gave,
His ancient friend, a maiden spare and grave;
One whom the visage long and look demure
Of Isaac pleased — he seemed sedate and pure;
And his soft heart conceived a gentle flame
For her who waited on this virtuous dame:
Not an outrageous love, a scorching fire,
But friendly liking and chastised desire;
And thus he waited, patient in delay,
In present favor and in fortune's way.
George then was coasting — war was yet delayed,
And what he gained was to his brother paid;
Nor asked the seaman what he saved or spent,
But took his grog, wrought hard, and was content;
Till war awaked the land, and George began
To think what part became a useful man:
"Pressed, I must go; why, then, 'tis better far
At once to enter like a British tar,
Than a brave captain and the foe to shun,
As if I feared the music of a gun."
"Go not!" said Isaac — "you shall wear disguise."
"What!" said the seaman, "clothe myself with lies!"
"Oh! but there's danger." — "Danger in the fleet?
You cannot mean, good brother, of defeat;
And other dangers I at land must share —
So now adieu! and trust a brother's care."
Isaac awhile demurred — but, in his heart,
So might he share, he was disposed to part:

The better mind will sometimes feel the pain
Of benefactions — favor is a chain;
But they the feeling scorn, and what they wish, disdain; —
While beings formed in coarser mold will hate
The helping hand they ought to venerate:
No wonder George should in this cause prevail,
With one contending who was glad to fail:
"Isaac, farewell! do wipe that doleful eye;
Crying we came, and groaning we may die;
Let us do something 'twixt the groan and cry:
And hear me, brother, whether pay or prize,
One half to thee I give and I devise;
For thou hast oft occasion for the aid
Of learned physicians, and they will be paid;
Their wives and children men support at sea,
And thou, my lad, art wife and child to me:
Farewell! I go where hope and honor call,
Nor does it follow that who fights must fall."
Isaac here made a poor attempt to speak,
And a huge tear moved slowly down his cheek;
Like Pluto's iron drop, hard sign of grace,
It slowly rolled upon the rueful face,
Forced by the striving will alone its way to trace.
Years fled — war lasted — George at sea remained,
While the slow landman still his profits gained:
A humble place was vacant — he besought
His patron's interest, and the office caught;
For still the virgin was his faithful friend,
And one so sober could with truth commend,
Who of his own defects most humbly thought,
And their advice with zeal and reverence sought:
Whom thus the mistress praised, the maid approved,
And her he wedded whom he wisely loved.
No more he needs assistance — but, alas!
He fears the money will for liquor pass;
Or that the seaman might to flatterers lend,
Or give support to some pretended friend:
Still he must write — he wrote, and he confessed
That, till absolved, he should be sore distressed;
But one so friendly would, he thought, forgive
The hasty deed — Heaven knew how he should live;
"But you," he added, "as a man of sense,
Have well considered danger and expense:
I ran, alas! into the fatal snare,
And now for trouble must my mind prepare;

And how, with children, I shall pick my way
Through a hard world, is more than I can say:
Then change not, brother, your more happy state,
Or on the hazard long deliberate."
George answered gravely, "It is right and fit,
In all our crosses, humbly to submit:
Your apprehensions are unwise, unjust;
Forbear repining, and expel distrust."
He added, "Marriage was the joy of life,"
And gave his service to his brother's wife;
Then vowed to bear in all expense a part,
And thus concluded, "Have a cheerful heart."
Had the glad Isaac been his brother's guide,
In the same terms the seaman had replied;
At such reproofs the crafty landman smiled,
And softly said, "This creature is a child."
Twice had the gallant ship a capture made—
And when in port the happy crew were paid,
Home went the sailor, with his pockets stored,
Ease to enjoy, and pleasure to afford;
His time was short, joy shone in every face,
Isaac half fainted in the fond embrace:
The wife resolved her honored guest to please,
The children clung upon their uncle's knees;
The grog went round, the neighbors drank his health,
And George exclaimed, "Ah! what to this is wealth?
Better," said he, "to bear a loving heart,
Than roll in riches—but we now must part!"
All yet is still—but hark! the winds o'ersweep
The rising waves, and howl upon the deep;
Ships late becalmed on mountain billows ride—
So life is threatened and so man is tried.
Ill were the tidings that arrived from sea,
The worthy George must now a cripple be:
His leg was lopped; and though his heart was sound,
Though his brave captain was with glory crowned,
Yet much it vexed him to repose on shore,
An idle log, and be of use no more:
True, he was sure that Isaac would receive
All of his brother that the foe might leave;
To whom the seaman his design had sent,
Ere from the port the wounded hero went:
His wealth and expectations told, he "knew
Wherein they failed, what Isaac's love would do;
That he the grog and cabin would supply,

Where George at anchor during life would lie."
The landman read — and, reading grew distressed: —
"Could he resolve t' admit so poor a guest?
Better at Greenwich might the sailor stay,
Unless his purse could for his comforts pay."
So Isaac judged, and to his wife appealed,
But yet acknowledged it was best to yield:
"Perhaps his pension, with what sums remain
Due or unsquandered may the man maintain;
Refuse we must not." — With a heavy sigh
The lady heard, and made her kind reply: —
"Nor would I wish it, Isaac, were we sure
How long this crazy building will endure;
Like an old house, that every day appears
About to fall, he may be propped for years;
For a few months, indeed, we might comply,
But these old battered fellows never die."
The hand of Isaac, George on entering took,
With love and resignation in his look;
Declared his comfort in the fortune past,
And joy to find his anchor safely cast:
"Call then my nephews, let the grog be brought,
And I will tell them how the ship was fought."
Alas! our simple seaman should have known
That all the care, the kindness, he had shown,
Were from his brother's heart, if not his memory, flown:
All swept away, to be perceived no more,
Like idle structures on the sandy shore,
The chance amusement of the playful boy,
That the rude billows in their rage destroy.
Poor George confessed, though loath the truth to find,
Slight was his knowledge of a brother's mind:
The vulgar pipe was to the wife offense,
The frequent grog to Isaac an expense;
Would friends like hers, she questioned, "choose to roam
Where clouds of poisoned fume defiled a room?
This could their lady friend, and Burgess Steel
(Teased with his worship's asthma), bear to feel?
Could they associate or converse with him —
A loud, rough sailor with a timber limb?"
Cold as he grew, still Isaac strove to show,
By well-feigned care, that cold he could not grow;
And when he saw his brother look distressed,
He strove some petty comforts to suggest;
On his wife solely their neglect to lay,

And then t' excuse it, is a woman's way;
He too was chidden when her rules he broke,
And then she sickened at the scent of smoke.
George, though in doubt, was still consoled to find
His brother wishing to be reckoned kind:
That Isaac seemed concerned by his distress,
Gave to his injured feelings some redress;
But none he found disposed to lend an ear
To stories all were once intent to hear:
Except his nephew, seated on his knee,
He found no creature cared about the sea;
But George indeed — for George they called the boy,
When his good uncle was their boast and joy —
Would listen long, and would contend with sleep,
To hear the woes and wonders of the deep;
Till the fond mother cried — "That man will teach
The foolish boy his loud and boisterous speech."
So judged the father — and the boy was taught
To shun the uncle, whom his love had sought.
The mask of kindness now but seldom worn,
George felt each evil harder to be borne;
And cried (vexation growing day by day),
"Ah! brother Isaac! What! I'm in the way!"
"No! on my credit, look ye, no! but I
Am fond of peace, and my repose would buy
On any terms — in short, we must comply:
My spouse had money — she must have her will —
Ah! brother, marriage is a bitter pill."
George tried the lady — "Sister, I offend."
"Me?" she replied — "Oh no! you may depend
On my regard — but watch your brother's way,
Whom I, like you, must study and obey."
"Ah!" thought the seaman, "what a head was mine,
That easy berth at Greenwich to resign!
I'll to the parish" — but a little pride,
And some affection, put the thought aside.
Now gross neglect and open scorn he bore
In silent sorrow — but he felt the more:
The odious pipe he to the kitchen took,
Or strove to profit by some pious book.
When the mind stoops to this degraded state,
New griefs will darken the dependent's fate;
"Brother!" said Isaac, "you will sure excuse
The little freedom I'm compelled to use:
My wife's relations — (curse the haughty crew!) —

Affect such niceness, and such dread of you:
You speak so loud — and they have natures soft —
Brother — I wish — do go upon the loft!"
Poor George obeyed, and to the garret fled,
Where not a being saw the tears he shed:
But more was yet required, for guests were come,
Who could not dine if he disgraced the room.
It shocked his spirit to be esteemed unfit
With an own brother and his wife to sit;
He grew rebellious — at the vestry spoke
For weekly aid — they heard it as a joke:
"So kind a brother, and so wealthy — you
Apply to us? — No! this will never do:
Good neighbor Fletcher," said the Overseer,
"We are engaged — you can have nothing here!"
George muttered something in despairing tone,
Then sought his loft, to think and grieve alone;
Neglected, slighted, restless on his bed,
With heart half broken, and with scraps ill fed;
Yet was he pleased that hours for play designed
Were given to ease his ever-troubled mind;
The child still listened with increasing joy,
And he was soothed by the attentive boy.
At length he sickened, and his duteous child
Watched o'er his sickness, and his pains beguiled;
The mother bade him from the loft refrain,
But, though with caution, yet he went again;
And now his tales the sailor feebly told,
His heart was heavy, and his limbs were cold:
The tender boy came often to entreat
His good kind friend would of his presents eat;
Purloined or purchased, for he saw, with shame,
The food untouched that to his uncle came;
Who, sick in body and in mind, received
The boy's indulgence, gratified and grieved.
"Uncle will die!" said George: — the piteous wife
Exclaimed, "she saw no value in his life;
But, sick or well, to my commands attend,
And go no more to your complaining friend."
The boy was vexed, he felt his heart reprove
The stern decree. — What! punished for his love!
No! he would go, but softly, to the room
Stealing in silence — for he knew his doom.
Once in a week the father came to say,
"George, are you ill?" and hurried him away;

Yet to his wife would on their duties dwell,
And often cry, "Do use my brother well:"
And something kind, no question, Isaac meant,
Who took vast credit for the vague intent.
    But, truly kind, the gentle boy essayed
To cheer his uncle, firm, although afraid;
But now the father caught him at the door,
And, swearing — yes, the man in office swore,
And cried, "Away! How! brother, I'm surprised
That one so old can be so ill advised:
Let him not dare to visit you again,
Your cursed stories will disturb his brain;
Is it not vile to court a foolish boy
Your own absurd narrations to enjoy?
What! sullen! — ha! George Fletcher! you shall see,
Proud as you are, your bread depends on me!"
    He spoke, and, frowning, to his dinner went,
Then cooled and felt some qualms of discontent:
And thought on times when he compelled his son
To hear these stories, nay, to beg for one;
But the wife's wrath o'ercame the brother's pain,
And shame was felt, and conscience rose, in vain.
    George yet stole up; he saw his uncle lie
Sick on the bed, and heard his heavy sigh;
So he resolved, before he went to rest,
To comfort one so dear and so distressed;
Then watched his time, but, with a childlike art,
Betrayed a something treasured at his heart:
Th' observant wife remarked, "The boy is grown
So like your brother, that he seems his own:
So close and sullen! and I still suspect
They often meet: — do watch them and detect."
    George now remarked that all was still as night,
And hastened up with terror and delight;
"Uncle!" he cried, and softly tapped the door,
"Do let me in" — but he could add no more;
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried, "You serpent! is it thus you act?
Back to your mother!" and, with hasty blow,
He sent th' indignant boy to grieve below;
Then at the door an angry speech began —
"Is this your conduct? Is it thus you plan?
Seduce my child, and make my house a scene
Of vile dispute — What is it that you mean?
George, are you dumb? do learn to know your friends,

And think awhile on whom your bread depends.
What! not a word? be thankful I am cool —
But, sir, beware, nor longer play the fool.
Come! brother, come! what is it that you seek
By this rebellion? — Speak, you villain, speak!
Weeping, I warrant — sorrow makes you dumb:
I'll ope your mouth, impostor! if I come:
Let me approach — I'll shake you from the bed,
You stubborn dog — Oh God! my brother's dead!"
Timid was Isaac, and in all the past
He felt a purpose to be kind at last:
Nor did he mean his brother to depart
Till he had shown this kindness of his heart:
But day by day he put the cause aside,
Induced by av'rice, peevishness, or pride.
But now awakened, from this fatal time
His conscience Isaac felt, and found his crime:
He raised to George a monumental stone,
And there retired to sigh and think alone;
An ague seized him, he grew pale, and shook —
"So," said his son, "would my poor uncle look."
"And so, my child, shall I like him expire."
"No! you have physic and a cheerful fire."
"Unhappy sinner! yes, I'm well supplied
With every comfort my cold heart denied."
He viewed his brother now, but not as one
Who vexed his wife by fondness for her son;
Not as with wooden limb, and seaman's tale,
The odious pipe, vile grog, or humbler ale:
He now the worth and grief alone can view
Of one so mild, so generous, and so true;
"The frank, kind brother, with such open heart, —
And I to break it — 'twas a demon's part!"
So Isaac now, as led by conscience, feels,
Nor his unkindness palliates or conceals;
"This is your folly," said his heartless wife:
"Alas! my folly cost my brother's life;
It suffered him to languish and decay —
My gentle brother, whom I could not pay,
And therefore left to pine, and fret his life away!"
He takes his son, and bids the boy unfold
All the good uncle of his feelings told,
All he lamented — and the ready tear
Falls as he listens, soothed, and grieved to hear.
"Did he not curse me, child?" — "He never cursed,

But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst."
"And so will mine:" — "Then, father, you must pray:
My uncle said it took his pains away."
Repeating thus his sorrows, Isaac shows
That he, repenting, feels the debt he owes,
And from this source alone his every comfort flows.
He takes no joy in office, honors, gain;
They make him humble, nay, they give him pain:
"These from my heart," he cries, "all feeling drove;
They made me cold to nature, dead to love."
He takes no joy in home, but sighing, sees
A son in sorrow, and a wife at ease;
He takes no joy in office — see him now,
And Burgess Steel has but a passing bow;
Of one sad train of gloomy thoughts possessed,
He takes no joy in friends, in food, in rest —
Dark are the evil days, and void of peace the best.
And thus he lives, if living be to sigh,
And from all comforts of the world to fly,
Without a hope in life — without a wish to die.

FIGARO'S TRIAL.

By BEAUMARCHAIS.

(Translated for this work, by Forrest Morgan.)

[Pierre Augustin Caron, ennobled as "de Beaumarchais," the famous French comic dramatist, was born 1732, at Paris, son of a clockmaker; gifted with a wit almost equal to Voltaire's, great love of music, quenchless energy and ambition. At twenty-one he invented an escapement which was pirated; he had the matter referred to the Academy of Sciences, and won. This attracted court notice; Mme. de Pompadour called in his services, an old official's wife fell in love with him and had her husband transfer the office to him, and on the husband's death, shortly after, married him. Later he bought a royal secretaryship which gave him a patent of nobility; taught the king's sisters the harp, used their favor to oblige the great banker of Paris — Duverney — and was given share in his ventures. On Duverney's death his heir dishonored his written statement of debt to Beaumarchais, and when cast in court, appealed to Parliament, where "influence" ruled; Beaumarchais bribed the referee's wife for a hearing, and when defeated tried to get back the bribe; only receiving part, he exposed the transaction, and was prosecuted for bribery by the referee, but got him degraded and drove the wife to a convent; was himself disfranchised, but later restored, finally won his case, and was a popular idol for assailing the hated Parliament. The king afterward sent him on secret missions to England to

suppress exposure of Mme. du Barry. In the American war he induced the king to give the colonies the aids which won their independence; and himself trafficked immensely with them, these affairs involving his American agents — as Silas Deane — in suspicion and discredit. In 1768 and 1770 he had written two sentimental dramas, "Eugénie" and "The Two Friends," without success; in 1775 he produced the comic "Barber of Seville" with as little at first, — owing to structural faults and putting too much self-vindicative allusion in it, — but remodeled it and had triumphant success. In 1781 he finished its sequel, "The Marriage of Figaro," but the king's fears kept it from representation till 1784, when it succeeded enormously; a third sequel, "The Guilty Mother," a most repulsive and harrowing melodrama, was also very popular. He wrote besides an opera, "Tarare." In the Revolution he failed in a venture to supply the Convention with Dutch muskets, was accused of treason, and had to fly to Holland and England. He died in 1799.]

[The "Marriage of Figaro" is a sequel to the "Barber of Seville," in which Figaro helps the young Count Almaviva to outwit Dr. Bartholo and obtain his ward Rosine. In the present play, Figaro is the Count's valet, engaged to Suzanne the Countess's maid, niece to Antonio the gardener. The Count, tired of his wife, wishes to obtain Suzanne: at first on the evening after her marriage with Figaro; then, in revenge for exposure, determines to prevent the marriage altogether, and grant the suit of the housekeeper Marceline as below. Meantime the neglected Countess allows the page Cherubino to make ardent love to her; just before this the Count has so nearly trapped him in her boudoir that he has had to hide in the closet and then jump through the window into the garden, — Suzanne taking his place in the closet, to be found there by the Count, and Figaro swearing it was he who jumped into the garden.]

FIGARO [*in the rear, aside*] — Here we are.

Count — If he knows one word of it from her —

Figaro [*aside*] — I am suspected.

Count — I make him marry the old woman.

Figaro [*aside*] — The darling of Master Bazile?

Count — Then let us see what we will do with the young one.

Figaro [*aside, but half aloud*] — Ah! my wife, if you please.

Count [*turning around*] — Eh? what? what's that?

Figaro [*coming forward*] — I, who submit to your orders.

Count — And why those words?

Figaro — I have said nothing.

Count — "*My wife, if you please?*"

Figaro — It is — a — the end of an answer I made: "Go and tell it to my wife, if you please."

Count [*walking about, to himself*] — *His wife!* — [*To* FIGARO] I want to know what business can detain my gentleman, when I call him?

Figaro [*pretending to make sure of his dress*] — I got soiled on the garden beds in falling; I was changing my clothes.

Count — Did it need an hour?

Figaro — It needed that time.

Count — The servants here — are longer in dressing than their masters!

Figaro — That's because they have no valets to help them.

Count — I didn't understand any too well who forced you to run into a useless danger, by throwing yourself —

Figaro — A danger! one might say I was swallowed up alive —

Count — To try to throw me off the trail while pretending to follow it, you crafty valet! you know very well it's not the danger that disquiets me, but the motive.

Figaro — On a false scent, you come in furious, upsetting everything like the torrent of the Morena; you hunt for a man, you must have him, or you are going to break in the doors, to pull down the partitions! I find myself there, by chance: who knows in your outbreak if —

Count — You could escape by the stairway.

Figaro — And you catch me in the corridor.

Count [*angrily*] — In the corridor![1] [*Aside*] I lose my temper, and prejudice what I want to know.

Figaro [*aside*] — Let's see it come out, and play cautiously.

Count [*more mildly*] — That is not what I want to talk of: let it pass. I was — yes, I was rather inclined to take you to London as dispatch-bearer; but after thinking everything over —

Figaro — My lord has changed his purpose?

Count — First, you don't know any English.

Figaro — I know "God-dam."

Count — I don't understand.

Figaro — I say I know "God-dam."

Count — Well?

Figaro — O Lord! the English is a fine tongue: it needs so little to go so far. With "God-dam," in England, one lacks nothing anywhere. — Do you want to taste a nice fat fowl? Go into a tavern and just make this gesture to the waiter [*turns an imaginary spit*]: "God-dam!" they bring you a salt cow-heel without bread. It is admirable! Are you fond of drinking a swallow of excellent Burgundy or claret? Do nothing but

[1] Where he was courting Suzanne.

this [*empties an imaginary bottle*]: "God-dam!" they serve you a pot of beer, in a bright pewter, with froth around the rim. What satisfaction! Do you meet one of those pretty females who walk mincingly along, eyes cast down, elbows to the rear, wriggling their hips a little? Put all your fingers together daintily over your mouth. Ah! "God-dam!" she gives you a cuff like a porter. That proves that she understands. It is true, the English add some other words here and there in conversation; but it is very easy to see that "God-dam" is the basis of the language: and if my lord has no other motive for leaving me in Spain —

Count [*aside*] — He wants to go to London: she has not told him.

Figaro [*aside*] — He believes I don't know anything: let's work on him a little in his own sort.

Count — What motive had the Countess to play me such a prank?

Figaro — My faith, my lord, you know better than I.

Count — I anticipate all her wishes and load her with presents.

Figaro — You make her gifts, but you are unfaithful. Do we thank for superfluities those who deprive us of necessaries?

Count — Formerly you told me everything.

Figaro — And now I hide nothing from you.

Count — How much has the Countess given you for this fine combination?

Figaro — How much did you give me to get her out of the Doctor's hands? Hold on, my lord: don't let us humiliate the man who serves us well, for fear of making him a bad valet.

Count — Why must there always be something crooked in what you do?

Figaro — It is because one sees it everywhere when he is hunting for injuries.

Count — A detestable reputation!

Figaro — And if I am better than my reputation? Are there many lords who can say as much?

Count — A hundred times I have seen you marching towards fortune, and never going straight.

Figaro — What would you have? the crowd is there; everybody is in the race; they press, they push, they elbow, they upset; those get there who can, the rest are wiped out. So goes the world; as for me, I renounce.

Count — What, fortune? [*Aside*] This is a new wrinkle.

Figaro [*aside*] — It is my turn now. [*Aloud*] Your Excellency has gratified me with the janitorship of the Castle; it is a very pleasant lot: to tell the truth, I will not be the handseled courier of interesting news; but to make amends, happy with my wife in the depths of Andalusia —

Count — What will hinder you from taking her to London?

Figaro — I should have to quit her so often that I should soon have marriage to burn.

Count — With character and wit, you could one day rise in the departments.

Figaro — Wit, to rise by? My lord is laughing at mine. Mediocre and cringing, and one attains everything.

Count — Nothing would be needed except to study politics a little under me.

Figaro — I know that.

Count — Like English, the basis of the language!

Figaro — Yes, if there were anything here to boast of. But pretending to be ignorant of what one knows, to know what he is ignorant of; to hear what one does not comprehend, not to hear what he understands; above all, to have power beyond his forces: to make a great parade often of hiding a secret which does not exist; to closet one's self in order to mend pens, and seem deep when he is only empty and hollow; to play a character well or ill; to distribute spies and pension traitors; to melt off seals, intercept letters, and strive to ennoble the pettiness of means by the importance of ends; — that is Politics, on my life!

Count — Eh! why, it is intrigue you are defining!

Figaro — Politics, intrigue — all right; but as I think them slightly akin, let who will manage them! "I love my sweetheart best of all," as the song of the good King says.

Count [*aside*] — He wants to stay: — Suzanne has betrayed me.

Figaro [*aside*] — I rake him fore and aft, and pay him in his own coin.

Count — So you expect to gain your suit against Marceline?

Figaro — Would you make it a crime in me to reject an old woman, when your Excellency takes the privilege of chousing us out of all the young ones?

Count [*scoffingly*] — In court the magistrate forgets self and sees nothing beyond the ordinance.

Figaro — Indulgent to the great, severe to the small —

Count — Do you believe I am joking?

Figaro — Oh! who can tell that, my lord? . . .

Count [*aside*] — I see he has been told everything: he shall marry the duenna.

Figaro [*aside*] — He has played the game out with me: what has he taken in?

Enter a LACKEY.

Lackey [*announces*] — Don Gusman Brid'oison.

Count — Brid'oison?

Figaro — Eh? Certainly. He is the judge in ordinary; lieutenant of the court; your councilor.

Count — Let him wait. [LACKEY *goes out.*

Figaro [*remains a moment contemplating the Count, who muses*] — Is all here that my lord wishes?

Count [*rousing*] — I? — I said arrange the hall for the public hearing.

Figaro — Mm — What is lacking? — The great arm-chair for you, good chairs for the councilors, table for the clerk, two benches for the advocates, the floor for the gentry, and the rabble in the back. I will go and send off the floor polishers. [*Goes out.*

Count [*alone*] — That rascal embarrasses me! In arguing, he gets the advantage, he closes in on you, envelops you — Ha! rogue and jade! You mean to make game of me! Be friends, be lovers, be whatever you please, I consent; but, by G—, as to being spouses —

* * * * * * *

[Suzanne enters and makes an assignation with the Count for evening in the garden, in consideration of which he feigns to concede her marriage with Figaro, she having previously agreed with the Countess that the latter should wear her clothes and represent her at the meeting. As she leaves, Figaro meets her.]

Figaro — Suzanne, Suzanne! where are you hurrying so fast on quitting my lord?

Suzanne — Plead for the present, if you like: you are going to gain your suit.

Figaro [*following her*] — Ah! but tell me —

Count [*reëntering alone*] — "*You are going to gain your suit!*" — I fell into a fine trap there! Oh, my insolent dears!

I will punish you in such a way — A good decree, quite just. — But if he started to pay the duenna — ! With what? If he paid — Ah-h-h-h! Have I not the proud Antonio, whose noble haughtiness disdains, in Figaro, an unknown man for his niece? By flattering that mania — Why not? In the vast field of intrigue everything has to be cultivated, down to the vanity of a fool. [*Sees the following party enter and goes out.*

Enter BARTHOLO, MARCELINE, *and* BRID'OISON *in judicial robes.*

Marceline [*to* BRID'OISON] — Your Honor, give my business a hearing.

Brid'oison — Well! T-tell about it verbally.

Bartholo — It is a promise of marriage.

Marceline — Accompanied by a loan of money.

Brid'oison — I s-see, *et cetera*, s-so forth.

Marceline — No, your Honor, no *et cetera*.

Brid'oison — I s-see. You have the m-money?

Marceline — No, your Honor: it is I that lent it.

Brid'oison — I s-see plainly: you d-demand the money back?

Marceline — No, your Honor: I demand that he marry me.

Brid'oison — Oh, yes! I s-see most perfectly; and he, is he willing to m-marry you?

Marceline — No, your Honor: that is what the whole suit is about.

Brid'oison — Do you think I d-don't understand about that, the s-suit?

Marceline — No, your Honor. [*To* BARTHOLO] — Where are we? [*To* BRID'OISON] What! is it you that are to be our judge?

Brid'oison — Have I b-bought my office for anything else?

Marceline [*sighing*] — It is a great abuse, the sale of them!

Brid'oison — Yes: they would d-do better to give them to us for nothing.

FIGARO *reënters, rubbing his hands.*

Marceline [*pointing to* FIGARO] — Your Honor, it is against this dishonorable man.

Figaro [*very gayly, to* MARCELINE] — Perhaps I am incommoding you. — Monsieur Councilor, my lord is coming in an instant.

Brid'oison — I have s-seen that f-fellow somewhere.

Figaro — With madame your wife, at Seville, waiting on her, Monsieur Councilor.

Brid'oison — At what t-time?

Figaro — A little less than a year before the birth of monsieur, your son, the cadet, who is a very pretty boy, I'll be sworn.

Brid'oison — Yes, he is the p-prettiest of us all. They tell me you are p-playing tricks here?

Figaro — Your Honor is very good. It is only a trifle.

Brid'oison — A p-promise of marriage! Ah! the p-poor simpleton!

Figaro — Your Honor —

Brid'oison — Have you s-seen my secretary, that g-good fellow?

Figaro — It is Double-Hand, the clerk, isn't it?

Brid'oisin — Yes, b-because he eats with two sets of teeth.

Figaro — Eats! I'll swear he devours! Oh, yes! I have seen him for the abstract and for the supplement to the abstract; all that is customary, for that matter.

Brid'oison — The f-forms must be filled out.

Figaro — Assuredly, your Honor: if the matter of the suit belongs to the pleaders, we know very well that the form is the patrimony of the tribunals.

Brid'oison — That f-fellow is not such a n-ninny as I thought at first. Well, my friend, s-since you know so much, we will t-take care of your business.

Figaro — Your Honor, I refer it to your equity, although you are our Justice.

Brid'oison — Heh? — Yes, I am the j-justice. But if you owe and d-don't pay —

Figaro — Then your Honor must see that it is just as if I didn't owe.

Brid'oison — Und-doubtedly. — Eh! but what was that he said?

Enter the COUNT, *preceded by a court* CRIER.

Crier [*yells*] — His Lordship, gentlemen!

Count — In your robes, here, Seigneur Brid'oison! This is only a domestic affair. The city garb is too good.

Brid'oison — It is your-s-self who are that, my lord Count. But I n-never go without it, because it is the f-form, don't you see, the form! A m-man will laugh at a judge in a short coat,

who t-trembles at the mere aspect of a crown attorney in his robes. The f-form, the form!

Count [*to* Crier] — Admit the audience.

Crier [*opens the door and yells*] — The audience!

Enter ANTONIO, Castle Valets, Peasants *in festal array.* Clerks, Judges, Lawyers, *and preceding parties in their places.*

Brid'oison — D-double-Hand, c-call the cases.

Double-Hand [*reads*] — "The noble, very noble, infinitely noble *Don Pedro George, Hidalgo, Baron of the High, the Rugged, and other mountains:* against *Alonzo Calderon,* young dramatic author." It is the case of a stillborn comedy, which each disavows and throws back on the other.

Count — Both of them are right. Out of court. If they execute another work together, that it may make a mark in the great world, ordered that the noble shall put his name to it, the poet his talent.

Double-Hand [*reads another paper*] — "*André Petruchio,* laborer, against the Receiver of Taxes of the Province." This is an action for arbitrary seizure.

Count — This affair is not in my jurisdiction. I can serve my vassals better by protecting them near the King. Pass on.

Double-Hand [*reads:* BARTHOLO *and* FIGARO *rise*] — "*Barbe, Agar, Raab, Magdalaine, Nicole, Marceline de Verte-Allure* [Brisk-Intrigue], woman of legal age, [MARCELINE *rises and salutes*] against *Figaro*" — baptismal name blank.

Figaro — Anonymous.

Brid'oison — A-n-nonymous! what p-patron is that?

Figaro — It is mine.

Double-Hand [*writes*] — "Against *Anonymous Figaro.*" Condition?

Figaro — Gentleman. [Clerk *writes it.*]

Count — You a gentleman?

Figaro — If Heaven willed, I should be a Prince's son.

Count [*to* Clerk] — Go on.

Crier [*yelling*] — Silence, gentlemen!

Double-Hand [*reads*] — "For cause of opposition made to the marriage of said *Figaro,* by said *de Verte-Allure.* Dr. *Bartholo* pleading for the plaintiff, and said *Figaro* for himself;" — if the Court permits, contrary to prescriptive usage and the jurisprudence of the Court.

Figaro — Usage, Master Double-Hand, is often an abuse. The client, with a little instruction, always knows his own cause better than certain advocates, who, in a cold sweat, shouting at the top of their voices, and knowing everything, feel as little embarrassment in ruining the pleader as in boring the auditory and putting the judges to sleep: more puffed up afterward than if they had composed the "Oration for Murena" [Cicero's]. As for me, I will state the fact in a few words.

Gentlemen —

Double-Hand — Many of them would be useless, for you are not the plaintiff, and have only the defense. Come forward, doctor, and read the promise.

Figaro — Yes, the promise!

Bartholo [*putting on his glasses*] — It is precise.

Brid'oison — That must be s-seen.

Double-Hand — Silence then, gentlemen!

Crier [*yelling*] — Silence!

Bartholo [*reads*] — "I the undersigned acknowledge having received from Damoiselle, etc., *Marceline de Verte-Allure*, in the castle of Cold Spring, the sum of two thousand great piastres; which sum I will repay her at her requisition, in this castle, & I will marry her by form of acknowledgment," etc. Signed *Figaro*, merely. My motions are for the payment of the note and the execution of the promise, with expenses. [*To the* Judges] Gentlemen — no cause more interesting was ever submitted to the Court; and since Alexander the Great, who promised marriage to the fair Thalestris —

Count — Before going further, Advocate, is there agreement on the validity of the paper?

Brid'oison — What oppo — What oppo-po-position do you make to this reading?

Figaro — That there is, gentlemen, malice, error, or heedlessness in the manner in which that piece has been read: for it is not said in the writing, "which sum I will repay her, *and* I will marry her," but "which sum I will repay her, *or* I will marry her," which is very different.

Count — Is there *and* in the document, or *or?*

Bartholo — There is *and*.

Figaro — There is *or*.

Brid'oison — D-double-Hand, read it yourself.

Double-Hand [*taking the paper*] — And that is the surest way, for the parties often disguise it in reading. [*Reads*]

Er-er-er — Damoiselle — er-er — *de Verte-Allure* — er-er-er — ha! "which sum I will repay at her requisition in this castle — *&* — *or* — *&* — *or* —" The word is so badly written — there is a blot — it is like pi.

Brid'oison — A p-pie? I know what that is.

Bartholo [*to the* Judges] — I maintain that it is the copulative conjunction *and* which unites the correlative members of the phrase: I will pay the damsel, *and* I will marry her.

Figaro — I maintain that it is the alternative conjunction *or* which separates the said members: I will pay the dam'sell, *or* I will marry her. — To a pedant, a pedant and a half. If anybody presumes to speak Latin, I am a Greek there; I exterminate him.

Count — How can such a question be decided?

Bartholo — To cut it short, gentlemen, and not to quibble over a word, let us admit that it was *or*.

Figaro — I demand judgment on it.

Bartholo — Let us stop there. So wretched a refuge shall not save the guilty. Let us examine the document in this sense. [*Reads*] "Which sum I will repay her in the castle *or* I will marry her." This is as if one should say, gentlemen: * "You must be snug in bed *or* you have blood let," that is, *before*. "He must mix the two effervescing powders *or* he drinks them:" *before* he drinks them. Thus "in the castle *or* I will marry her," gentlemen, is: "in the castle *before* —" *[1]

Figaro — Not at all; the phrase is in the sense of this: "*Either* the sickness will kill you *or* it will be the doctor:" *or* the doctor, surely: that is incontestable. Another example: "*Either* you will write nothing that pleases, *or* the fools will vilify you:" *or* the fools, surely; the sense is clear; for in the said case, *fools* or *knaves* is the substantive which governs. Does Master Bartholo think I have forgotten my syntax? So I will pay her in the castle, *comma*, *or* I will marry her —

Bartholo [*quickly*] — Without comma.

Figaro [*quickly*] — It is there. It is *comma*, gentlemen, or I will certainly marry her.

Bartholo [*quickly, as he looks at the paper*] — Without comma, gentlemen.

[1] The pun in the original, on *ou* (or) and *où* (where), being impossible of transference into English, the matter between asterisks has been adapted to a new one. All the rest is Beaumarchais's own.

Figaro [*quickly*] — It *was* there, gentlemen. Furthermore, is the man who marries her held to reimburse her?

Bartholo [*quickly*] — Yes: we marry distinct from our property.

Figaro [*quickly*] — And we from our bodies, seeing that marriage is not a quittance.

[*The* Judges *rise and confer in low voices.*

Bartholo — A ridiculous discharge!

Double-Hand — Silence, gentlemen!

Crier [*yelling*] — Silence!

Bartholo — Such a knave, calling that paying his debts!

Figaro — Is it your cause, Advocate, that you are pleading?

Bartholo — I defend this damsel.

Figaro — Go on blathering, but stop libeling. While, fearing the passions of the pleaders, the tribunals have allowed the calling in of third parties, they have not meant that moderate defenders should become with impunity privileged insulters. That is to degrade the noblest of institutions.

[*The* Judges *continue to confer in low voices.*

Antonio [*to* MARCELINE, *pointing to the* Judges] — What do they find to chatter about so long?

Marceline — The chief judge has been corrupted; he corrupts the other and I lose my suit.

Bartholo [*in a low voice and sombre tone*] — I am afraid.

Figaro [*gayly*] — Courage, Marceline!

Double-Hand [*to* MARCELINE, *rising*] — Ah! it is too rank: I denounce you; and for the honor of the tribunal, I demand, before giving decision on the other matter, that it be pronounced on this.

Count [*seating himself*] — No, Mr. Clerk, I will not pronounce on my personal injury: a Spanish judge must not have to blush for an excess worthy of Asiatic tribunals; there are enough other abuses. I am going to correct a second in giving you the reasons for my decree: every judge who refuses that is a great enemy of the laws. What does the plaintiff demand? marriage in default of payment; they are involved together.

Double-Hand — Silence, gentlemen!

Crier [*yelling*] — Silence!

Count — What does the defendant answer? that he wishes to keep his person: permitted him.

Figaro [*joyfully*] — I have won!

Count — But as the text says, "which sum I will pay on the first requisition, or I will certainly marry her," etc.: the Court condemns the defendant to pay two thousand great piastres to the plaintiff, or else to marry her on that day. [*Rises.*

Figaro [*stupefied*] — I am lost.

Antonio [*joyfully*] — Superb decree!

Figaro — Superb in what?

Antonio — In your being no longer my nephew. Many thanks, my lord.

Crier [*yelling*] — Pass out, gentlemen! [*People go out.*

Antonio — I am going to tell my niece all about it. [*Goes out.*

Marceline [*sitting down*] — Ah! I breathe again!

Figaro — And I — I suffocate.

Count [*aside*] — At least I am revenged: there is that consolation.

Figaro — . . . My lord, are you leaving us?

Count — Everything is decided.

Figaro — Undoubtedly. And I will not marry her: I am a former gentleman.

Bartholo — You *will* marry her.

Figaro — Without the consent of my noble parents?

Bartholo — Name them, show them.

Figaro — I must be given a little time: I am very near seeing them again; it is fifteen years that I have been hunting for them.

Bartholo — The coxcomb! he is some foundling!

Figaro — A lost child, Doctor, or rather a stolen child.

Count [*returning*] — *Stolen, lost?* The proof! He wants to shriek that he has been injured!

Figaro — My lord, even if the lace baby-clothes, embroidered diapers, and gold jewelry found on me by the brigands did not indicate my high birth, the precaution which had been taken to make distinctive marks on me would sufficiently witness how precious a son I was; and this hieroglyph on my arm — [*Begins to bare his right arm.*

Marceline [*rising quickly*] — A spatula on your right arm?

Figaro — Where did you find out I had it?

Marceline — My God! it is he!

Figaro — Yes; it is I.

Bartholo [*to* MARCELINE] — And who is "he"?

Marceline [*quickly*] — It is Emmanuel!

Bartholo [*to* FIGARO] — You were carried off by the gypsies?

Figaro [*excitedly*] — Very near a castle. My good Doctor, if you will return me to my noble family, fix your price for the service; heaps of gold would not stand in the way of my illustrious parents.

Bartholo [*pointing to* MARCELINE] — Behold your mother.

Figaro — ? — Nurse?

Bartholo — Your own mother.

Count — His mother!

Figaro — Explain yourself.

Marceline [*pointing to* BARTHOLO] — Behold your father.

Figaro [*disconsolately*] — Oh! oh! oh! woe is me.

Marceline — Has nature not told it to you a thousand times?

Figaro — Never.

Count [*aside*] — His mother!

Brid'oison — C-clearly, he won't marry her.

Bartholo — No more has it me.

Marceline — Nor you! and your son! You have sworn to me —

Bartholo — I was crazy. If such mementoes constituted an engagement, one would be bound to marry everybody.

Brid'oison — And if one was so p-particular as that, n-nobody would marry anybody.

Bartholo — Such notorious sins! a deplorable youth!

Marceline [*growing heated by degrees*] — Yes, deplorable, and more than would be believed! I don't mean to deny my sins, this day has proved them too well! But how hard it is to expiate them after thirty years of a modest life! I — even I — was born to be wise, and I became so as soon as I was permitted to use my reason. But in the age of illusions, of inexperience, and of needs, when tempters besiege us while poverty stabs us, what can a child oppose to so many enemies at once? Some one passes a harsh judgment on us here, who perhaps in his life has ruined ten unfortunates.

Figaro — The most guilty are the least generous; that is the rule.

Marceline [*quickly*] — Men more than ungrateful, who blast with scorn the playthings of your passions, your victims! it is you who must needs punish the errors of our youth; you and your magistrates, so vain of the right of judging us,

and who allow to be taken from us, by their guilty negligence, every honest means of subsistence. Is there only one state for unfortunate girls? They should have a natural right to all the finery of women; a thousand laborers of the other sex are allowed to make it.

Figaro [*indignantly*] — They make embroidery, even as far as soldiers!

Marceline [*excitedly*] — In the most elevated ranks, the women obtain only a derisory consideration; lured by apparent respect into a real servitude, treated as under age regarding our property, punished as of age regarding our faults. Ah! under all aspects, your conduct with us excites horror or pity![1]

Figaro — She is right!

Count [*aside*] — Far too near right!

Brid'oison — She is — b-by George — right.

Marceline — But what, my son, can the refusals of an unjust man do to us? Don't regard where you come from, but where you are going: that is the only thing which concerns any one. In some months your fiancée will depend only on herself: she will accept you, I answer for it. You will live with a wife and a tender mother, who will emulate each other in cherishing you. Be indulgent for them, happy for yourself, my son; gay, free, and good for the world — your mother will fail you in nothing.

Figaro — Your words are golden, mamma, and I take your counsel. What a fool one is, to be sure! The world has rolled on a thousand thousand years; and in that ocean of time where I have by chance captured thirty wretched years which will come back no more, I must torment myself to know whom I owe them to! So much the worse for whoever disturbs himself about it. To pass life in squabbling thus is to bear on the collar without relaxing, like the luckless remount horses at the rivers, who do not rest even when they stop, and who always draw though they cease to march. Let us wait.

Count — This fool occurrence has thrown me all out!

Brid'oison [*to* FIGARO] — And that n-nobility, that castle? You impo-po-pose on justice.

Figaro — It was going to make me do a fine piece of silliness, that justice. After I have failed, for that cursed hundred crowns, to knock this gentleman on the head twenty times

[1] It strikingly illustrates the time, that these pathetic pleadings of Marceline, with much dialogue before and after, were cut out on its representation in Paris.

over, that he should find himself to-day my father! But since Heaven has saved my virtue from these dangers, father, accept my excuses. And you, mother, embrace me — the most maternally you can. [MARCELINE *falls on his neck.*

Enter SUZANNE, *running, a purse in her hand.*

Suzanne — My lord, stop! don't let them be married: I have come to pay Madame with the dower my mistress gives me.

Count [*aside*] — To the devil with her mistress! Everybody seems to conspire — [*Goes out.*

Antonio [*to* SUZANNE, *who starts to leave on seeing* FIGARO *embracing his mother*] — Ah, yes, to pay! Hold on, hold on.

Suzanne — I see enough: let us go, uncle.

Figaro [*stopping her*] — No, if you please. *What* do you see?

Suzanne — My folly and your cowardice.

Figaro — No more of one than the other.

Suzanne [*indignantly*] — And that you marry her willingly, since you caress her.

Figaro [*gayly*] — I caress her, but I don't marry her.

[*Holds* SUZANNE *back as she starts to go out.*

Suzanne [*cuffing him*] — You are very insolent to dare to hold me.

Figaro [*to the company*] — Come now, is this Love? [*To* SUZANNE] Before quitting us, I beg you to look in the face of that dear woman there.

Suzanne — I am looking at her.

Figaro — And you find her —

Suzanne — A fright.

Figaro — Hurrah for jealousy. It doesn't spare you.

Marceline [*with open arms*] — Embrace your mother, my pretty Suzannette. The rogue who tormented me is my son.

Suzanne [*running to her*] — You his mother?

[*They remain in each other's arms.*

Antonio — Did it happen just now?

Figaro — That I knew it.

Marceline [*enthusiastically*] — No, my heart, drawn toward him, deceived itself only as to the motive: it was the blood which spoke to me.

Figaro — And good sense to me, mother, which served for instinct when I refused you; for I was far from hating you; witness the money —

Marceline [*giving him back the paper*] — It is for you: take back the note, it is your dowry.

Suzanne [*throwing him the purse*] — Take this too.

Figaro — Many thanks!

Marceline [*enthusiastically*] — An unfortunate girl enough, I was about to become the most wretched of women, and I am the luckiest of mothers! Embrace me, my two children: I unite all my caresses in you. Happy as I can possibly be, ah! my children, how I shall love you.

Figaro [*much affected, speaking with vivacity*] — Stop now, dear mother! Stop now! Would you see my eyes melt into water, drowned in the first tears I have known? They are of joy, at least! But what stupidity! I cannot be ashamed of them; I feel them slip between my fingers: look [*shows his separated fingers*], and I retain them foolishly! Go and take a walk, shame! I want to laugh and cry at the same time. One does not feel twice what I am experiencing.

[*Embraces his mother on one side and* SUZANNE *on the other.*

Marceline — O my friend!

Suzanne — My dear friend!

Brid'oison [*wiping his eyes on his handkerchief*] — Ah, well! as for me I am a f-fool too!

Figaro [*enthusiastically*] — Chagrin, now I can defy you: assail me if you dare, between these two dear women!

Antonio [*to* FIGARO] — Not so many blandishments, if you please. In the matter of marriage between families, that of the parents goes first, you know. Do yours give their hands to each other.

Bartholo — My hand! May it wither up and fall off, if ever I give it to the mother of such a scamp!

Antonio [*to* BARTHOLO] — You are only a stepmother father, then? [*To* FIGARO] In that case, my spark, no more talk.

Suzanne — Ah, uncle! —

Antonio — Am I to give the child of my sister to a thing that is the child of nobody?

Brid'oison — C-could that be possible, imbecile? One is always the child of s-somebody.

Antonio — Fiddlesticks! — He shall not marry her.

[*Goes out.*

Bartholo [*to* FIGARO] — Now hunt for somebody to adopt you. [*Starts to leave.*

Marceline — [*running after and leading him back by the arm*] — Hold on, Doctor, don't leave us.

Figaro [*aside*] — No — I believe all the fools in Andalusia are let loose against my poor marriage!

Suzanne [*to* BARTHOLO] — Good little papa, it is your son.

Marceline [*to* BARTHOLO] — Wit, talents, looks.

Figaro [*to* BARTHOLO] — And who has not cost you a copper.

Bartholo — And the hundred crowns he took from me?

Marceline [*caressing him*] — We shall have so much need of you, papa!

Bartholo [*affected*] — Papa! good papa! little papa! there, I am a greater fool even than his Honor [*pointing to* BRID'OISON], indeed I am. I let myself be led like a child. [MARCELINE *and* SUZANNE *embrace.*] Oh, no, I haven't said yes. [*Turns around.*] What has become of my Lord?

Figaro — Let us make haste and join him: let us extort his definite word. If he engineers another intrigue, everything will have to be begun anew.

All together — Run, run. [*They draw* BARTHOLO *along out.*

Brid'oison [*solus*] — A g-greater fool even than his Honor? One can s-say that sort of things to himself, but — they are not p-polite at all in this place. [*Goes out.*

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

BY THOMAS DAY.

[THOMAS DAY, idealist, humanitarian, and "crank," was born 1748 at London, son of the collector of customs there, and orphaned at a year old. He graduated from Corpus Christi, Oxford, was called to the bar, but never practiced, having a moderate independence. His life is a record of warfare against social conventionalities, inspired by impulses always honorable and often noble, but too little regulated by judgment to be very effective. He gave lavishly to the poor, ardently opposed slavery, was quixotically tender of animals; he would not comb his hair (being a Rousseauite, aiming at a return to the simplicity of nature), would not have servants, carriage, or musical instruments because he "had no right to them while the poor wanted bread," and lived without society, devoting himself to the care and instruction of his laborers, and cheerfully losing money on his farm, till his estate was nearly consumed, because it gave them employment. He was killed in 1789 by being thrown from an unbroken colt, which he rode from a theory that kindness was sufficient.

"Sandford and Merton" was written in three parts in 1783, 1787, and 1789. He wrote other things now forgotten.]

In one of the western counties of England lived a gentleman of good fortune, named Merton. Having a large estate in the Island of Jamaica, he had passed the greater part of his life there, and was master of many servants, who cultivated sugar and other valuable things for his advantage. He had only one son, of whom he was exceedingly fond; and to educate this child properly was the reason of his determining to stay some years in England. Tommy Merton, who, at the time he came from Jamaica, was only six years old, was naturally a well-disposed, good-natured boy, but unfortunately had been spoiled by too much indulgence. While he lived in Jamaica he had several black servants to wait upon him, who were forbidden to contradict him upon any account. If he walked, he was always accompanied by two negroes; one of whom carried a large umbrella to keep the sun from him, and the other was to carry him in his arms whenever he was tired. Besides this, he was always dressed in silk or laced clothes, and had a fine gilded carriage borne upon men's shoulders, in which he made visits to his playfellows. His mother was so excessively fond of him that she gave him everything he cried for, and would never let him learn to read because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that though Master Merton had everything he wanted, he became fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick, and then he suffered much pain, because he would not take bitter physic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him, and then, as he had never been used to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When company came to dine at the house he was always to be helped first and to have the most delicate parts of the meat, otherwise he would make such a noise as disturbed everybody. When his father and mother were sitting at the tea table with their friends, instead of waiting till they were at leisure to attend him, he would scramble upon the table, seize the cake and bread and butter, and frequently overset the cups and saucers. By these pranks he not only made himself disagreeable to every one, but often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently did he cut himself with knives;

at other times pull down heavy things upon his head; and once he narrowly escaped being scalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was also so delicately brought up that he was perpetually ill; the least wind or rain gave him a cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Instead of playing about, and jumping, and running like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his clothes, and to stay in the house for fear of injuring his complexion. By this sort of education, when Master Merton came over to England, he could neither read, write, nor cipher; he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; yet he was very proud, fretful, and impatient.

Very near to Mr. Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer, named Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, not much older than Master Merton, whose name was Harry. Harry, as he had been always accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the laborers while they were plowing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, hardy, and fresh-colored. He was neither so fair nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton, but he had an honest, good-natured countenance, which made everybody love him; was never out of humor, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging everybody. If little Harry, while eating his dinner, saw a poor wretch who wanted food, he was sure to give him half, and sometimes the whole: nay, so very kind was he to everything, that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones, nor practice any other sort of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we are ourselves, though they have no words to express their sufferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught twirling a cockchafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread: but this was through ignorance and want of thought; for, as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much or more than he would do were a knife thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor insect home, where he fed him during a fortnight upon fresh leaves; and, when perfectly recovered, he turned him out to enjoy liberty and the fresh air. Ever since that time, Harry had been so careful and considerate that he would step out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himself in doing kind offices to all the animals in the neighborhood. He used to pat and stroke the horses as they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs. If

he walked in the fields, he was sure to gather green boughs for the sheep, who were so fond of him that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter time, when the ground was covered with frost and snow, and the poor little birds could get at no food, he would often go supperless to bed, that he might feed the robin redbreasts. Even toads, and frogs, and spiders, and all such disagreeable things, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry: he used to say they had a right to live as well as we, and that it was cruel and unjust to kill creatures only because we did not like them.

These sentiments made Harry a great favorite with everybody; particularly with the clergyman of the parish, who became so fond of him, that he taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him. Indeed, it was not surprising that Mr. Barlow showed so particular an affection for him; for besides learning with the greatest readiness everything that was taught him, little Harry was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. Whatever he was desired to do, he was never discontented, nor did he ever grumble. And then you might believe Harry in everything he said; for though he could have gained a plum cake by telling an untruth, and was certain that speaking the truth would expose him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children who place their whole happiness in eating; for give him only a morsel of dry bread for his dinner, and he would be satisfied, though you placed sweetmeats, and fruit, and every other nicety, in his way.

Master Merton became acquainted with this little boy in the following manner: As he and the maid were walking in the fields on a fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake suddenly started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. The fright they were both in at this accident may be imagined: the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the spot where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near, came running up, and asked what was the matter. Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who, though young, was a boy of the most

courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened; and instantly seizing the snake by the neck with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him off to a great distance.

Just as this happened, Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt.

"No," said Tommy, "indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty ugly beast would have bitten me if that little boy had not come and pulled him off."

"And who are you, my dear," said she, "to whom we are all so obliged?"

"Harry Sandford, madam."

"Well, my child, you are a dear, brave little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us."

"No, thank you, madam; my father will want me."

"And who is your father, my sweet boy?"

"Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill."

"Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth: will you?"

"If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too."

Mrs. Merton instantly dispatched a servant to the farmer's; and taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion; where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger and Harry's bravery.

Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was carried through costly apartments, where everything that could please the eye, or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains of the finest silk; and the very plates and knives and forks were silver. At dinner he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged him to eat with the most endearing kindness: but, to the astonishment of everybody, he appeared neither pleased nor surprised at anything he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment; for, as she had always been accustomed to a great degree of finery herself, she had

expected it should make the same impression upon everybody else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of? and added, that though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would with great pleasure give it to his little friend.

"Yes, that I will," said Tommy; "for you know, mamma, I have a much finer one than that made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver."

"Thank you with all my heart," said little Harry; "but I will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home."

"How!" said Mrs. Merton; "does your father eat and drink out of silver?"

"I don't know, madam, what you call this; but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads."

"The child is a simpleton, I think," said Mrs. Merton. "And why are they better than silver ones?"

"Because," said Harry, "they never make us uneasy."

"Make you uneasy, my child!" said Mrs. Merton, "what do you mean?"

"Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as though you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it." . . .

After dinner Mrs. Merton filled a large glass of wine, and giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but he thanked her, and said he was not thirsty.

"But, my dear," said she, "this is very sweet and pleasant, and as you are a good boy, you may drink it up."

"Aye! but, madam, Mr. Barlow says that we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are thirsty; and that we must eat and drink only such things as are easily met with; otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them. And this was the way that the Apostles did, who were all very good men."

Mr. Merton laughed at this.

"And pray," said he, "little man, do you know who the Apostles were?"

"Oh, yes, sir, to be sure I do!"

"And who were they?"

"Why, sir, there was a time when people had grown so very wicked that they did not care what they did; and the great folk were proud, and minded nothing but eating, drinking, and sleeping, and amusing themselves; and took no care of the poor, and would not give a morsel of bread to hinder a beggar from starving; and the poor were all lazy, and loved to be idle better than to work; and little boys were disobedient to their parents, and their parents took no care to teach them anything that was good; and all the world was very bad, very bad indeed. And then there came a very good man indeed—a man from heaven, whose name was Christ; and He went about doing good to everybody, and curing people of all sorts of diseases, and taught them what they ought to do: and He chose out twelve other very good men, and called them Apostles; and these Apostles went about the world doing as He did, and teaching people as He taught them. And they never minded what they ate or drank, but lived upon dry bread and water; and when anybody offered them money, they would not take it, but told them to be good, and give it to the poor and the sick: and so they made the world a great deal better. And therefore it is not fit to mind what we live upon, but we should take what we can get, and be contented; just as the beasts and birds do, who lodge in the open air, and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water; and yet they are strong, and active, and healthy."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Merton, "this little man is a great philosopher; and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher?"

"Indeed, papa, I don't know what a philosopher is; but I should like to be a king; because he's finer and richer than anybody else, and has nothing to do, and everybody waits upon him, and is afraid of him."

"Well said, my dear," replied Mrs. Merton; and rose and kissed him; "and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit; and here's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer. And should not you like to be a king, too, little Harry?"

"Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plow, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me."

"What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen!" whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry.

"I am not sure," said Mr. Merton, "that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son: but should not you like to be rich, my dear?" said he, turning to Harry.

"No, indeed, sir."

"No, simpleton?" said Mrs. Merton; "and why not?"

"Because the only rich man I ever saw is Squire Chase, who lives hard by; and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor; and they say he does all this because he's rich; but everybody hates him, though they dare not tell him so to his face: and I would not be hated for anything in the world."

"But should you not like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you?"

"As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep one warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and, as to servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I had a hundred of them."

Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with a sort of contemptuous astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.

In the evening little Harry was sent home to his father; who asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there?

"Why," replied Harry, "they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged to them; but I had rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life to get a dinner. There was one man to take away my plate, and another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as though I had been lame or blind, and could not have waited upon myself; and then there was so much to do with putting this thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over: and, after dinner, I was obliged to sit two whole hours without ever stirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr. Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I might be hated like Squire Chase."

At the mansion house, in the meantime, much of the conversation was employed in discussing the merits of little Harry.

Mrs. Merton acknowledged his bravery and openness of temper; she was also struck with the general good-nature and benevolence of his character; but she contended that he had a certain grossness and indelicacy in his ideas, which distinguish the children of the lower and middling classes of people from those of persons of fashion. — Mr. Merton, on the contrary, maintained, that he had never before seen a child whose sentiments and disposition would do so much honor even to the most elevated stations. Nothing, he affirmed, was more easily acquired than those external manners and that superficial address, upon which too many of the higher classes pride themselves as their greatest or even as their only accomplishment: "nay, so easily are they picked up," said he, "that we often see them descend with the cast clothes to maids and valets; between whom and their masters and mistresses there is frequently little other difference than what results from the former wearing soiled clothes and healthier countenances. Indeed, the real seat of all superiority, even of manners, must be placed in the mind: dignified sentiments, superior courage, accompanied with genuine and universal courtesy, are always necessary to constitute the real gentleman; and, where these are wanting, it is the utmost absurdity to think they can be supplied by affected tones of voice, particular grimaces, or extravagant and unnatural modes of dress; which, far from being the real test of gentility, have in general no other origin than the caprice of barbers, tailors, actors, opera-dancers, milliners, fiddlers, and French servants of both sexes. I cannot help, therefore, asserting," said he very seriously, "that this little peasant has within his mind the seeds of true gentility and dignity of character; and, though I shall also wish our son to possess all the common accomplishments of his rank, nothing would give me more pleasure than a certainty that he would never in any respect fall below the son of farmer Sandford."

Whether Mrs. Merton fully acceded to these observations of her husband, I cannot decide; but without waiting to hear her particular sentiments, he thus went on: —

"Should I appear more warm than usual on this subject, you must pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the interest I feel in the welfare of our little Tommy. I am too sensible that our mutual fondness has hitherto induced us to treat him with too much indulgence. While we have been over-solicitous

to remove from him every painful and disagreeable impression, we have made him too delicate and fretful: our desire of constantly consulting his inclinations has made us gratify even his caprices and humors; and, while we have been too studious to preserve him from restraint and opposition, we have in reality been ourselves the cause that he has not acquired even the common attainments of his age and station. All this I have long observed in silence, but have hitherto concealed, both from my affection for our child and my fear of hurting you: at length a consideration of his real interests has prevailed over every other motive, and has compelled me to embrace a resolution, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you — that of sending him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided he will take care of him; and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford may prove the luckiest thing in the world, as he is so nearly of the age and size of our Tommy. I will therefore propose to the farmer that I will for some years pay for the board and education of his little boy, that he may be a constant companion to our son."

As Mr. Merton said this with a certain degree of firmness, and the proposal was in itself so reasonable and necessary, Mrs. Merton did not make any objection to it, but consented, although reluctantly, to part with her son. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity of introducing the subject, and making the proposal to him; assuring him, at the same time, that, though there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his son were objects of so much importance to him, that he should always consider himself as the obliged party.

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Barlow, "if I interrupt you. I will readily take your son for some months under my care, and endeavor by every means within my power to improve him. But there is one circumstance which is indispensable — that you permit me to have the pleasure of serving you as a friend. If you approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you desire. In the meantime, as there are, I fear, some little circumstances, which have grown up by too much tenderness and indulgence, to be altered in his character, I think that I shall possess more of the necessary influence and authority if I for the present appear to him and your whole family rather in the light of a friend than that of a schoolmaster."

Howsoever unsatisfactory this proposal was to the generosity of Mr. Merton, he was obliged to consent to it; and little Tommy was accordingly sent the next day to the vicarage, at the distance of about two miles from his father's house.

The day after Tommy came to Mr. Barlow's, that gentleman, as soon as breakfast was over, led him and Harry into the garden: when there, he took a spade into his own hand, and giving Harry a hoe, they both began to work with great eagerness.

"Everybody that eats," said Mr. Barlow, "ought to assist in procuring food; and therefore little Harry and I begin our daily work: this is my bed, and that other is his; we work upon it every day, and he that raises the most out of it will deserve to fare the best. Now, Tommy, if you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you shall have to yourself, and all the produce shall be your own."

"No, indeed," said Tommy very sulkily, "I am a gentleman, and don't choose to slave like a plowboy."

"Just as you please, Mr. Gentleman," said Mr. Barlow; "but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will mind our work."

In about two hours Mr. Barlow said it was time to leave off; and, taking Harry by the hand, he led him into a pleasant summer-house, where they sat down; and Mr. Barlow, taking out a plate of fine ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himself.

Tommy, who had followed, and expected his share, when he saw them both eating without taking any notice of him, could no longer restrain his passion, but burst into a violent fit of sobbing and crying.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Barlow, very coolly, to him. Tommy looked upon him very sulkily, but returned no answer.

"Oh, sir, if you don't choose to give me an answer, you may be silent; nobody is obliged to speak here."

Tommy became still more disconcerted at this, and, being unable to conceal his anger, ran out of the summer-house, and wandered very disconsolately about the garden; equally surprised and vexed to find that he was now in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he were pleased or the contrary.

THE CALIPH VATHEK.

By WILLIAM BECKFORD.

[William Beckford, eccentric millionaire and dilettante, was born at Fonthill, Wiltshire, in 1760. His father, who was twice lord mayor of London, left him an annual revenue of over £100,000. After a grand tour of the Continent he entered Parliament; and in 1787 published, in French, "The History of Vathek," an Oriental romance, of which Byron said, "Even 'Rasselas' must bow before it; the Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis." A bad, unauthorized English translation had been published in 1784, and has superseded the original. Beckford erected a vast mansion at Fonthill and a palatial residence at Bath, the former being sold in 1822 for £330,000. He was a collector and critic of great talent, but capricious, restless, and purposeless. He wrote also: "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," "Italy, with Sketches of Portugal and Spain," "Recollections," etc. He died May 2, 1844.]

Vathek, ninth Caliph of the race of the Abbassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun Al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremmi, which his father Motassem had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added therefore five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of his senses.

In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day according to their constant consumption, whilst the most delicious wines and the choicest cordials flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called "The Eternal or Unsatiating Banquet."

The second was styled "The Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul." It was inhabited by the most skillful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named "The Delight of the Eyes, or the Support of Memory," was one entire enchantment. Rarities collected from every corner of the earth were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight, there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist on his part exhibited, in their several classes, the various gifts that Heaven has bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for he was of all men the most curious.

"The Palace of Perfumes," which was termed likewise "The Incentive to Pleasure," consisted of various halls where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be avoided by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odors.

The fifth palace, denominated "The Retreat of Joy, or the Dangerous," was frequented by troops of young females beautiful as the houris and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the Caliph allowed to approach them; for he was by no means disposed to be jealous, as his own women were secluded within the palace he inhabited himself.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign immersed in pleasure was not less tolerable to his subjects than one that employed himself in creating them foes. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the Caliph would not allow him to rest there; he had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but liked them not to push their opposition with warmth; he stopped the mouths of those with presents whose mouths could be stopped, whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood, —a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy, but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved at any rate to have reason on his side.

The great prophet Mahomet, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. "Let us leave him to himself," said he to the Genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; "let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun, not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven; he will not divine the fate that awaits him."

The Genii obeyed, and when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek. He fancied that even insensible matter showed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the eleven thousand stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than beehives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this transient perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others, and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and transfer to the stars the decrees of his destiny.

With this view the inquisitive Prince passed most of his nights on the summit of his tower, till he became an adept in the mysteries of astrology, and imagined that the planets had disclosed to him the most marvelous adventures, which were to be accomplished by an extraordinary personage from a country altogether unknown. Prompted by motives of curiosity he had

always been courteous to strangers, but from this instant he redoubled his attention, and ordered it to be announced by sound of trumpet, through all the streets of Samarah, that no one of his subjects, on peril of displeasure, should either lodge or detain a traveler, but forthwith bring him to the palace.

Not long after this proclamation there arrived in his metropolis a man so hideous that the very guards who arrested him were forced to shut their eyes as they led him along. The Caliph himself appeared startled at so horrible a visage, but joy succeeded to this emotion of terror when the stranger displayed to his view such rarities as he had never before seen, and of which he had no conception.

In reality nothing was ever so extraordinary as the merchandise this stranger produced; most of his curiosities, which were not less admirable for their workmanship than splendor, had, besides, their several virtues described on a parchment fastened to each. There were slippers which enabled the feet to walk; knives that cut without the motion of a hand; sabers which dealt the blow at the person they were wished to strike, and the whole enriched with gems that were hitherto unknown.

The sabers, whose blades emitted a dazzling radiance, fixed more than all the Caliph's attention, who promised himself to decipher at his leisure the uncouth characters engraven on their sides. Without, therefore, demanding their price, he ordered all the coined gold to be brought from his treasury, and commanded the merchant to take what he pleased; the stranger complied with modesty and silence.

Vathek, imagining that the merchant's taciturnity was occasioned by the awe which his presence inspired, encouraged him to advance, and asked him, with an air of condescension, "Who he was? whence he came? and where he obtained such beautiful commodities?" The man, or rather monster, instead of making a reply, thrice rubbed his forehead, which, as well as his body, was blacker than ebony, four times clapped his paunch, the projection of which was enormous, opened wide his huge eyes, which glowed like firebrands, began to laugh with a hideous noise, and discovered his long amber-colored teeth bestreaked with green.

The Caliph, though a little startled, renewed his inquiries, but without being able to procure a reply; at which, beginning to be ruffled, he exclaimed: "Knowest thou, varlet, who I am?

and at whom thou art aiming thy gibes?" Then, addressing his guards, "Have ye heard him speak? is he dumb?"

"He hath spoken," they replied, "though but little."

"Let him speak again then," said Vathek, "and tell me who he is, from whence he came, and where he procured these singular curiosities, or I swear by the ass of Balaam that I will make him rue his pertinacity."

The menace was accompanied by the Caliph with one of his angry and perilous glances, which the stranger sustained without the slightest emotion, although his eyes were fixed on the terrible eye of the Prince.

No words can describe the amazement of the courtiers when they beheld this rude merchant withstand the encounter unshocked. They all fell prostrate with their faces on the ground to avoid the risk of their lives, and continued in the same abject posture till the Caliph exclaimed in a furious tone: "Up, cowards! seize the miscreant! see that he be committed to prison and guarded by the best of my soldiers! Let him, however, retain the money I gave him. It is not my intent to take from him his property, I only want him to speak."

No sooner had he uttered these words than the stranger was surrounded, pinioned with strong fetters, and hurried away to the prison of the great tower, which was encompassed by seven empalements of iron bars, and armed with spikes in every direction longer and sharper than spits.

The Caliph, nevertheless, remained in the most violent agitation; he sat down indeed to eat, but of the three hundred covers that were daily placed before him could taste of no more than thirty-two. A diet to which he had been so little accustomed was sufficient of itself to prevent him from sleeping; what then must be its effect when joined to the anxiety that preyed upon his spirits? At the first glimpse of dawn he hastened to the prison, again to importune this intractable stranger; but the rage of Vathek exceeded all bounds on finding the prison empty, the grates burst asunder, and his guards lying lifeless around him. In the paroxysm of his passion he fell furiously on the poor carcasses, and kicked them till evening without intermission. His courtiers and viziers exerted their efforts to soothe his extravagance, but finding every expedient ineffectual they all united in one vociferation: "The Caliph is gone mad! the Caliph is out of his senses!"

This outcry, which soon resounded through the streets of

Samarah, at length reaching the ears of Carathis his mother, she flew in the utmost consternation to try her ascendency on the mind of her son. Her tears and caresses called off his attention, and he was prevailed upon by her entreaties to be brought back to the palace.

Carathis, apprehensive of leaving Vathek to himself, caused him to be put to bed, and seating herself by him, endeavored by her conversation to heal and compose him. Nor could any one have attempted it with better success, for the Caliph not only loved her as a mother, but respected her as a person of superior genius; it was she who had induced him, being a Greek herself, to adopt all the sciences and systems of her country, which good Mussulmans hold in such thorough abhorrence. Judicial astrology was one of those systems in which Carathis was a perfect adept; she began therefore with reminding her son of the promise which the stars had made him, and intimated an intention of consulting them again.

"Alas!" sighed the Caliph, as soon as he could speak, "what a fool have I been! not for the kicks bestowed on my guards who so tamely submitted to death, but for never considering that this extraordinary man was the same the planets had foretold, whom, instead of illtreating, I should have conciliated by all the arts of persuasion."

"The past," said Carathis, "cannot be recalled, but it behooves us to think of the future; perhaps you may again see the object you so much regret; it is possible the inscriptions on the sabers will afford information. Eat, therefore, and take thy repose, my dear son; we will consider, to-morrow, in what manner to act."

Vathek yielded to her counsel as well as he could, and arose in the morning with a mind more at ease. The sabers he commanded to be instantly brought, and poring upon them through a green glass, that their glittering might not dazzle, he set himself in earnest to decipher the inscriptions; but his reiterated attempts were all of them nugatory; in vain did he beat his head and bite his nails, not a letter of the whole was he able to ascertain. So unlucky a disappointment would have undone him again, had not Carathis by good fortune entered the apartment.

"Have patience, son!" said she; "you certainly are possessed of every important science, but the knowledge of languages is a trifle at best, and the accomplishment of none but

a pedant. Issue forth a proclamation that you will confer such rewards as become your greatness upon any one that shall interpret what you do not understand, and what it is beneath you to learn; you will soon find your curiosity gratified."

"That may be," said the Caliph; "but in the mean time I shall be horribly disgusted by a crowd of smatterers, who will come to the trial as much for the pleasure of retailing their jargon as from the hope of gaining the reward. To avoid this evil, it will be proper to add that I will put every candidate to death who shall fail to give satisfaction; for, thank Heaven! I have skill enough to distinguish between one that translates and one that invents."

"Of that I have no doubt," replied Carathis; "but to put the ignorant to death is somewhat severe, and may be productive of dangerous effects; content yourself with commanding their beards to be burnt,—beards in a state are not quite so essential as men."

The Caliph submitted to the reasons of his mother, and sending for Morakanabad, his prime vizier, said: "Let the common criers proclaim, not only in Samarah, but throughout every city in my empire, that whosoever will repair hither and decipher certain characters which appear to be inexplicable, shall experience the liberality for which I am renowned; but that all who fail upon trial shall have their beards burnt off to the last hair. Let them add also that I will bestow fifty beautiful slaves, and as many jars of apricots from the isle of Kirmith, upon any man that shall bring me intelligence of the stranger."

The subjects of the Caliph, like their sovereign, being great admirers of women and apricots from Kirmith, felt their mouths water at these promises, but were totally unable to gratify their hankering, for no one knew which way the stranger had gone.

As to the Caliph's other requisition, the result was different. The learned, the half-learned, and those who were neither, but fancied themselves equal to both, came boldly to hazard their beards, and all shamefully lost them.

The exaction of these forfeitures, which found sufficient employment for the eunuchs, gave them such a smell of singed hair as greatly to disgust the ladies of the seraglio, and make it necessary that this new occupation of their guardians should be transferred into other hands.

At length, however, an old man presented himself whose beard was a cubit and a half longer than any that had appeared

before him. The officers of the palace whispered to each other, as they ushered him in, "What a pity such a beard should be burnt!" Even the Caliph, when he saw it, concurred with them in opinion, but his concern was entirely needless. This venerable personage read the characters with facility, and explained them verbatim as follows: "We were made where everything good is made; we are the least of the wonders of a place where all is wonderful and deserving the sight of the first potentate on earth."

"You translate admirably!" cried Vathek; "I know to what these marvelous characters allude. Let him receive as many robes of honor and thousands of sequins of gold, as he hath spoken words. I am in some measure relieved from the perplexity that embarrassed me!"

Vathek invited the old man to dine, and even to remain some days in the palace. Unluckily for him he accepted the offer, for the Caliph, having ordered him next morning to be called, said: "Read again to me what you have read already; I cannot hear too often the promise that is made me, the completion of which I languish to obtain."

The old man forthwith put on his green spectacles, but they instantly dropped from his nose on perceiving that the characters he had read the day preceding had given place to others of different import.

"What ails you?" asked the Caliph; "and why these symptoms of wonder?"

"Sovereign of the world," replied the old man, "these sabers hold another language to-day from that they yesterday held."

"How say you?" returned Vathek — "but it matters not! Tell me, if you can, what they mean."

"It is this, my Lord," rejoined the old man: "Woe to the rash mortal who seeks to know that of which he should remain ignorant, and to undertake that which surpasseth his power!"

"And woe to thee!" cried the Caliph, in a burst of indignation; "to-day thou art void of understanding; begone from my presence, they shall burn but the half of thy beard, because thou wert yesterday fortunate in guessing; — my gifts I never resume."

The old man, wise enough to perceive he had luckily escaped, considering the folly of disclosing so disgusting a truth, immediately withdrew and appeared not again.

But it was not long before Vathek discovered abundant

reason to regret his precipitation; for though he could not decipher the characters himself, yet by constantly poring upon them he plainly perceived that they every day changed, and unfortunately no other candidate offered to explain them. This perplexing occupation inflamed his blood, dazzled his sight, and brought on a giddiness and debility that he could not support. He failed not, however, though in so reduced a condition, to be often carried to his tower, as he flattered himself that he might there read in the stars which he went to consult something more congenial to his wishes: but in this his hopes were deluded; for his eyes, dimmed by the vapors of his head, began to subserve his curiosity so ill that he beheld nothing but a thick dun cloud, which he took for the most direful of omens.

Agitated with so much anxiety, Vathek entirely lost all firmness; a fever seized him, and his appetite failed. Instead of being one of the greatest eaters he became as distinguished for drinking. So insatiable was the thirst which tormented him, that his mouth, like a funnel, was always open to receive the various liquors that might be poured into it, and especially cold water, which calmed him more than every other.

This unhappy prince being thus incapacitated for the enjoyment of any pleasure, commanded the palaces of the five senses to be shut up, forbore to appear in public, either to display his magnificence or administer justice, and retired to the inmost apartment of his harem. As he had ever been an indulgent husband, his wives, overwhelmed with grief at his deplorable situation, incessantly offered their prayers for his health and unremittingly supplied him with water.

In the mean time the Princess Carathis, whose affliction no words can describe, instead of restraining herself to sobbing and tears, was closeted daily with the Vizier Morakanabad, to find out some cure or mitigation of the Caliph's disease. Under the persuasion that it was caused by enchantment, they turned over together, leaf by leaf, all the books of magic that might point out a remedy, and caused the horrible stranger, whom they accused as the enchanter, to be everywhere sought for with the strictest diligence.

At the distance of a few miles from Samarah stood a high mountain, whose sides were swarded with wild thyme and basil, and its summit overspread with so delightful a plain, that it

might be taken for the paradise destined for the faithful. Upon it grew a hundred thickets of eglantine and other fragrant shrubs, a hundred arbors of roses, jessamine and honeysuckle, as many clumps of orange trees, cedar and citron, whose branches, interwoven with the palm, the pomegranate, and the vine, presented every luxury that could regale the eye or the taste. The ground was strewed with violets, harebells, and pansies, in the midst of which sprang forth tufts of jonquils, hyacinths, and carnations, with every other perfume that impregnates the air. Four fountains, not less clear than deep, and so abundant as to slake the thirst of ten armies, seemed profusely placed here to make the scene more resemble the garden of Eden, which was watered by the four sacred rivers. Here the nightingale sang the birth of the rose, her well-beloved, and at the same time lamented its short-lived beauty; whilst the turtle deplored the loss of more substantial pleasures, and the wakeful lark hailed the rising light that reanimates the whole creation. Here more than anywhere the mingled melodies of birds expressed the various passions they inspired, as if the exquisite fruits which they pecked at pleasure had given them a double energy.

To this mountain Vathek was sometimes brought for the sake of breathing a purer air, and especially to drink at will of the four fountains, which were reputed in the highest degree salubrious and sacred to himself. His attendants were his mother, his wives, and some eunuchs, who assiduously employed themselves in filling capacious bowls of rock crystal, and emulously presenting them to him; but it frequently happened that his avidity exceeded their zeal, insomuch that he would prostrate himself upon the ground to lap up the water, of which he could never have enough.

One day when this unhappy prince had been long lying in so debasing a posture, a voice, hoarse but strong, thus addressed him: "Why assumest thou the function of a dog, O Caliph, so proud of thy dignity and power?"

At this apostrophe he raised his head and beheld the stranger that had caused him so much affliction. Inflamed with anger at the sight, he exclaimed: —

"Accursed Giaour! what comest thou hither to do? Is it not enough to have transformed a prince remarkable for his agility into one of those leather barrels which the Bedouin Arabs carry on their camels when they traverse the deserts?

Perceivest thou not that I may perish by drinking to excess no less than by a total abstinence?"

"Drink then this draught," said the stranger, as he presented to him a phial of a red and yellow mixture; "and, to satiate the thirst of thy soul as well as of thy body, know that I am an Indian, but from a region of India which is wholly unknown."

The Caliph, delighted to see his desires accomplished in part, and flattering himself with the hope of obtaining their entire fulfillment, without a moment's hesitation swallowed the potion, and instantaneously found his health restored, his thirst appeased, and his limbs as agile as ever.

In the transports of his joy Vathek leaped upon the neck of the frightful Indian, and kissed his horrid mouth and hollow cheeks as though they had been the coral lips, and the lilies and roses, of his most beautiful wives; whilst they, less terrified than jealous at the sight, dropped their veils to hide the blush of mortification that suffused their foreheads.

Nor would the scene have closed here, had not Carathis, with all the art of insinuation, a little repressed the raptures of her son. Having prevailed upon him to return to Samarah, she caused a herald to precede him, whom she commanded to proclaim as loudly as possible: "The wonderful stranger hath appeared again, he hath healed the Caliph, he hath spoken! he hath spoken!"

Forthwith all the inhabitants of this vast city quitted their habitations, and ran together in crowds to see the procession of Vathek and the Indian, whom they now blessed as much as they had before execrated, incessantly shouting: "He hath healed our sovereign, he hath spoken! he hath spoken!" Nor were these words forgotten in the public festivals which were celebrated the same evening, to testify the general joy; for the poets applied them as a chorus to all the songs they composed.

The Caliph in the mean while caused the palaces of the senses to be again set open; and, as he found himself prompted to visit that of taste in preference to the rest, immediately ordered a splendid entertainment, to which his great officers and favorite courtiers were all invited. The Indian, who was placed near the Prince, seemed to think that as a proper acknowledgment of so distinguished a privilege he could neither eat, drink, nor talk too much. The various dainties were no sooner served up than they vanished, to the great mortification of Vathek, who

piqued himself on being the greatest eater alive, and at this time in particular had an excellent appetite.

The rest of the company looked round at each other in amazement; but the Indian without appearing to observe it quaffed large bumpers to the health of each of them, sang in a style altogether extravagant, related stories at which he laughed immoderately, and poured forth extemporaneous verses, which would not have been thought bad but for the strange grimaces with which they were uttered. In a word his loquacity was equal to that of a hundred astrologers, he ate as much as a hundred porters, and caroused in proportion.

The Caliph, notwithstanding the table had been thirty times covered, found himself incommoded by the voraciousness of his guest, who was now considerably declined in the prince's esteem. Vathek, however, being unwilling to betray the chagrin he could hardly disguise, said in a whisper to Bababalouk, the chief of his eunuchs: "You see how enormous his performances in every way are: what would be the consequence should he get at my wives! Go! redouble your vigilance, and be sure look well to my Circassians, who would be more to his taste than all of the rest."

The bird of the morning had thrice renewed his song when the hour of the Divan sounded. Vathek in gratitude to his subjects having promised to attend, immediately arose from table and repaired thither, leaning upon his vizier, who could scarcely support him, so disordered was the poor Prince by the wine he had drunk, and still more by the extravagant vagaries of his boisterous guest.

The viziers, the officers of the crown and of the law, arranged themselves in a semicircle about their sovereign and preserved a respectful silence, whilst the Indian, who looked as cool as if come from a fast, sat down without ceremony on the step of the throne, laughing in his sleeve at the indignation with which his temerity had filled the spectators.

The Caliph, however, whose ideas were confused and his head embarrassed, went on administering justice at haphazard, till at length the prime vizier, perceiving his situation, hit upon a sudden expedient to interrupt the audience and rescue the honor of his master, to whom he said in a whisper: "My Lord, the Princess Carathis, who hath passed the night in consulting the planets, informs you that they portend you evil, and the danger is urgent. Beware lest this stranger, whom you have

so lavishly recompensed for his magical gewgaws, should make some attempt on your life; his liquor, which at first had the appearance of effecting your cure, may be no more than a poison of a sudden operation. Slight not this surmise, ask him at least of what it was compounded, whence he procured it, and mention the sabers, which you seem to have forgotten."

Vathek, to whom the insolent airs of the stranger became every moment less supportable, intimated to his vizier by a wink of acquiescence that he would adopt his advice, and at once turning towards the Indian said: "Get up, and declare in full Divan of what drugs the liquor was compounded you enjoined me to take, for it is suspected to be poison; add also the explanation I have so earnestly desired concerning the sabers you sold me, and thus show your gratitude for the favors heaped on you."

Having pronounced these words in as moderate a tone as a caliph well could, he waited in silent expectation for an answer. But the Indian, still keeping his seat, began to renew his loud shouts of laughter, and exhibit the same horrid grimaces he had shown them before, without vouchsafing a word in reply. Vathek, no longer able to brook such insolence, immediately kicked him from the steps; instantly descending, repeated his blow, and persisted with such assiduity as incited all who were present to follow his example. Every foot was aimed at the Indian, and no sooner had any one given him a kick than he felt himself constrained to reiterate the stroke.

The stranger afforded them no small entertainment; for, being both short and plump, he collected himself into a ball, and rolled round on all sides at the blows of his assailants, who pressed after him wherever he turned with an eagerness beyond conception, whilst their numbers were every moment increasing. The ball, indeed, in passing from one apartment to another, drew every person after it that came in its way, insomuch that the whole palace was thrown into confusion, and resounded with a tremendous clamor. The women of the harem, amazed at the uproar, flew to their blinds to discover the cause; but no sooner did they catch a glimpse of the ball than, feeling themselves unable to refrain, they broke from the clutches of their eunuchs, who to stop their flight pinched them till they bled, but in vain; whilst themselves, though trembling with terror at the escape of their charge, were as incapable of resisting the attraction.

The Indian, after having traversed the halls, galleries,

chambers, kitchens, gardens, and stables of the palace, at last took his course through the courts; whilst the Caliph, pursuing him closer than the rest, bestowed as many kicks as he possibly could, yet not without receiving now and then one, which his competitors in their eagerness designed for the ball.

Carathis, Morakanabad, and two or three old viziers, whose wisdom had hitherto withstood the attraction, wishing to prevent Vathek from exposing himself in the presence of his subjects, fell down in his way to impede the pursuit; but he, regardless of their obstruction, leaped over their heads and went on as before. They then ordered the Muezzins to call the people to prayers, both for the sake of getting them out of the way, and of endeavoring by their petitions to avert the calamity; but neither of these expedients was a whit more successful; the sight of this fatal ball was alone sufficient to draw after it every beholder. The Muezzins themselves, though they saw it but at a distance, hastened down from their minarets and mixed with the crowd, which continued to increase in so surprising a manner that scarce an inhabitant was left in Samarah, except the aged, the sick confined to their beds, and infants at the breast, whose nurses could run more nimbly without them. Even Carathis, Morakanabad, and the rest were all become of the party.

The shrill screams of the females, who had broken from their apartments and were unable to extricate themselves from the pressure of the crowd, together with those of the eunuchs jostling after them, terrified lest their charge should escape from their sight, increased by the execrations of husbands urging forward and menacing both, kicks given and received, stumblings and overthrows at every step, — in a word, the confusion that universally prevailed rendered Samarah like a city taken by storm and devoted to absolute plunder.

At last the cursed Indian, who still preserved his rotundity of figure, after passing through all the streets and public places, and leaving them empty, rolled onwards to the plain of Catoul, and traversed the valley at the foot of the mountain of the Four Fountains.

As a continual fall of water had excavated an immense gulf in the valley, whose opposite side was closed in by a steep acclivity, the Caliph and his attendants were apprehensive lest the ball should bound into the chasm, and, to prevent it, redoubled their efforts, but in vain. The Indian persevered in

his onward direction, and, as had been apprehended, glancing from the precipice with the rapidity of lightning, was lost in the gulf below.

Vathek would have followed the perfidious Giaour, had not an invisible agency arrested his progress. The multitude that pressed after him were at once checked in the same manner, and a calm instantaneously ensued. They all gazed at each other with an air of astonishment; and, notwithstanding that the loss of veils and turbans, together with torn habits and dust blended with sweat, presented a most laughable spectacle, there was not one smile to be seen; on the contrary all, with looks of confusion and sadness, returned in silence to Samarah and retired to their inmost apartments, without ever reflecting that they had been impelled by an invisible power into the extravagance for which they reproached themselves; for it is but just that men, who so often arrogate to their own merit the good of which they are but instruments, should attribute to themselves the absurdities which they could not prevent.

The Caliph was the only person that refused to leave the valley. He commanded his tents to be pitched there, and stationed himself on the very edge of the precipice, in spite of the representations of Carathis and Morakanabad, who pointed out the hazard of its brink giving way, and the vicinity to the Magician that had so severely tormented him. Vathek derided all their remonstrances, and, having ordered a thousand flambeaux to be lighted, and directed his attendants to proceed in lighting more, lay down on the slippery margin and attempted, by help of this artificial splendor, to look through that gloom which all the fires of the empyrean had been insufficient to pervade. One while he fancied to himself voices arising from the depth of the gulf; at another he seemed to distinguish the accents of the Indian, but all was no more than the hollow murmur of waters, and the din of the cataracts that rushed from steep to steep down the sides of the mountain.

Having passed the night in this cruel perturbation, the Caliph at daybreak retired to his tent, where, without taking the least sustenance, he continued to doze till the dusk of evening began again to come on. He then resumed his vigils as before, and persevered in observing them for many nights together. At length, fatigued with so successless an employment, he sought relief from change. To this end he sometimes paced with hasty strides across the plain, and, as he wildly

gazed at the stars, reproached them with having deceived him; but lo! on a sudden the clear blue sky appeared streaked over with streams of blood, which reached from the valley even to the city of Samarah. As this awful phenomenon seemed to touch his tower, Vathek at first thought of repairing thither to view it more distinctly; but feeling himself unable to advance, and being overcome with apprehension, he muffled up his face in his robe.

Terrifying as these prodigies were, this impression upon him was no more than momentary, and served only to stimulate his love of the marvelous. Instead therefore of returning to his palace, he persisted in the resolution of abiding where the Indian vanished from his view. One night, however, while he was walking as usual on the plain, the moon and the stars at once were eclipsed, and a total darkness ensued; the earth trembled beneath him, and a voice came forth, the voice of the Giaour, who, in accents more sonorous than thunder, thus addressed him: "Wouldest thou devote thyself to me? Adore then the terrestrial influences, and abjure Mahomet. On these conditions I will bring thee to the palace of subterranean fire; there shalt thou behold in immense depositories the treasures which the stars have promised thee, and which will be conferred by those Intelligences whom thou shalt thus render propitious. It was from thence I brought my sabers, and it is there that Soliman Ben Daoud reposes, surrounded by the talismans that control the world."

The astonished Caliph trembled as he answered, yet in a style that showed him to be no novice in preternatural adventures: "Where art thou? be present to my eyes; dissipate the gloom that perplexes me and of which I deem thee the cause; after the many flambeaux I have burnt to discover thee, thou mayst at least grant a glimpse of thy horrible visage."

"Abjure then Mahomet," replied the Indian, "and promise me full proofs of thy sincerity; otherwise thou shalt never behold me again."

The unhappy Caliph, instigated by insatiable curiosity, lavished his promises in the utmost profusion. The sky immediately brightened; and by the light of the planets, which seemed almost to blaze, Vathek beheld the earth open, and at the extremity of a vast black chasm a portal of ebony, before which stood the Indian, still blacker, holding in his hand a golden key that caused the lock to resound.

"How," cried Vathek, "can I descend to thee without the certainty of breaking my neck? come take me, and instantly open the portal."

"Not so fast," replied the Indian, "impatient Caliph! Know that I am parched with thirst, and cannot open this door till my thirst be thoroughly appeased. I require the blood of fifty of the most beautiful sons of thy viziers and great men, or neither can my thirst nor thy curiosity be satisfied. Return to Samarah, procure for me this necessary libation, come back hither, throw it thyself into this chasm, and then shalt thou see!"

Having thus spoken, the Indian turned his back on the Caliph, who, incited by the suggestion of demons, resolved on the direful sacrifice. He now pretended to have regained his tranquillity, and set out for Samarah amidst the acclamations of a people who still loved him, and forbore not to rejoice when they believed him to have recovered his reason. So successfully did he conceal the emotion of his heart, that even Carathis and Morakanabad were equally deceived with the rest. Nothing was heard of but festivals and rejoicings; the ball, which no tongue had hitherto ventured to mention, was again brought on the tapis; a general laugh went round, though many, still smarting under the hands of the surgeon from the hurts received in that memorable adventure, had no great reason for mirth.

The prevalence of this gay humor was not a little grateful to Vathek, as perceiving how much it conduced to his project. He put on the appearance of affability to every one, but especially to his viziers, and the grandees of his court, whom he failed not to regale with a sumptuous banquet, during which he insensibly inclined the conversation to the children of his guests. Having asked with a good-natured air who of them were blessed with the handsomest boys, every father at once asserted the pretensions of his own, and the contest imperceptibly grew so warm that nothing could have withholden them from coming to blows but their profound reverence for the person of the Caliph. Under the pretense, therefore, of reconciling the disputants, Vathek took upon him to decide, and with this view commanded the boys to be brought.

It was not long before a troop of these poor children made their appearance, all equipped by their fond mothers with such ornaments as might give the greatest relief to their beauty, or

most advantageously display the graces of their age. But whilst this brilliant assemblage attracted the eyes and hearts of every one besides, the Caliph scrutinized each in his turn with a malignant avidity that passed for attention, and selected from their number the fifty whom he judged the Giaour would prefer.

With an equal show of kindness as before, he proposed to celebrate a festival on the plain for the entertainment of his young favorites, who he said ought to rejoice still more than all at the restoration of his health, on account of the favors he intended for them.

The Caliph's proposal was received with the greatest delight, and soon published through Samarah; litters, camels, and horses were prepared. Women and children, old men and young, every one placed himself in the station he chose. The cavalcade set forward, attended by all the confectioners in the city and its precincts; the populace following on foot composed an amazing crowd, and occasioned no little noise; all was joy, nor did any one call to mind what most of them had suffered when they first traveled the road they were now passing so gayly.

The evening was serene, the air refreshing, the sky clear, and the flowers exhaled their fragrance; the beams of the declining sun, whose mild splendor reposed on the summit of the mountain, shed a glow of ruddy light over its green declivity and the white flocks sporting upon it; no sounds were audible, save the murmurs of the Four Fountains, and the reeds and voices of shepherds, calling to each other from different eminences.

The lovely innocents proceeding to the destined sacrifice added not a little to the hilarity of the scene; they approached the plain full of sportiveness, some coursing butterflies, others culling flowers, or picking up the shining little pebbles that attracted their notice. At intervals they nimbly started from each other, for the sake of being caught again and mutually imparting a thousand caresses.

The dreadful chasm, at whose bottom the portal of ebony was placed, began to appear at a distance; it looked like a black streak that divided the plain. Morakanabad and his companions took it for some work which the Caliph had ordered; unhappy men! little did they surmise for what it was destined.

Vathek, not liking they should examine it too nearly, stopped the procession, and ordered a spacious circle to be formed on this side, at some distance from the accursed chasm. The bodyguard of eunuchs was detached to measure out the lists intended for the games, and prepare ringles for the lines to keep off the crowd. The fifty competitors were soon stripped, and presented to the admiration of the spectators the suppleness and grace of their delicate limbs; their eyes sparkled with a joy which those of their fond parents reflected. Every one offered wishes for the little candidate nearest his heart, and doubted not of his being victorious; a breathless suspense awaited the contest of these amiable and innocent victims.

The Caliph, availing himself of the first moment to retire from the crowd, advanced towards the chasm, and there heard, yet not without shuddering, the voice of the Indian, who, gnashing his teeth, eagerly demanded: "Where are they? where are they? perceivest thou not how my mouth waters?"

"Relentless Giaour!" answered Vathek, with emotion, "can nothing content thee but the massacre of these lovely victims? Ah! wert thou to behold their beauty it must certainly move thy compassion."

"Perdition on thy compassion, babbler!" cried the Indian. "Give them me, instantly give them, or my portal shall be closed against thee forever!"

"Not so loudly," replied the Caliph, blushing.

"I understand thee," returned the Giaour, with the grin of an ogre; "thou wantest to summon up more presence of mind; I will for a moment forbear."

During this exquisite dialogue the games went forward with all alacrity, and at length concluded just as the twilight began to overcast the mountains. Vathek, who was still standing on the edge of the chasm, called out, with all his might: "Let my fifty little favorites approach me separately, and let them come in the order of their success. To the first I will give my diamond bracelet, to the second my collar of emeralds, to the third my aigret of rubies, to the fourth my girdle of topazes, and to the rest each a part of my dress, even down to my slippers."

This declaration was received with reiterated acclamations, and all extolled the liberality of a Prince who would thus strip himself for the amusement of his subjects and the encouragement of the rising generation.

The Caliph in the mean while undressed himself by degrees,

and, raising his arm as high as he was able, made each of the prizes glitter in the air; but whilst he delivered it with one hand to the child, who sprang forward to receive it, he with the other pushed the poor innocent into the gulf, where the Giaour with a sullen muttering incessantly repeated, "More! more!"

This dreadful device was executed with so much dexterity that the boy who was approaching him remained unconscious of the fate of his forerunner; and as to spectators, the shades of evening, together with their distance, precluded them from perceiving any object distinctly. Vathek, having in this manner thrown in the last of the fifty, and expecting that the Giaour, on receiving them would have presented the key, already fancied himself as great as Soliman, and consequently above being amenable for what he had done: when, to his utter amazement, the chasm closed, and the ground became as entire as the rest of the plain.

No language could express his rage and despair. He execrated the perfidy of the Indian, loaded him with the most infamous invectives, and stamped with his foot as resolving to be heard; he persisted in this demeanor till his strength failed him, and then fell on the earth like one void of sense. His viziers and grandees, who were nearer than the rest, supposed him at first to be sitting on the grass at play with their amiable children; but at length prompted by doubt, they advanced towards the spot and found the Caliph alone, who wildly demanded what they wanted.

"Our children! our children!" cried they.

"It is assuredly pleasant," said he, "to make me accountable for accidents; your children while at play fell from the precipice that was here, and I should have experienced their fate had I not been saved by a sudden start back."

At these words the fathers of the fifty boys cried out aloud, the mothers repeated their exclamations an octave higher, whilst the rest, without knowing the cause, soon drowned the voices of both with still louder lamentations of their own.

"Our Caliph," said they, and the report soon circulated, "Our Caliph has played us this trick to gratify his accursed Giaour. Let us punish him for his perfidy! let us avenge ourselves! let us avenge the blood of the innocent! let us throw this cruel Prince into the gulf that is near, and let his name be mentioned no more!"

At this rumor and these menaces, Carathis, full of consternation, hastened to Morakanabad and said: "Vizier, you have lost two beautiful boys, and must necessarily be the most afflicted of fathers; but you are virtuous, save your master."

"I will brave every hazard," replied the vizier, "to rescue him from his present danger, but afterwards will abandon him to his fate. Bababalouk," continued he, "put yourself at the head of your eunuchs, disperse the mob, and, if possible, bring back this unhappy Prince to his palace." Bababalouk and his fraternity, felicitating each other in a low voice on their disability of ever being fathers, obeyed the mandate of the vizier; who, seconding their exertions to the utmost of his power, at length accomplished his generous enterprise, and retired as he resolved, to lament at his leisure.

No sooner had the Caliph reëntered his palace than Carathis commanded the doors to be fastened; but perceiving the tumult to be still violent, and hearing the imprecations which resounded from all quarters, she said to her son: "Whether the populace be right or wrong, it behooves you to provide for your safety; let us retire to your own apartment, and from thence through the subterranean passage, known only to ourselves, into your tower; there, with the assistance of the mutes who never leave it, we may be able to make some resistance. Bababalouk, supposing us to be still in the palace, will guard its avenues for his own sake; and we shall soon find, without the counsels of that blubberer Morakanabad, what expedient may be best to adopt." . . .

Accordingly the Princess, who possessed the most consummate skill in the art of persuasion, went immediately back through the subterranean passage; and presenting herself to the populace from a window of the palace, began to harangue them with all the address of which she was mistress, whilst Bababalouk showered money from both hands amongst the crowd, who by these united means were soon appeased: every person retired to his home, and Carathis returned to the tower.

ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

By R. E. RASPE.

[Hieronymus Karl Friedrich Münchhausen: A German boaster, known as Baron Munchausen; born at Bodenwerder, Hanover, in 1720; died there in 1797. He served in the Russian cavalry against the Turks (1737–1739), and on his return related absurd and fabulous accounts of his adventures. A German exile in England, Rudolph Eric Raspe by name, wrote and published, in 1785, "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." This book was supposed to contain the accounts given by the baron, but in reality was a compilation of stories gathered from other books. It was translated into German and many times reprinted.]

[The Baron is supposed to relate these adventures to his friends over a bottle.]

In Ceylon.

Some years before my beard announced approaching manhood, I expressed in repeated conversations a strong desire of seeing the world, from which I was discouraged by my parents. . . . At length my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had resided as governor many years.

The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effect of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water; some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high, that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth: however, as soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees): the weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position: it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him on the spot; he had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened. The word fortunate here requires some explanation. This chief was a man

of a very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventures may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified (as who would not be?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan shot, and I had no other about me; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach, and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right hand was the piece of water before

mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment; after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any noise that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded: after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other! and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt end of my fowling piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is that the lion

jumped quite through the crocodile, and was making his escape at the back door, when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it; nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth that he sometimes adds, as soon as the crocodile missed his tail, he turned about, snatched the *couteau de chasse* out of Monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart and killed him immediately!

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

In Russia.

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of traveling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul: though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying, —

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards I

beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple. Matters were not very plain to me: the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey. [Here the Baron seems to have forgot his feelings; he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.]

He carried me well — advancing into the interior parts of Russia. I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly towards St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland, or Jugemanland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse began instantly to tear and devour the hind part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's body; it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt end of my whip. This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much that he leaped forward with all his might: the horse's carcass dropped on the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually we both arrived in full career safe to St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

Among the Turks.

Success was not always with me. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning; but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to the work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger

nails [the Barons' nails were then of forty years' growth], and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution, when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field Marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bade the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way: there was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head; I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage; I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn: his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn; at length the thawing entertainment concluded.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

[William Cowper, English poet, was born at Great Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, November 15, 1731. He was educated at Westminster School, where he remained from his tenth to his eighteenth year, and was called to the bar, but never practiced. He early showed symptoms of melancholia, and in 1763 had an attack of suicidal mania, which necessitated a temporary confinement in a private asylum at St. Albans. On his release he resided with the Unwins at Huntingdon, and the Rev. John Newton at Olney, and was tenderly cared for by Lady Austen and Lady Hesketh. Towards the close of his life his mental infirmities overcame him completely, and he died at East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800. His first volume of poems (1782) contained: "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Table Talk," etc. "The Task," with "Tirocinium" and the famous "John Gilpin," appeared in 1785. He also published translations of Madame Guyon's poems, of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and of Milton's Latin and Italian poems.]

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
  Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
  "Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
  And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
  All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
  Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
  On horseback after we."

He soon replied, — "I do admire
  Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
  Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen draper bold,
  As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
  Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, — "That's well said;
  And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
  Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
  O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
  She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
  But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
  Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
  Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
  To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
  Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
  As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
  Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
  But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
  His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
  Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
  Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
  Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
  Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
  "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me
  My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
  When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
  Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
  And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
  Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
  To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
  Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
  He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
  Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
  With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
  Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
  Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button falling both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
  Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
  As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
  His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
  "'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
  'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
  Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
  Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
  As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And here he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:" —
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him: —

"What news? what news? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke: —

"I came because your horse could come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, —
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig —
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit: —
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, — "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear:

For while he spake, a braying ass
  Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
  Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
  As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
  For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
  Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
  She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
  That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
  My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
  John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
  By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
  And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more
  And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
  Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
  The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
  Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
  They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
  Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that passed that way
  Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
  Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before,
  That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
  For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
  He did again get down.

Now let us sing Long live the King,
  And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
  May I be there to see!

MISCHIEFS OF THE ANTI-USURIOUS LAWS.

By JEREMY BENTHAM.

(From the "Defence of Usury.")

[JEREMY BENTHAM, a great English jurist and social philosopher, was born at London in 1748; graduated from Queen's College, Oxford; was called to the bar, but gave up practice for literature, inheriting a fortune in 1792 which enabled him to work independently. His working out of utilitarianism has had enormous influence on all later speculation and much practical legislation. He wrote, among other things, "Fragment on Government" (1776), "Defence of Usury" (1786), "Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation" (1789), "Rationale of Judicial Evidence" (1827), "The Constitutional Code" (1830).]

IN THE preceding letters, I have examined all the modes I can think of, in which the restraints imposed by the laws against usury can have been fancied to be of service.

I hope it appears by this time, that there are no ways in which those laws can do any good. But there are several, in which they cannot but do mischief.

The first I shall mention, is that of precluding so many people altogether from the getting the money they stand in need of, to answer their respective exigencies. Think what a distress it would produce, were the liberty of borrowing denied to everybody; denied to those who have such security to offer,

as renders the rate of interest they have to offer a sufficient inducement, for a man who has money, to trust them with it. Just that same sort of distress is produced, by denying that liberty to so many people whose security, though if they were permitted to add something to that rate it would be sufficient, is rendered insufficient by their being denied that liberty. Why the misfortune of not being possessed of that arbitrarily exacted degree of security, should be made a ground for subjecting a man to a hardship which is not imposed on those who are free from that misfortune, is more than I can see. To discriminate the former class from the latter, I can see but this one circumstance, viz. that their necessity is greater. This it is by the very supposition: for were it not, they could not be, what they are supposed to be, willing to give more to be relieved from it. In this point of view, then, the sole tendency of the law is, to heap distress upon distress.

A second mischief is, that of rendering the terms so much the worse, to a multitude of those whose circumstances exempt them from being precluded altogether from getting the money they have occasion for. In this case, the mischief, though necessarily less intense than in the other, is much more palpable and conspicuous. Those who cannot borrow may get what they want, so long as they have anything to sell. But while, out of loving-kindness or whatsoever other motive, the law precludes a man from *borrowing* upon terms which it deems too disadvantageous, it does not preclude him from *selling* upon any terms, howsoever disadvantageous. Everybody knows that forced sales are attended with a loss: and to this loss, what would be deemed a most extravagant interest bears in general no proportion. When a man's movables are taken in execution, they are, I believe, pretty well sold if, after all expenses paid, the produce amounts to two thirds of what it would cost to replace them. In this way the providence and loving-kindness of the law costs him 33 per cent. and no more, supposing, what is seldom the case, that no more of the effects are taken than what is barely necessary to make up the money due. If, in her negligence and weakness, she were to suffer him to offer 11 per cent. per annum for forbearance, it would be three years before he paid what he is charged with, in the first instance, by her wisdom.

Such being the kindness done by the law to the owner of movables, let us see how it fares with him who has an interest in

immovables. Before the late war, thirty years' purchase for land might be reckoned, I think it is pretty well agreed, a medium price. During the distress produced by the war, lands which it was necessary should be sold were sold at twenty, eighteen, nay, I believe, in some instances, even so low as fifteen years' purchase. If I do not misrecollect, I remember instances of land put up to public auction, for which nobody bid so high as fifteen. In many instances, villas which had been bought before the war, or at the beginning of it, and in the interval had been improved rather than impaired, sold for less than half, or even the quarter, of what they had been bought for. I dare not here for my part pretend to be exact: but on this passage, were it worth their notice, Mr. Skinner, or Mr. Christie, could furnish very instructive notes. Twenty years' purchase, instead of thirty, I may be allowed to take, at least for illustration. An estate then of 100*l.* a year, clear of taxes, was devised to a man, charged, suppose with 1500*l.*, with interest till the money should be paid. Five per cent. interest, the utmost which could be accepted from the owner, did not answer the incumbrancer's purpose: he chose to have the money. But 6 per cent. perhaps would have answered his purpose; if not, most certainly it would have answered the purpose of somebody else: for multitudes there all along were, whose purposes were answered by 5 per cent. The war lasted, I think, seven years: the depreciation of the value of land did not take place immediately: but as, on the other hand, neither did it immediately recover its former price upon the peace, if indeed it has even yet recovered it, we may put seven years for the time during which it would be more advantageous to pay this extraordinary rate of interest than to sell the land, and during which, accordingly, this extraordinary rate of interest would have had to run. One per cent. for seven years is not quite of equal worth to 6 per cent. the first year; say, however, that it is. The estate, which before the war was worth thirty years' purchase, that is 3000*l.*, and which the devisor had given to the devisee for that value, being put up to sale, fetched but twenty years' purchase, 2000*l.* At the end of that period it would have fetched its original value, 3000*l.* Compare, then, the situation of the devisee at the seven years' end, under the law, with what it would have been without the law. In the former case, the land selling for twenty years' purchase, *i.e.* 2000*l.*, what he would have, after paying the 1500*l.*, is 500*l.*; which, with the interest of that sum at 5 per cent.

for seven years, viz. 175*l.*, makes, at the end of that seven years, 675*l.* In the other case, paying 6 per cent. on the 1500*l.*, that is 90*l.* a year, and receiving all that time the rent of the land, viz. 100*l.*, he would have had, at the seven years' end, the amount of the remaining 10*l.* during that period, that is 70*l.*, in addition to his 1000*l.*; 675*l.* subtracted from 1070*l.* leaves 395*l.* This 395*l.*, then, is what he loses out of 1070*l.*, almost 37 per cent. of his capital, by the loving-kindness of the law. Make the calculations, and you will find that by preventing him from borrowing the money at 6 per cent. interest, it makes him nearly as much a sufferer as if he had borrowed it at ten.

What I have said hitherto is confined to the case of those who have present value to give, for the money they stand in need of. If they have no such value, then, if they succeed in purchasing assistance upon any terms, it must be in breach of the law; their lenders exposing themselves to its vengeance; for I speak not here of the accidental case of its being so constructed as to be liable to evasion. But even in this case, the mischievous influence of the law still pursues them; aggravating the very mischief it pretends to remedy. Though it be inefficacious in the way in which the legislator wishes to see it efficacious, it is efficacious in the way opposite to that in which he would wish to see it so. The effect of it is, to raise the rate of interest higher than it would be otherwise, and that in two ways. In the first place, a man must, in common prudence, as Dr. Smith observes, make a point of being indemnified, not only for whatsoever extraordinary risk it is that he runs, independently of the law, but for the very risk occasioned by the law: he must be *insured*, as it were, against the law. This cause would operate, were there even as many persons ready to lend upon the illegal rate, as upon the legal. But this is not the case: a great number of persons are, of course, driven out of this competition by the danger of the business, and another great number by the disrepute which, under cover of these prohibitory laws or otherwise, has fastened itself upon the name of usurer. So many persons, therefore, being driven out of the trade, it happens in this branch, as it must necessarily in every other, that those who remain have the less to withhold them from advancing their terms; and without confederating (for it must be allowed that confederacy in such a case is plainly impossible) each one will find it easier to push his

advantage up to any given degree of exorbitancy, than he would, if there were a greater number of persons of the same stamp to resort to.

As to the case where the law is so worded as to be liable to be evaded, in this case it is partly inefficacious and nugatory, and partly mischievous. It is nugatory as to all such whose confidence of its being so is perfect: it is mischievous, as before, in regard to all such who fail of possessing that perfect confidence. If the borrower can find nobody at all who has confidence enough to take advantage of the flaw, he stands precluded from all assistance, as before: and though he should, yet the lender's terms must necessarily run the higher, in proportion to what his confidence wants of being perfect. It is not likely that it should be perfect: it is still less likely that he should acknowledge it so to be: it is not likely, at least as matters stand in England, that the worst penned law made for this purpose should be altogether destitute of effect: and while it has any, that effect, we see, must be in one way or other mischievous.

I have already hinted at the disrepute, the ignominy, the reproach, which prejudice, the cause and the effect of these restrictive laws, has heaped upon that perfectly innocent and even meritorious class of men, who, not more for their own advantage than to the relief of the distresses of their neighbor, may have ventured to break through these restraints. It is certainly not a matter of indifference, that a class of persons, who, in every point of view in which their conduct can be placed, whether in relation to their own interest or in relation to that of the persons whom they have to deal with, as well on the score of prudence as on that of beneficence, (and of what use is even benevolence, but in as far as it is productive of beneficence?) deserve praise rather than censure, should be classed with the abandoned and profligate, and loaded with a degree of infamy which is due to those only whose conduct is in its tendency the most opposite to their own.

"This suffering," it may be said, "having already been taken account of, is not to be brought to account a second time: they are aware, as you yourself observe, of this inconvenience, and have taken care to get such amends for it, as they themselves look upon as sufficient." True: but is it sure that the compensation, such as it is, will always, in the event, have proved a sufficient one? Is there no room here for miscalculation? May there not be unexpected, unlooked-for incidents,

sufficient to turn into bitterness the utmost satisfaction which the difference of pecuniary emolument could afford? For who can see to the end of that inexhaustible train of consequences that are liable to ensue from the loss of reputation? who can fathom the abyss of infamy? At any rate, this article of mischief, if not an addition in its quantity to the others above noticed, is at least distinct from them in its nature, and as such ought not to be overlooked.

Nor is the event of the execution of the law by any means an unexampled one: several such, at different times, have fallen within my notice. Then comes absolute perdition: loss of character, and forfeiture, not of three times the extra interest, which formed the profit of the offense, but of three times the principal, which gave occasion to it.

The last article I have to mention in the account of mischief, is, the corruptive influence exercised by these laws on the morals of the people, by the pains they take, and cannot but take, to give birth to treachery and ingratitude. To purchase a possibility of being enforced, the law neither has found, nor, what is very material, must it ever hope to find, in this case, any other expedient, than that of hiring a man to break his engagement, and to crush the hand that has been reached out to help him. In the case of informers in general, there has been no troth plighted, nor benefit received. In the case of real criminals invited by rewards to inform against accomplices, it is by such *breach* of faith that society is held together, as in other cases by the *observance* of it. In the case of real crimes, in proportion as their mischievousness is apparent, what cannot but be manifest even to the criminal is, that it is by the adherence to his engagement that he would do an injury to society, and that, by the breach of such engagement, instead of doing mischief he is doing good: in the case of usury this is what no man can know, and what one can scarcely think it possible for any man, who in the character of the borrower has been concerned in such a transaction, to imagine. He knew that, even in his own judgment, the engagement was a beneficial one to himself, or he would not have entered into it: and nobody else but the lender is affected by it.

KANT AND SPINOZA ON PRINCIPLES OF MORAL ACTION.

[IMMANUEL KANT was born at Königsberg, Prussia, educated at its University, and spent his life in the city, as tutor, librarian, and finally professor. He published a cosmic theory (1755), a treatise "On the Beautiful and the Sublime" (1764), and other works; but his first epoch-making work was the "Critique of Pure Reason" (1781), followed by the "Critique of Practical Reason" (1788), and the "Critique of the Power of Judgment" (1790). His "Metaphysic of Ethics" appeared in 1785, and works on the metaphysics of religion in 1793 and of legal science in 1797.]

[BARUCH (in Latin, Benedictus) SPINOZA was born in Amsterdam, of Spanish Jew emigrants; excommunicated as a heretic by them in 1656, and narrowly escaping murder, he made his living thereafter by grinding lenses. He lived afterward near Leyden and at The Hague, where he died. He wrote in 1670 a "Theologico-Political Tractate," to demonstrate the necessity of free thought and speech in a community; but his chief work, perhaps the greatest metaphysical effort of the world, was the posthumously published "Ethics demonstrated in the Geometrical Order," based on the principles of Descartes, and setting forth the theory that mind and matter are only different manifestations of God.]

[Though these two, ranking among the world's few greatest metaphysicians, represent different metaphysical stages, — Spinoza, 1632–1677, preceding Leibnitz, and Kant, 1724–1804, following him, and both the latter greatly influenced by a desire to avoid Spinoza's pantheistic conclusions, — we present their ethical principles together for comparison.]

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE METAPHYSIC OF MORALS.

BY KANT.

WHAT is it that justifies virtue, or the morally good disposition, in making such lofty claims? It is nothing less than the privilege it secures to the rational being of participating in the giving of universal laws, by which it qualifies him to be a member of a possible kingdom of ends: a privilege to which he was already destined by his own nature as being an end in himself, and on that account legislating in the kingdom of ends; free as regards all laws of physical nature and obeying those only which he himself gives, and by which his maxims can belong to a system of universal law, to which at the same time he submits himself. For nothing has any worth except what the law assigns it. Now the legislation itself which assigns the worth of everything, must for that very reason possess dignity, that is, an unconditional, incomparable worth; and the word *respect* alone supplies a becoming expression for

the esteem which a rational being must have for it. *Autonomy* then is the basis of the dignity in human and of every rational nature. . . .

All maxims have —

1. A *form* consisting in universality; and in this view the formula of the moral imperative is expressed thus, — that the maxims must be so chosen as if they were to serve as universal laws of nature.

2. A *matter*, namely an end; and here the formula says that the rational being, as it is an end by its own nature and therefore an end in itself, must in every maxim serve as the condition limiting all merely relative and arbitrary ends.

3. A *complete determination* of all maxims by this formula; namely, that all maxims ought by their own legislation to harmonize with a possible kingdom of ends as with a kingdom of nature. There is a progress here in the order of the categories of *unity* of the form of the will (its universality), *plurality* of the matter (the objects, *i.e.* the ends), and *totality* of the system of these. In forming our moral *judgment* of actions it is better to proceed always on the strict method, and start from the general formula of the categorical imperative: *Act according to a maxim which can at the same time make itself a universal law.* If, however, we wish to gain an *entrance* for the moral law, it is very useful to bring one and the same action under the three specified conceptions, and thereby as far as possible to bring it nearer to intuition.

We can now end where we started at the beginning; namely, with the conception of a will unconditionally good. *That will is absolutely good* which cannot be evil; in other words, whose maxim, if made a universal law, could never contradict itself. This principle, then, is its supreme law: Act always on such a maxim as thou canst at the same time will to be a universal law; this is the sole condition under which a will can never contradict itself; and such an imperative is categorical. Since the validity of the will as a universal law for possible actions is analogous to the universal connection of the existence of things by general laws, which is the formal notion of nature in general, the categorical imperative can also be expressed thus: *Act on maxims which can at the same time have for their object themselves as universal laws of nature.* Such then is the formula of an absolutely good will.

Rational nature is distinguished from the rest of nature by

this, that it sets before itself an end. This end would be the matter of every good will. But since in the idea of a will that is absolutely good without being limited by any condition (of attaining this or that end), we must abstract wholly from every end *to be effected* (since this would make every will only relatively good), it follows that in this case the end must be conceived, not as an end to be effected, but as an *independently* existing end, consequently only negatively; *i.e.* as that which we must never act against, and which therefore must never be regarded merely as means, but must in every volition be esteemed as an end likewise. Now this end can be nothing but the subject of all possible ends, since this is also the subject of a possible absolutely good will; for such a will cannot without contradiction be postponed to any other object. The principle: So act in regard to every rational being (thyself and others), that he may always have place in thy maxim as an end in himself, is accordingly essentially identical with this other: Act upon a maxim which, at the same time, involves its own universal validity for every rational being. For that in using means for every end I should limit my maxim by the condition of its holding good as a law for every subject, this comes to the same thing as that the fundamental principle of all maxims of action must be that the subject of all ends—*i.e.* the rational being himself—be never employed merely as means, but as the supreme condition restricting the use of all means; that is, in every case as an end likewise.

It follows incontestably that, to whatever laws any rational being may be subject, he being an end in himself must be able to regard himself as also legislating universally in respect of these same laws, since it is just this fitness of his maxims for universal legislation that distinguishes him as an end in himself; also it follows that this implies his dignity (prerogative) above all mere physical beings, that he must always take his maxims from the point of view which regards himself, and likewise every other rational being, as lawgiving beings (on which account they are called persons). In this way a world of rational beings (*mundus intelligibilis*) is possible as a kingdom of ends, and this by virtue of the legislation proper to all persons as members. Therefore every rational being must so act as if he were by his maxims in every case a legislating member in the universal kingdom of ends. The formal principle of these maxims is: So act as if thy maxim were to serve likewise

as the universal law (of all rational beings). A kingdom of ends is thus only possible on the analogy of a kingdom of nature; the former however only by maxims — that is, self-imposed rules — the latter only by the laws of efficient causes acting under necessitation from without. Nevertheless, although the system of nature is looked upon as a machine, yet so far as it has reference to rational beings as its ends, it is given on this account the name of a kingdom of nature. Now such a kingdom of ends would be actually realized by maxims conforming to the canon which the categorical imperative prescribes to all rational beings, *if they were universally followed.* But although a rational being, even if he punctually follows this maxim himself, cannot reckon upon all others being therefore true to the same, nor that the kingdom of nature and its orderly arrangements shall be in harmony with him as a fitting member, so as to form a kingdom of ends to which he himself contributes — that is to say, that it shall favor his expectation of happiness — still that law: Act according to the maxims of a member of a merely possible kingdom of ends legislating in it universally — remains in full force, since it commands categorically. And it is just in this that the paradox lies; that the mere dignity of man as a rational creature, without any other end or advantage to be attained thereby — in other words, respect for a mere idea — should yet serve as an inflexible precept of the will, and that it is precisely in this independence of the maxim on all such springs of action that its sublimity consists: and it is this that makes every rational subject worthy to be a legislative member in the kingdom of ends; for otherwise he would have to be conceived only as subject to the physical law of his wants. And although we should suppose the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of ends to be united under one sovereign, so that the latter thereby ceased to be a mere idea and acquired true reality, then it would no doubt gain the accession of a strong spring, but by no means any increase of its intrinsic worth. For this sole absolute lawgiver must, notwithstanding this, be always conceived as estimating the worth of rational beings only by their disinterested behavior, as prescribed to themselves from that idea (the dignity of man) alone. The essence of things is not altered by their external relations, and that which, abstracting from these, alone constitutes the absolute worth of man, is also that by which he must be judged, whoever the judge may be, and even

by the Supreme Being. *Morality* then is the relation of actions to the autonomy of the will; that is, to the potential universal legislation by its maxims. An action that is consistent with the autonomy of the will is *permitted;* one that does not agree therewith is *forbidden.* A will whose maxims necessarily coincide with the laws of autonomy is a *holy* will, good absolutely. The dependence of a will not absolutely good on the principle of autonomy (moral necessitation) is obligation. This, then, cannot be applied to a holy being. The objective necessity of actions from obligation is called *duty.*

Principles of Human Action.

By SPINOZA.

All our endeavors or desires so follow from the necessity of our nature, that they can be understood either through it alone, as their approximate cause, or by virtue of our being a part of nature, which cannot be adequately conceived through itself without other individuals.

Desires which follow from our nature, in such a manner that they can be understood through it alone, are those which are referred to the mind in so far as the latter is conceived to consist of adequate ideas: the remaining desires are only referred to the mind in so far as it conceives things inadequately, and their force and increase are generally defined, not by the power of man, but by the power of things external to us: wherefore the former are rightly called actions, the latter passions; for the former always indicate our power, the latter, on the other hand, show our infirmity and fragmentary knowledge.

Our actions, that is, those desires which are defined by man's power or reason, are always good. The rest may be either good or bad.

Thus, in life it is before all things useful to perfect the understanding or reason, as far as we can, and in this alone man's highest happiness or blessedness consists, indeed blessedness is nothing else but the contentment of spirit which arises from the intuitive knowledge of God: now, to perfect the understanding is nothing else but to understand God, God's attributes, and the actions which follow from the necessity of his nature. Wherefore, of a man who is led by reason, the ultimate aim of our highest desire, whereby he seeks to govern all his fellows, is that whereby he is brought to the adequate concep-

tion of himself and of all things within the scope of his intelligence.

Therefore, without intelligence there is no rational life: and things are only good in so far as they aid man in his enjoyment of the intellectual life, which is defined by intelligence. Contrariwise, whatsoever things hinder man's perfecting of his reason and capability to enjoy the rational life are alone called evil.

As all things whereof man is the efficient cause are necessarily good, no evil can befall man except through external causes; namely, by virtue of man being a part of universal nature, whose laws human nature is compelled to obey, and to conform to in almost infinite ways.

It is impossible that man should not be a part of nature, or that he should not follow her general order: but if he be thrown among individuals whose nature is in harmony with his own, his power of action will thereby be aided and fostered; whereas, if he be thrown among such as are but very little in harmony with his nature, he will hardly be able to accommodate himself to them without undergoing a great change himself.

Whatsoever in nature we deem to be evil, or to be capable of injuring our faculty for existing and enjoying the rational life, we may endeavor to remove in whatever way seems safest to us; on the other hand, whatsoever we deem to be good or useful for preserving our being, and enabling us to enjoy the rational life, we may appropriate to our use and employ as we think best. Every one without exception may, by sovereign right of nature, do whatsoever he thinks will advance his own interest.

Nothing can be in more harmony with the nature of any given thing than other individuals of the same species; therefore for man, in the preservation of his being and the enjoyment of the rational life, there is nothing more useful than his fellow-man who is led by reason. Further, as we know not anything among individual things which is more excellent than a man led by reason, no man can better display the power of his skill and disposition than in so training man that they come at last to live under the dominion of their own reason.

In so far as men are influenced by envy or any kind of hatred, one towards another, they are at variance, and are therefore to be feared in proportion as they are more powerful than their fellows.

Yet minds are not conquered by force, but by love and high-mindedness.

It is before all things useful to men to associate their ways of life, to bind themselves together with such bonds as they think most fitted to gather them all into unity, and generally to do whatsoever serves to strengthen friendship.

But for this there is need of skill and watchfulness. For men are diverse (seeing that those who live under the guidance of reason are few), yet are they generally envious, and more prone to revenge than to sympathy. No small force of character is therefore required to take every one as he is, and to restrain one's self from imitating the emotions of others. But those who carp at mankind, and are more skilled in railing advice than instilling virtue, and who break rather than strengthen men's dispositions, are hurtful both to themselves and others. Thus many, from too great impatience of spirit, or from misguided religious zeal, have preferred to live among brutes rather than among men: as boys or youths, who cannot peaceably endure the chidings of their parents, will enlist as soldiers and choose the hardships of war and the despotic discipline, in preference to the comforts of home and the admonitions of their father; suffering any burden to be put upon them, so long as they may spite their parents.

Those things which beget harmony are such as are attributable to justice, equity, and honorable living. For men brook ill not only what is unjust or iniquitous, but also what is reckoned disgraceful, or that a man should slight the received customs of their society. For winning love those qualities are especially necessary which have regard to religion and piety.

Further, harmony is often the result of fear; but such harmony is insecure. Further, fear arises from infirmity of spirit, and moreover belongs not to the exercise of reason; the same is true of compassion, though this latter seems to bear a certain resemblance to piety.

Men are also gained over by liberality, especially such as have not the means to buy what is necessary to sustain life. However, to give aid to every poor man is far beyond the power and the advantage of any private person. For the riches of any private person are wholly inadequate to meet such a call; again, an individual man's resources of character are too limited for him to be able to make all men his friends. Hence providing

for the poor is a duty which falls on the State as a whole, and has regard only to the general advantage.

Correctness of conduct (*modestia*), that is, the desire of pleasing men, which is determined by reason, is attributable to piety, but, if it spring from emotion, it is ambition, or the desire whereby men, under the false cloak of piety, generally stir up discords and seditions. For he who desires to aid his fellows either in word or in deed, so that they may together enjoy the highest good — he, I say, will before all things strive to win them over with love ; not to draw them into admiration, so that a system may be called after his name, nor to give any cause for envy. Further, in his conversation he will shrink from talking of men's faults, and will be careful to speak but sparingly of human infirmity ; but he will dwell at length on human virtue or power, and the way whereby it may be perfected. Thus will men be stirred not by fear nor by aversion, but only by the emotion of joy, to endeavor, so far as in them lies, to live in obedience to reason. . . .

As, therefore, those things are good which assist the various parts of the body, and enable them to perform their functions ; and as pleasure consists in an increase of, or aid to, man's power, in so far as he is composed of mind and body: it follows that all those things which bring pleasure are good. But seeing that things do not work with the object of giving us pleasure, and that their power of action is not tempered to suit our advantage, and lastly, that pleasure is generally referred to one part of the body more than the other parts; therefore most emotions of pleasure (unless reason and watchfulness be at hand), and consequently the desires arising therefrom, may become excessive. Moreover, we may add that emotion leads us to pay most regard to what is agreeable in the present, nor can we estimate what is future with emotions equally vivid.

Superstition, on the other hand, seems to account as good all that brings pain, and as bad all that brings pleasure. However, none but the envious take delight in any infirmity and trouble. For the greater the pleasure whereby we are affected, the greater is the perfection whereto we pass, and consequently the more do we partake of the divine nature ; no pleasure can ever be evil, which is regulated by a true regard for our advantage. But contrariwise, he who is led by fear, and does good only to avoid evil, is not guided by reason.

POWERS CONFERRED BY NEW CONSTITUTION.

By ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

[ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the great American statesman, was the son of a Scotch merchant and a French physician's daughter in Nevis Island, West Indies; born January 11, 1757. He had no schooling beyond twelve; then taken into a general store, at fourteen was left in sole charge of it for months. Writing at fifteen a description of a hurricane in the West Indies which attracted wide attention, he was enabled to go to King's (now Columbia) College in New York in 1774. He took vigorous part in the debates on resistance to England, and at eighteen was the recognized head of the moderate patriotic section. He studied the art of war, became captain of the first Continental artillery company, fought at Long Island, Trenton, Princeton, etc., was Washington's private secretary 1777–1781, married General Schuyler's daughter in 1780, and aided in forcing Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. After this he became a lawyer and leader of the bar in New York, and head of the party which wished a strong central United States government. His letters and other counsel outlived the form which that government first took, and his influence was decisive in turning the Annapolis Commercial Convention of 1786 into one which discussed the remodeling of the whole governmental framework, and procured the one at Philadelphia in 1787 which did so remodel it. The struggle over this brought out the *Federalist* papers from Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, which remain among the foremost political treasures of the world; he had even during the Revolution preluded them by the *Continentalist*. In the New York Convention to ratify the Constitution, he turned a small initial minority into a majority for ratification. In Washington's first Cabinet he was Secretary of the Treasury, organized the department as in the main it still exists, and created sound national finance and prosperity out of most disheartening material. His State papers are of the highest permanent value. He framed a sound system of taxation, created (on a very moderate scale) the protection-tariff system, outlined the internal-improvement policy, and devised the policy of a United States Bank. In 1794 he crushed with great vigor and promptness the insurrection in western Pennsylvania against the whisky tax. Returning to private practice in New York, he became the head of the Federalist party when the Jefferson-Madison wing split away as the Republican party, later Democratic-Republican; in 1796–1800 his irreconcilable feud with John Adams, the official party chief, helped greatly to split the party and elect Jefferson. A deeper quarrel with Aaron Burr, the Vice-President, a political *condottière* who represented only personal ambition, resulted in a duel in which Hamilton fell, dying next day, July 11, 1804.]

To the People of the State of New York, —

To the powers proposed to be conferred upon the federal government, in respect to the creation and direction of the national forces, I have met with but one specific objection, which, if I understand it right, is this — that proper provision has not been made against the existence of standing armies in time of peace; an objection which I shall now endeavor to show rests on weak and unsubstantial foundations.

The objection under consideration turns upon a supposed necessity of restraining the LEGISLATIVE authority of the

nation, in the article of military establishments; a principle unheard of, except in one or two of our State constitutions, and rejected in all the rest.

A stranger to our politics who was to read our newspapers at the present juncture, without having previously inspected the plan reported by the convention, would be naturally led to one of two conclusions: either that it contained a positive injunction that standing armies should be kept up in time of peace; or that it vested in the EXECUTIVE the whole power of levying troops without subjecting his discretion, in any shape, to the control of the legislature.

If he came afterward to peruse the plan itself, he would be surprised to discover that neither the one nor the other was the case; that the whole power of raising armies was lodged in the *Legislature*, not in the *Executive;* that this legislature was to be a popular body, consisting of the representatives of the people, periodically elected; and that instead of the provision he had supposed in favor of standing armies, there was to be found, in respect to this object, an important qualification even of the legislative discretion, in that clause which forbids the appropriation of money for the support of an army for any longer period than two years—a precaution which, upon a nearer view of it, will appear to be a great and real security against the keeping up of troops without evident necessity.

Disappointed in his first surmise, the person I have supposed would be apt to pursue his conjectures a little further. He would naturally say to himself, it is impossible that all this vehement and pathetic declamation can be without some colorable pretext. It must needs be that this people, so jealous of their liberties, have, in all the preceding models of the constitutions which they have established, inserted the most precise and rigid precautions on this point, the omission of which, in the new plan, has given birth to all this apprehension and clamor.

If, under this impression, he proceeded to pass in review the several State constitutions, how great would be his disappointment to find that *two only* of them contained an interdiction of standing armies in time of peace; that the other eleven had either observed a profound silence on the subject, or had in express terms admitted the right of the legislature to authorize their existence.

Still, however, he would be persuaded that there must be some plausible foundation for the cry raised on this head. He

would never be able to imagine, while any source of information remained unexplored, that it was nothing more than an experiment upon the public credulity, dictated either by a deliberate intention to deceive or by the overflowings of a zeal too intemperate to be ingenuous. It would probably occur to him that he would be likely to find the precautions he was in search of in the primitive compact between the States. Here at length he would expect to meet with a solution of the enigma. No doubt, he would observe to himself, the existing Confederation must contain the most explicit provisions against military establishments in time of peace; and a departure from this model, in a favorite point, has occasioned the discontent which appears to influence these political champions.

If he should now apply himself to a careful and critical survey of the articles of Confederation, his astonishment would not only be increased, but would acquire a mixture of indignation at the unexpected discovery that these articles, instead of containing the prohibition he looked for, and though they had, with jealous circumspection, restricted the authority of the State legislatures in this particular, had not imposed a single restraint on that of the United States. If he happened to be a man of quick sensibility or ardent temper, he could now no longer refrain from regarding these clamors as the dishonest artifices of a sinister and unprincipled opposition to a plan which ought at least to receive a fair and candid examination from all sincere lovers of their country! How else, he would say, could the authors of them have been tempted to vent such loud censures upon that plan, about a point in which it seems to have conformed itself to the general sense of America as declared in its different forms of government, and in which it has even superadded a new and powerful guard unknown to any of them? If, on the contrary, he happened to be a man of calm and dispassionate feelings, he would indulge a sigh for the frailty of human nature, and would lament that, in a matter so interesting to the happiness of millions, the true merits of the question should be perplexed and entangled by expedients so unfriendly to an impartial and right determination. Even such a man could hardly forbear remarking that a conduct of this kind has too much the appearance of an intention to mislead the people by alarming their passions, rather than to convince them by arguments addressed to their understandings.

But however little this objection may be countenanced, even

by precedents among ourselves, it may be satisfactory to take a nearer view of its intrinsic merits. From a close examination it will appear that restraints upon the discretion of the legislature in respect to military establishments in time of peace would be improper to be imposed, and if imposed, from the necessities of society, would be unlikely to be observed.

Though a wide ocean separates the United States from Europe, yet there are various considerations that warn us against an excess of confidence or security. On one side of us, and stretching far into our rear, are growing settlements subject to the dominion of Britain. On the other side, and extending to meet the British settlements, are colonies and establishments subject to the dominion of Spain. This situation and the vicinity of the West India Islands, belonging to these two powers, create between them, in respect to their American possessions and in relation to us, a common interest. The savage tribes on our Western frontier ought to be regarded as our natural enemies, their natural allies, because they have most to fear from us, and most to hope from them. The improvements in the art of navigation have, as to the facility of communication, rendered distant nations, in a great measure, neighbors. Britain and Spain are among the principal maritime powers of Europe. A future concert of views between these nations ought not to be regarded as improbable. The increasing remoteness of consanguinity is every day diminishing the force of the family compact between France and Spain. And politicians have ever, with great reason, considered the ties of blood as feeble and precarious links of political connection. These circumstances, combined, admonish us not to be too sanguine in considering ourselves as entirely out of the reach of danger.

Previous to the Revolution, and ever since the peace, there has been a constant necessity for keeping small garrisons on our Western frontier. No person can doubt that these will continue to be indispensable, if it should only be against the ravages and depredations of the Indians. These garrisons must either be furnished by occasional detachments from the militia or by permanent corps in the pay of the government. The first is impracticable ; and, if practicable, would be pernicious. The militia would not long, if at all, submit to be dragged from their occupations and families to perform that most disagreeable duty in times of profound peace. And if they could be pre-

vailed upon or compelled to do it, the increased expense of a frequent rotation of service, and the loss of labor and disconcertion of the industrious pursuits of individuals, would form conclusive objections to the scheme. It would be as burdensome and injurious to the public as ruinous to private citizens. The latter resource of permanent corps in the pay of the government amounts to a standing army in time of peace; a small one, indeed, but not the less real for being small. Here is a simple view of the subject, that shows us at once the impropriety of a constitutional interdiction of such establishments and the necessity of leaving the matter to the discretion and prudence of the legislature.

In proportion to our increase in strength, it is probable, nay, it may be said certain, that Britain and Spain would augment their military establishments in our neighborhood. If we should not be willing to be exposed, in a naked and defenseless condition, to their insults and encroachments, we should find it expedient to increase our frontier garrisons in some ratio to the force by which our Western settlements might be annoyed. There are, and will be, particular posts, the possession of which will include the command of large districts of territory, and facilitate future invasions of the remainder. It may be added that some of those posts will be keys to the trade with the Indian nations. Can any man think it would be wise to leave such posts in a situation to be at any instant seized by one or the other of two neighboring and formidable powers? To act this part would be to desert all the usual maxims of prudence and policy.

If we mean to be a commercial people, or even to be secure on our Atlantic side, we must endeavor, as soon as possible, to have a navy. To this purpose there must be dockyards and arsenals; and for the defense of these, fortifications and probably garrisons. When a nation has become so powerful by sea that it can protect its dockyards by its fleets, this supersedes the necessity of garrisons for that purpose; but where naval establishments are in their infancy, moderate garrisons will, in all likelihood, be found an indispensable security against descents for the destruction of the arsenals and dockyards, and sometimes of the fleet itself.

GENERAL POWER OF NATIONAL TAXATION.

By ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

To the People of the State of New York,—

It has been already observed that the Federal government ought to possess the power of providing for the support of the national forces; in which proposition was intended to be included the expense of raising troops, of building and equipping fleets, and all other expenses in any wise connected with military arrangements and operations. But these are not the only objects to which the jurisdiction of the Union, in respect to revenue, must necessarily be empowered to extend. It must embrace a provision for the support of the national civil list; for the payment of the national debts contracted, or that may be contracted; and in general, for all those matters which will call for disbursements out of the national treasury. The conclusion is that there must be interwoven in the frame of the government a general power of taxation, in one shape or another.

Money is with propriety considered as the vital principle of the body politic; as that which sustains its life and motion, and enables it to perform its most essential functions. A complete power, therefore, to procure a regular and adequate supply of it, as far as the resources of the community will permit, may be regarded as an indispensable ingredient in every constitution. From a deficiency in this particular, one of two evils must ensue: either the people must be subjected to continual plunder as a substitute for a more eligible mode of supplying the public wants, or the government must sink into a fatal atrophy, and, in a short course of time, perish.

In the Ottoman or Turkish empire, the sovereign, though in other respects absolute master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, has no right to impose a new tax. The consequence is that he permits the bashaws or governors of provinces to pillage the people without mercy; and, in turn, squeezes out of them the sums of which he stands in need to satisfy his own exigencies and those of the state. In America, from a like cause, the government of the Union has gradually dwindled into a state of decay approaching nearly to annihilation. Who can doubt that the happiness of the people in both countries

would be promoted by competent authorities in the proper hands, to provide the revenues which the necessities of the public might require.

The present Confederation, feeble as it is, intended to repose in the United States an unlimited power of providing for the pecuniary wants of the Union. But proceeding upon an erroneous principle, it has been done in such a manner as entirely to have frustrated the intention. Congress, by the articles which compose that compact (as has already been stated), are authorized to ascertain and call for any sums of money necessary, in their judgment, to the service of the United States; and their requisitions, if conformable to the rule of apportionment, are in every constitutional sense obligatory upon the States. These have no right to question the propriety of the demand; no discretion beyond that of devising the ways and means of furnishing the sums demanded. But though this be strictly and truly the case; though the assumption of such a right would be an infringement of the articles of Union; though it may seldom or never have been avowedly claimed, yet in practice it has been constantly exercised, and would continue to be so, as long as the revenues of the Confederacy should remain dependent on the intermediate agency of its members. What the consequences of this system have been is within the knowledge of every man the least conversant in our public affairs, and has been amply unfolded in different parts of these inquiries. It is this which has chiefly contributed to reduce us to a situation which affords ample cause both of mortification to ourselves and of triumph to our enemies.

What remedy can there be for this situation, but in a change of the system which has produced it — in a change of the fallacious and delusive system of quotas and requisitions? What substitute can there be imagined for this *ignis fatuus* in finance, but that of permitting the national government to raise its own revenues by the ordinary methods of taxation authorized in every well-ordered constitution of civil government? Ingenious men may declaim with plausibility on any subject; but no human ingenuity can point out any other expedient to rescue us from the inconveniences and embarrassments naturally resulting from defective supplies of the public treasury.

The more intelligent adversaries of the new Constitution admit the force of this reasoning; but they qualify their ad-

mission by a distinction between what they call *internal* and *external* taxation. The former they would reserve to the State governments; the latter, which they explain into commercial imposts, or rather duties on imported articles, they declare themselves willing to concede to the federal head. This distinction, however, would violate the maxim of good sense and sound policy which dictates that every POWER ought to be in proportion to its OBJECT; and would still leave the general government in a kind of tutelage to the State governments, inconsistent with every idea of vigor or efficiency. Who can pretend that commercial imposts are, or would be, alone equal to the present and future exigencies of the Union? Taking into the account the existing debt, foreign and domestic, upon any plan of extinguishment which a man moderately impressed with the importance of public justice and public credit could approve, in addition to the establishments which all parties will acknowledge to be necessary, we could not reasonably flatter ourselves that this resource alone, upon the most improved scale, would even suffice for its present necessities. Its future necessities admit not of calculation or limitation; and upon the principle, more than once adverted to, the power of making provision for them as they arise ought to be equally unconfined. I believe it may be regarded as a position warranted by the history of mankind, that, *in the usual progress of things, the necessities of a nation, in every stage of its existence, will be found at least equal to its resources.*

To say that deficiencies may be provided for by requisitions upon the States is on the one hand to acknowledge that this system cannot be depended upon, and on the other hand to depend upon it for everything beyond a certain limit. Those who have carefully attended to its vices and deformities, as they have been exhibited by experience or delineated in the course of these papers, must feel invincible repugnancy to trusting the national interests in any degree to its operation. Its inevitable tendency, whenever it is brought into activity, must be to enfeeble the Union and sow the seeds of discord and contention between the federal head and its members, and between the members themselves. Can it be expected that the deficiencies would be better supplied in this mode than the total wants of the Union have heretofore been supplied in the same mode? It ought to be recollected that if less will be required from the States, they will have propor-

tionably less means to answer the demand. If the opinions of those who contend for the distinction which has been mentioned were to be received as evidence of truth, one would be led to conclude that there was some known point in the economy of national affairs at which it would be safe to stop and to say: Thus far the ends of public happiness will be promoted by supplying the wants of government, and all beyond this is unworthy of our care or anxiety. How is it possible that a government half supplied and always necessitous can fulfill the purposes of its institution, can provide for the security, advance the prosperity, or support the reputation of the commonwealth? How can it ever possess either energy or stability, dignity or credit, confidence at home or respectability abroad? How can its administration be anything else than a succession of expedients temporizing, impotent, disgraceful? How will it be able to avoid a frequent sacrifice of its engagements to immediate necessity? How can it undertake or execute any liberal or enlarged plans of public good?

Let us attend to what would be the effects of this situation in the very first war in which we should happen to be engaged. We will presume, for argument's sake, that the revenue arising from the impost duties answers the purposes of a provision for the public debt and of a peace establishment for the Union. Thus circumstanced, a war breaks out. What would be the probable conduct of the government in such an emergency? Taught by experience that proper dependence could not be placed on the success of requisitions, unable by its own authority to lay hold of fresh resources, and urged by considerations of national danger, would it not be driven to the expedient of diverting the funds already appropriated from their proper objects to the defense of the State? It is not easy to see how a step of this kind could be avoided; and if it should be taken, it is evident that it would prove the destruction of public credit at the very moment that it was becoming essential to the public safety. To imagine that at such a crisis credit might be dispensed with, would be the extreme of infatuation. In the modern system of war nations the most wealthy are obliged to have recourse to large loans. A country so little opulent as ours must feel this necessity in a much stronger degree. But who would lend to a government that prefaced its overtures for borrowing by an act which demonstrated that no reliance could be placed on the steadiness of its measures for paying? The loans it

might be able to procure would be as limited in their extent as burdensome in their conditions. They would be made upon the same principles that usurers commonly lend to bankrupt and fraudulent debtors — with a sparing hand and at enormous premiums.

It may perhaps be imagined that, from the scantiness of the resources of the country, the necessity of diverting the established funds, in the case supposed, would exist, though the national government should possess an unrestrained power of taxation. But two considerations will serve to quiet all apprehension on this head: one is that we are sure the resources of the community, in their full extent, will be brought into activity for the benefit of the Union; the other is that whatever deficiencies there may be can without difficulty be supplied by loans.

The power of creating new funds upon new objects of taxation, by its own authority, would enable the national government to borrow as far as its necessities might require. Foreigners, as well as the citizens of America, could then reasonably repose confidence in its engagements; but to depend upon a government that must itself depend upon thirteen other governments for the means of fulfilling its contracts, when once its situation is clearly understood, would require a degree of credulity not often to be met with in the pecuniary transactions of mankind, and little reconcilable with the usual sharp-sightedness of avarice.

Reflections of this kind may have trifling weight with men who hope to see realized in America the halcyon scenes of the poetic or fabulous age; but to those who believe we are likely to experience a common portion of the vicissitudes and calamities which have fallen to the lot of other nations, they must appear entitled to serious attention. Such men must behold the actual situation of their country with painful solicitude, and deprecate the evils which ambition or revenge might, with too much facility, inflict upon it.

THE SHIPWRECK AND VIRGINIA'S DEATH.

By BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

(From "Paul and Virginia.")

[Jacques Henri Bernardin Saint Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia," was born at Havre, January 19, 1737; died at Éragny, near Pontoise, January 21, 1814. His education was irregular, and though he wished to become a missionary he was forced by circumstances to take up the life of an engineer, which he later abandoned to devote himself to literature. He was eccentric, melancholy, and sentimental, and though he wrote much that is good, his only work of genius was "Paul and Virginia" (1788). His other works are: "Voyage à l'Île de France" (1773), "Études de la Nature" (3 vols., 1784), "Vœux d'un Solitaire" (1789), and "La Chaumière Indienne" (1791).]

One morning, at break of day (it was the 24th December, 1744), Paul when he arose perceived a white flag hoisted upon the Mountain of Discovery. This flag he knew to be the signal of a vessel descried at sea. He instantly flew to the town to learn if this vessel brought any tidings of Virginia, and waited there till the return of the pilot, who was gone, according to custom, to board the ship. The pilot did not return till the evening, when he brought the Governor information that the signaled vessel was the "Saint-Geran," of seven hundred tons' burthen, and commanded by a captain of the name of Aubin; that she was now four leagues out at sea, but would probably anchor at Port Louis the following afternoon, if the wind became fair: at present there was a calm. The pilot then handed to the Governor a number of letters which the "Saint-Geran" had brought from France, among which was one addressed to Madame de la Tour, in the handwriting of Virginia. Paul seized upon the letter, kissed it with transport, and, placing it in his bosom, flew to the plantation. No sooner did he perceive from a distance the family, who were awaiting his return upon the Rock of Adieus, then he waved the letter aloft in the air, without being able to utter a word. No sooner was the seal broken, than they all crowded round Madame de la Tour, to hear the letter read. Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced much ill usage from her aunt, who, after having in vain urged her to a marriage against her inclination, had disinherited her, and had sent her back at a time when she would probably reach the Mauritius during the hurricane season. In vain, she added, had she endeavored

to soften her aunt, by representing what she owed to her mother, and to her early habits: she was treated as a romantic girl, whose head had been turned by novels. She could now only think of the joy of again seeing and embracing her beloved family, and would have gratified her ardent desire at once by landing in the pilot's boat, if the captain had allowed her; but that he had objected, on account of the distance, and of a heavy swell, which, notwithstanding the calm, reigned in the open sea.

As soon as the letter was finished, the whole of the family, transported with joy, repeatedly exclaimed, "Virginia is arrived!" and mistresses and servants embraced each other. Madame de la Tour said to Paul, "My son, go and inform our neighbor of Virginia's arrival." Domingo immediately lighted a torch of bois de ronde, and he and Paul bent their way towards my dwelling.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and I was just going to extinguish my lamp and retire to rest, when I perceived through the palisades round my cottage a light in the woods. Soon after, I heard the voice of Paul calling me. I instantly arose, and had hardly dressed myself, when Paul, almost beside himself, and panting for breath, sprang on my neck, crying: "Come along, come along! Virginia is arrived. Let us go to the port: the vessel will anchor at break of day."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when we set off. As we were passing through the woods of the Sloping Mountain, and were already on the road which leads from the Shaddock Grove to the port, I heard some one walking behind us. It proved to be a negro, and he was advancing with hasty steps. When he had reached us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going with such expedition. He answered: "I come from that part of the island called Golden Dust; and am sent to the port, to inform the Governor that a ship from France has anchored under the Isle of Amber. She is firing guns of distress, for the sea is very rough." Having said this, the man left us, and pursued his journey without any further delay.

I then said to Paul: "Let us go towards the quarter of the Golden Dust, and meet Virginia there. It is not more than three leagues from hence." We accordingly bent our course towards the northern part of the island. The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen, and was surrounded by

three large black circles. A frightful darkness shrouded the sky; but the frequent flashes of lightning discovered to us long rows of thick and gloomy clouds, hanging very low, and heaped together over the center of the island, being driven in with great rapidity from the ocean, although not a breath of air was perceptible upon the land. As we walked along, we thought we heard peals of thunder; but on listening more attentively, we perceived that it was the sound of cannon at a distance, repeated by the echoes. These ominous sounds, joined to the tempestuous aspect of the heavens, made me shudder. I had little doubt of their being signals of distress from a ship in danger. In about half an hour the firing ceased, and I found the silence still more appalling than the dismal sounds which had preceded it.

We hastened on without uttering a word, or daring to communicate to each other our mutual apprehensions. At midnight, by great exertion, we arrived at the seashore, in that part of the island called Golden Dust. The billows were breaking against the beach with a horrible noise, covering the rocks and the strand with foam of a dazzling whiteness, blended with sparks of fire. By these phosphoric gleams we distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness, a number of fishing canoes, drawn up high upon the beach.

At the entrance of a wood, a short distance from us, we saw a fire, round which a party of the inhabitants were assembled. We repaired thither, in order to rest ourselves till the morning. While we were seated near this fire, one of the standers-by related, that late in the afternoon he had seen a vessel in the open sea, driven towards the island by the currents; that the night had hidden it from his view; and that two hours after sunset he had heard the firing of signal guns of distress, but that the surf was so high that it was impossible to launch a boat to go off to her; that a short time after, he thought he perceived the glimmering of the watch lights on board the vessel, which he feared, by its having approached so near the coast, had steered between the mainland and the little island of Amber, mistaking the latter for the Point of Endeavor, near which vessels pass in order to gain Port Louis; and that, if this were the case, which, however, he would not take upon himself to be certain of, the ship, he thought, was in very great danger. Another islander then informed us that he had frequently crossed the channel which separates the Isle of Amber

from the coast, and had sounded it; that the anchorage was very good, and that the ship would there lie as safely as in the best harbor. "I would stake all I am worth upon it," said he, "and if I were on board, I should sleep as sound as on shore." A third bystander declared that it was impossible for the ship to enter that channel, which was scarcely navigable for a boat. He was certain, he said, that he had seen the vessel at anchor beyond the Isle of Amber; so that, if the wind arose in the morning, she could either put to sea or gain the harbor. Other inhabitants gave different opinions upon this subject, which they continued to discuss in the usual desultory manner of the indolent creoles. Paul and I observed a profound silence. We remained on this spot till break of day, but the weather was too hazy to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, everything being covered with fog. All we could descry to seaward was a dark cloud, which they told us was the Isle of Amber, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the coast. On this gloomy day we could only discern the point of land on which we were standing, and the peaks of some inland mountains which started out occasionally from the midst of the clouds that hung around them.

At about seven in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods: it announced the approach of the Governor, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, who soon after arrived on horseback, at the head of a detachment of soldiers armed with muskets, and a crowd of islanders and negroes. He drew up his soldiers upon the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge. This was no sooner done than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water, which was instantly followed by the report of a cannon. We judged that the ship was at no great distance, and all ran towards that part whence the light and sound proceeded. We now discerned through the fog the hull and yards of a large vessel. We were so near to her that, notwithstanding the tumult of the waves, we could distinctly hear the whistle of the boatswain and the shouts of the sailors, who cried out three times, VIVE LE ROI! this being the cry of the French in extreme danger, as well as in exuberant joy; — as though they wished to call their prince to their aid, or to testify to him that they are prepared to lay down their lives in his service.

As soon as the "Saint-Geran" perceived that we were near enough to render her assistance, she continued to fire guns

regularly at intervals of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A number of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes loaded with provisions and cordage, which they had brought from the plantations of Golden Dust, from the district of La Flaque, and from the river of the Rampart. One of the most aged of these planters, approaching the Governor, said to him, "We have heard all night hollow noises in the mountain; in the woods, the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea birds seek refuge upon the land: it is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane." "Well, my friends," answered the Governor, "we are prepared for it, and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The center of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were tinged with a copper-colored hue. The air resounded with the cries of tropic birds, petrels, frigate birds, and innumerable other sea fowl which, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, were seen coming from every point of the horizon to seek for shelter in the island.

Towards nine in the morning we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains. A general cry was heard of "There is the hurricane!" — and the next moment a frightful gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the Isle of Amber and its channel. The "Saint-Geran" then presented herself to our view, her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmasts lowered down, and her flag half-mast high, moored by four cables at her bow and one at her stern. She had anchored between the Isle of Amber and the mainland, inside the chain of reefs which encircles the island, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her head to the waves that rolled in from the open sea, and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait where she lay, her bow lifted to such a degree as to show her keel; and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether from our sight, as if it were swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and waves towards the

shore, it was equally impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her way; or, by cutting her cables, to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand banks and reefs of rocks. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up heaps of shingle to the distance of fifty feet upon the land; then, rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, from which it rolled immense stones, with a hoarse and dismal noise. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber was soon one vast sheet of white foam, full of yawning pits of black and deep billows. Heaps of this foam, more than six feet high, were piled up at the bottom of the bay; and the winds which swept its surface carried masses of it over the steep sea bank, scattering it upon the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the very foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the ocean. The appearance of the horizon portended a lasting tempest: the sky and the water seemed blended together. Thick masses of clouds, of a frightful form, swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. Not a single spot of blue sky could be discerned in the whole firmament; and a pale yellow gleam only lightened up all the objects of the earth, the sea, and the skies.

From the violent rolling of the ship, what we all dreaded happened at last. The cables which held her bow were torn away; she then swung to a single hawser, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at the distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when, seizing him by the arm,—

"My son," I exclaimed, "would you perish?"—"Let me go to save her," he cried, "or let me die!"

Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord round his waist, and held it fast by the end. Paul then precipitated himself towards the "Saint-Geran," now swimming, and now walking upon the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching the vessel, which the sea, by the reflux of its waves, had left almost dry, so that you could have walked round it on foot; but suddenly the billows, returning with fresh fury, shrouded

it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The breakers at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half dead. The moment he had recovered the use of his senses, he arose, and returned with new ardor towards the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes of the billows. The crew then, despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea upon yards, planks, hencoops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we beheld an object which wrung our hearts with grief and pity: a young lady appeared in the stern gallery of the "Saint-Geran," stretching out her arms towards him who was making so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this amiable girl, exposed to such horrible danger, filled us with unutterable despair. As for Virginia, with a firm and dignified mien she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea, except one, who still remained upon the deck, and who was naked, and strong as Hercules.

This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet, attempted to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with modesty, and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her!—save her!—do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain billow, of enormous magnitude, ingulfed itself between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head.

At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea, and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, crossed her hands upon her breast, and, raising upwards her serene and beauteous eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to heaven.

Oh, day of horror! Alas! everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows. The surge threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance towards Virginia, far up on the beach, and also the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling on the sand, exclaimed, "Oh my God! Thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it willingly for that excellent young lady, who persevered in not undressing herself as I had done."

Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul to the shore. He was senseless, and blood was flowing from his mouth and ears. The Governor ordered him to be put into the hands of a surgeon, while we, on our part, wandered along the beach, in hopes that the sea would throw up the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it frequently happens during hurricanes, our search was in vain; and we had the grief of thinking that we should not be able to bestow on this sweet and unfortunate girl the last sad duties. We retired from the spot overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous girl, to doubt the existence of Providence; for there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the mean time, Paul, who began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood, till he was in a fit state to be removed to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo, to discharge the melancholy duty of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event which had happened. When we had reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown up many pieces of the wreck in the opposite bay. We descended towards it; and one of the first objects which struck my sight upon the beach was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half covered with sand, and preserved the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not sensibly changed; her eyes were closed, and her countenance was still serene; but the pale purple hues of death were blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothes; and the other, which she held on her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened that it was with difficulty I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw it contained the picture of Paul which she had promised him never to part with while she lived!

At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his shrieks. With heavy hearts we then carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

By GEORGE CRABBE.

(From "The Borough.")

[George Crabbe, English poet, was born at Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk seaboard, December 25, 1754. Having failed to establish himself as a physician in his native town, he went up to London to make a trial of literature. After a hard struggle with poverty he obtained the assistance of Burke, and was introduced to Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Thurlow, and the publisher Dodsley, who brought out "The Library" (1781). At Burke's suggestion, Crabbe entered the Church, became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, and from 1812 until his death, February 3, 1832, was rector of Trowbridge in Wiltshire. His principal works are: "The Village," "The Parish Register," "The Borough," and "Tales of the Hall."]

Drawn by the annual call, we now behold
Our Troop Dramatic, heroes known of old,
And those, since last they marched, enlisted and enrolled:
Mounted on hacks or borne in wagons some,
The rest on foot (the humbler brethren) come.
Three favored places, an unequal time,
Join to support this company sublime:
Ours for the longer period — see how light
Yon parties move, their former friends in sight,
Whose claims are all allowed, and friendship glads the night.
Now public rooms shall sound with words divine,
And private lodgings hear how heroes shine;
No talk of pay shall yet on pleasure steal,
But kindest welcome bless the friendly meal;
While o'er the social jug and decent cheer,
Shall be described the fortunes of the year.
Peruse these bills, and see what each can do, —
Behold! the prince, the slave, the monk, the Jew;
Change but the garment, and they'll all engage
To take each part, and act in every age:
Culled from all houses, what a house are they!
Swept from all barns, our Borough critics say;
But with some portion of a critic's ire,
We all endure them; there are some admire;
They might have praise confined to farce alone;
Full well they grin, they should not try to groan;
But then our servants' and our seamen's wives
Love all that rant and rapture as their lives:
He who Squire Richard's part could well sustain,
Finds as King Richard he must roar amain —

"My horse! my horse!" — Lo! now to their abodes,
Come lords and lovers, empresses and gods.
The master mover of these scenes has made
No trifling gain in this adventurous trade;
Trade we may term it, for he duly buys
Arms out of use and undirected eyes;
These he instructs, and guides them as he can,
And vends each night the manufactured man:
Long as our custom lasts they gladly stay,
Then strike their tents, like Tartars! and away!
The place grows bare where they too long remain,
But grass will rise ere they return again.

Children of Thespis, welcome! knights and queens!
Counts! barons! beauties! when before your scenes,
And mighty monarchs thund'ring from your throne;
Then step behind, and all your glory's gone:
Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
The pomp is vanished and the care is left.
Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
When the full house secures the plenteous meal;
Flatt'ring and flattered, each attempts to raise
A brother's merits for a brother's praise:
For never hero shows a prouder heart,
Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;
Nor without cause; the boards, we know, can yield
Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.

Graceful to tread the stage, to be in turn
The prince we honor, and the knave we spurn;
Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud:
These are their parts, — and he who these sustains
Deserves some praise and profit for his pains.
Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
Against whose swords no weeping widows pray,
No blood their fury sheds, nor havoc marks their way.

Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain:
Whom Justice, pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
Of tragic woe feel spirits light and vain,

Distress and hope — the mind's the body's wear,
The man's affliction, and the actor's tear:
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.
Slaves though ye be, your wand'ring freedom seems,
And with your varying views and restless schemes,
Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams.
Yet keen those griefs — ah! what avail thy charms,
Fair Juliet! with that infant in thine arms;
What those heroic lines thy patience learns,
What all the aid thy present Romeo earns,
Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering wain
With all thy plaintive sisters to complain?
Nor is their lack of labor — To rehearse,
Day after day, poor scraps of prose and verse;
To bear each other's spirit, pride, and spite;
To hide in rant the heartache of the night;
To dress in gaudy patchwork, and to force
The mind to think on the appointed course; —
This is laborious, and may be defined
The bootless labor of the thriftless mind.
There is a veteran dame: I see her stand
Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart;
Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
And fits her features for the Danish throne;
To-night a queen — I mark her motion slow,
I hear her speech, and Hamlet's mother know.
Methinks 'tis pitiful to see her try
For strength of arms and energy of eye;
With vigor lost, and spirits worn away,
Her pomp and pride she labors to display;
And when awhile she's tried her part to act,
To find her thoughts arrested by some fact;
When struggles more and more severe are seen,
In the plain actress than the Danish queen, —
At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
And fancies all the plaudits of the night;
Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach.
But as the mist of vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies:

Then to her task she sighing turns again —
"Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!"
And who that poor, consumptive, withered thing,
Who strains her slender throat and strives to sing?
Panting for breath, and forced her voice to drop,
And far unlike the inmate of the shop,
Where she, in youth and health, alert and gay,
Laughed off at night the labors of the day;
With novels, verses, fancy's fertile powers,
And sister converse passed the evening hours;
But Cynthia's soul was soft, her wishes strong,
Her judgment weak, and her conclusions wrong:
The morning call and counter were her dread,
And her contempt the needle and the thread;
But when she read a gentle damsel's part,
Her woe, her wish! she had them all by heart.
At length the hero of the boards drew nigh,
Who spake of love till sigh reëchoed sigh;
He told in honeyed words his deathless flame,
And she his own by tender vows became;
Nor ring nor license needed souls so fond,
Alfonso's passion was his Cynthia's bond:
And thus the simple girl, to shame betrayed,
Sinks to the grave forsaken and dismayed.
Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope,
See her! the grief and scandal of the troop;
A wretched martyr to a childish pride,
Her woe insulted, and her praise denied;
Her humble talents, though derided, used;
Her prospects lost, her confidence abused;
All that remains — for she not long can brave
Increase of evils — is an early grave.
Ye gentle Cynthias of the shop, take heed
What dreams ye cherish, and what books ye read!

TO MARY.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

[For biographical sketch, see page 267.]

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy wornout heart will break at last,
My Mary!

SCHOOL GAMES.

By COWPER.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed.
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY."

(From the story as compiled by Sir John Barrow.)

[In 1789 the English government sent the ship "Bounty" on a voyage to Tahiti, to secure breadfruit plants for naturalization in the West Indies. Its commander, Lieutenant William Bligh, was a capable man, but savagely irritable and brutal of tongue and act, not conspicuously honest, and fond of covering his own derelictions by baseless charges against his subordinates. His conduct toward them grew so intolerable that after leaving Tahiti his master's mate, Fletcher Christian, — of excellent Manx blood, ability, and cultivation, — was maddened by his insults and threats into heading a mutiny (April 28, 1789), with results as described below. The mutineers returned to Tahiti, whence most of them — Christian and some others remained behind and were killed by the natives — went to Pitcairn's Island, maltreated the natives and distilled liquor, and were either murdered or drank themselves to death; except one, Alexander Smith, who changed his name to John Adams, became a Christian, and lived many years as a venerated patriarch of the island.]

[From Bligh's narrative of the mutiny.]

"MUCH altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the whole business: some swore, 'I'll be d——d if he does not find his way home, if he gets anything with him;' and when the carpenter's chest was carrying away, 'D——n my eyes, he will have a vessel built in a month;' while others laughed at the helpless situation of the boat, being very deep, and so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

"I asked for arms; but they laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going, and therefore did not want them; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat after we were veered astern.

"The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian: who then said, 'Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death;' and, without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, when they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also the cutlasses I have already mentioned; and it was then that the armorer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept for some time to make

sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean."

The Open-boat Navigation.

Christian had intended to send away his captain and associates in the cutter, and ordered that it should be hoisted out for that purpose, which was done: a small wretched boat, that could hold but eight or ten men at the most, with a very small additional weight; and what was still worse, she was so worm-eaten and decayed, especially in the bottom planks, that the probability was, she would have gone down before she had proceeded a mile from the ship. In this "rotten carcass of a boat," not unlike that into which Prospero and his lovely daughter were "hoist,"

> not rigged,
> Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
> Instinctively had quit it,

did Christian intend to cast adrift his late commander and his eighteen innocent companions, or as many of them as she would stow, to find, as they inevitably must have found, a watery grave. But the remonstrances of the master, boatswain, and carpenter prevailed on him to let those unfortunate men have the launch, into which nineteen persons were thrust, whose weight, together with that of the few articles they were permitted to take, brought down the boat so near to the water as to endanger her sinking with but a moderate swell of the sea; and, to all human appearance, in no state to survive the length of voyage they were destined to perform over the wide ocean, but which they did most miraculously survive.

The first consideration of Lieutenant Bligh and his eighteen unfortunate companions, on being cast adrift in their open boat, was to examine the state of their resources. The quantity of provisions which they found to have been thrown into the boat by some few kind-hearted messmates, amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, with twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barricoes. Being so near to the island of Tofoa, it was resolved to seek there a supply of breadfruit and water, to preserve, if possible, the above-mentioned stock entire; but after

rowing along the coast, they discovered only some cocoanut trees on the top of high precipices, from which, with much danger, owing to the surf, and great difficulty in climbing the cliffs, they succeeded in obtaining about twenty nuts. The second day they made excursions into the island, but without success. They met, however, with a few natives, who came down with them to the cove where the boat was lying; and others presently followed. They made inquiries after the ship, and Bligh unfortunately advised they should say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that they only were saved. The story might be innocent, but it was certainly indiscreet to put the people in possession of their defenseless situation; however, they brought in small quantities of breadfruit, plantains, and cocoanuts, but little or no water could be procured. These supplies, scanty as they were, served to keep up the spirits of the men: "they no longer," says Bligh, "regarded me with those anxious looks, which had constantly been directed towards me, since we lost sight of the ship: every countenance appeared to have a degree of cheerfulness, and they all seemed determined to do their best."

The numbers of the natives having so much increased as to line the whole beach, they began knocking stones together, which was known to be the preparatory signal for an attack. With some difficulty on account of the surf, the seamen succeeded in getting the things that were on shore into the boat, together with all the men, except John Norton, quartermaster, who was casting off the stern-fast. The natives immediately rushed upon this poor man, and actually stoned him to death. A volley of stones was also discharged at the boat, and every one in it was more or less hurt. This induced the people to push out to sea with all the speed they were able to give to the launch; but, to their surprise and alarm, several canoes, filled with stones, followed close after them and renewed the attack; against which, the only return the unfortunate men in the boat could make, was with the stones of the assailants that lodged in her; a species of warfare in which they were very inferior to the Indians. The only expedient left was to tempt the enemy to desist from the pursuit, by throwing overboard some clothes, which fortunately induced the canoes to stop and pick them up; and night coming on, they returned to the shore, leaving the party in the boat to reflect on their unhappy situation.

The men now entreated their commander to take them

towards home; and on being told that no hope of relief could be entertained till they reached Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, they all readily agreed to be content with an allowance, which, on calculation of their resources, the commander informed them would not exceed one ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, per day. Recommending them, therefore, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from their promise in this respect, "we bore away," says Bligh, "across a sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deeply laden with eighteen men. I was happy, however, to see that every one seemed better satisfied with our situation than myself. It was about eight o'clock at night on the 2d May, when we bore away under a reefed lug foresail; and having divided the people into watches, and got the boat into a little order, we returned thanks to God for our miraculous preservation; and, in full confidence of his gracious support, I found my mind more at ease than it had been for some time past."

At daybreak on the 3d, the forlorn and almost hopeless navigators saw with alarm the sun to rise fiery and red, — a sure indication of a severe gale of wind; and, accordingly, at eight o'clock it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran so very high that the sail was becalmed when between the seas, and too much to have set when on the top of the sea; yet it is stated that they could not venture to take it in, as they were in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, and obliging them to bale with all their might. "A situation," observes the commander, "more distressing has, perhaps, seldom been experienced."

The bread, being in bags, was in the greatest danger of being spoiled by the wet, the consequence of which, if not prevented, must have been fatal, as the whole party would inevitably be starved to death, if they should fortunately escape the fury of the waves. It was determined, therefore, that all superfluous clothes, with some rope and spare sails, should be thrown overboard, by which the boat was considerably lightened. The carpenter's tool chest was cleared, and the tools stowed in the bottom of the boat, and the bread secured in the chest. All the people being thoroughly wet and cold, a teaspoonful of rum was served out to each person, with a quarter of a breadfruit, which is stated to have been scarcely eatable, for dinner; Bligh having determined to preserve sacredly, and

at the peril of his life, the engagement they entered into, and to make their small stock of provisions last eight weeks, let the daily proportion be ever so small.

The sea continuing to run even higher than in the morning, the fatigue of baling became very great; the boat was necessarily kept before the sea. The men were constantly wet, the night very cold, and at daylight their limbs were so benumbed that they could scarcely find the use of them. At this time a teaspoonful of rum served out to each person was found of great benefit to all. Five small cocoanuts were distributed for dinner, and every one was satisfied; and in the evening, a few broken pieces of breadfruit were served for supper, after which prayers were performed.

On the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th the gale had abated: the first step to be taken was to examine the state of the bread, a great part of which was found to be damaged and rotten — but even this was carefully preserved for use. The boat was now running among some islands, but, after their reception at Tofoa, they did not venture to land. On the 6th, they still continued to see islands at a distance; and this day, for the first time, they hooked a fish, to their great joy; "but," says the commander, "we were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat." In the evening each person had an ounce of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, for supper.

Lieutenant Bligh observes, "It will readily be supposed our lodgings were very miserable, and confined for want of room;" but he endeavored to remedy the latter defect by putting themselves at watch and watch; so that one half always sat up, while the other lay down on the boat's bottom or upon a chest, but with nothing to cover them except the heavens. Their limbs, he says, were dreadfully cramped, for they could not stretch them out; and the nights were so cold, and they were so constantly wet, that, after a few hours' sleep, they were scarcely able to move. At dawn of day on the 7th, being very wet and cold, he says, "I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast."

In the course of this day they passed close to some rocky isles, from which two large sailing canoes came swiftly after them, but in the afternoon gave over the chase. They were of the same construction as those of the Friendly Islands, and the land seen for the last two days was supposed to be the Fejee

Islands. But being constantly wet, Bligh says, "It is with the utmost difficulty I can open a book to write; and I feel truly sensible I can do no more than point out where these lands are to be found, and give some idea of their extent." Heavy rain came on in the afternoon, when every person in the boat did his utmost to catch some water, and thus succeeded in increasing their stock to thirty-four gallons, besides quenching their thirst for the first time they had been able to do so since they had been at sea: but it seems an attendant consequence of the heavy rain caused them to pass the night very miserably; for being extremely wet, and having no dry things to shift or cover themselves, they experienced cold and shiverings scarcely to be conceived.

On the 8th, the allowance issued was an ounce and a half of pork, a teaspoonful of rum, half a pint of cocoanut milk, and an ounce of bread. The rum, though so small in quantity, is stated to have been of the greatest service. In the afternoon they were employed in cleaning out the boat, which occupied them until sunset before they got everything dry and in order. "Hitherto," Bligh says, "I had issued the allowance by guess; but I now made a pair of scales with two cocoanut shells; and having accidentally some pistol balls in the boat, twenty-five of which weighed one pound or sixteen ounces, I adopted one of these balls as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the times I served it. I also amused all hands with describing the situations of New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that in case any accident should happen to me, those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of more than the name, and some not even that. At night I served a quarter of a pint of water and half an ounce of bread for supper."

On the morning of the 9th, a quarter of a pint of cocoanut milk and some of the decayed bread were served for breakfast; and for dinner, the kernels of four cocoanuts, with the remainder of the rotten bread, which, he says, was eatable only by such distressed people as themselves. A storm of thunder and lightning gave them about twenty gallons of water. "Being miserably wet and cold, I served to the people a teaspoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressing situation. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind in-

creased; we spent a very miserable night, without sleep, except such as could be got in the midst of rain."

The following day, the 10th, brought no relief except that of its light. The sea broke over the boat so much that two men were kept constantly baling, and it was necessary to keep the boat before the waves for fear of its filling. The allowance now served regularly to each person was one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset. To-day was added about half an ounce of pork for dinner, which, though any moderate person would have considered only as a mouthful, was divided into three or four.

The morning of the 11th did not improve. "At daybreak I served to every person a teaspoonful of rum, our limbs being so much cramped that we could scarcely move them. Our situation was now extremely dangerous, the sea frequently running over our stern, which kept us baling with all our strength. At noon the sun appeared, which gave us as much pleasure as is felt when it shows itself on a winter's day in England.

"In the evening of the 12th it still rained hard, and we again experienced a dreadful night. At length the day came, and showed a miserable set of beings, full of wants, without anything to relieve them. Some complained of great pain in their bowels, and every one of having almost lost the use of his limbs. The little sleep we got was in no way refreshing, as we were constantly covered with the sea and rain. The weather continuing, and no sun affording the least prospect of getting our clothes dried, I recommended to every one to strip and wring them through the sea water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain water, they would not have." The shipping of seas and constant baling continued: and though the men were shivering with wet and cold, the commander was under the necessity of informing them that he could no longer afford them the comfort they had derived from the teaspoonful of rum.

On the 13th and 14th the stormy weather and heavy sea continued unabated; and on these days they saw distant land, and passed several islands. The sight of these islands, it may well be supposed, served only to increase the misery of their situation. They were as men very little better than starving with plenty in their view; yet, to attempt procuring any relief was considered to be attended with so much danger that the

prolongation of life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount their hardships.

The whole day and night of the 15th were still rainy; the latter was dark, not a star to be seen by which the steerage could be directed, and the sea was continually breaking over the boat. On the next day, the 16th, was issued for dinner an ounce of salt pork, in addition to their miserable allowance of one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread. The night was again truly horrible, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain; not a star visible, so that the steerage was quite uncertain.

On the morning of the 17th, at dawn of day, "I found," says the commander, "every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused. Our situation was miserable; always wet, and suffering extreme cold in the night, without the least shelter from the weather. The little rum we had was of the greatest service: when our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a teaspoonful or two to each person, and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions. The night was again a dark and dismal one, the sea constantly breaking over us, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct our steerage. It was my intention, if possible, to make the coast of New Holland to the southward of Endeavor Straits, being sensible that it was necessary to preserve such a situation as would make a southerly wind a fair one; that we might range along the reefs till an opening should be found into smooth water, and we the sooner be able to pick up some refreshments."

On the 18th the rain abated, when, at their commander's recommendation, they all stripped, and wrung their clothes through the sea water, from which, as usual, they derived much warmth and refreshment; but every one complained of violent pains in their bones. At night the heavy rain recommenced, with severe lightning, which obliged them to keep baling without intermission. The same weather continued through the 19th and 20th; the rain constant — at times a deluge — the men always baling; the commander, too, found it necessary to issue for dinner only half an ounce of pork.

At dawn of day, Lieutenant Bligh states that some of his people seemed half dead; that their appearances were horrible; "and I could look," says he, "no way, but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too

evident; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink, that desire perhaps being satisfied through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones. At noon the sun broke out and revived every one."

"During the whole of the afternoon of the 21st we were so covered with rain and salt water that we could scarcely see. We suffered extreme cold, and every one dreaded the approach of night. Sleep, though we longed for it, afforded no comfort; for my own part, I almost lived without it. On the 22d our situation was extremely calamitous. We were obliged to take the course of the sea, running right before it, and watching with the utmost care, as the least error in the helm would in a moment have been our destruction. It continued through the day to blow hard, and the foam of the sea kept running over our stern and quarters.

"The misery we suffered this night exceeded the preceding. The sea flew over us with great force, and kept us baling with horror and anxiety. At dawn of day I found every one in a most distressed condition, and I began to fear that another such night would put an end to the lives of several, who seemed no longer able to support their sufferings. I served an allowance of *two* teaspoonfuls of rum; after drinking which, and having wrung our clothes and taken our breakfast of bread and water, we became a little refreshed.

"On the evening of the 24th, the wind moderated, and the weather looked much better, which rejoiced all hands, so that they ate their scanty allowance with more satisfaction than for some time past. The night also was fair; but being always wet with the sea, we suffered much from the cold. I had the pleasure to see a fine morning produce some cheerful countenances; and for the first time during the last fifteen days, we experienced comfort from the warmth of the sun. We stripped and hung up our clothes to dry, which were by this time become so threadbare that they could not keep out either wet or cold. In the afternoon we had many birds about us, which are never seen far from land, such as boobies and noddies."

As the sea now began to run fair, and the boat shipped but little water, Lieutenant Bligh took the opportunity to examine into the state of their bread; and it was found that, according to the present mode of living, there was a sufficient quantity remaining for twenty-nine days' allowance, by which time there

was every reason to expect they would be able to reach Timor. But as this was still uncertain, and it was possible that, after all, they might be obliged to go to Java, it was determined to proportion the allowance, so as to make the stock hold out six weeks. "I was apprehensive," he says, "that this would be ill received, and that it would require my utmost resolution to enforce it; for, small as the quantity was which I intended to take away for our future good, yet it might appear to my people like robbing them of life; and some who were less patient than their companions, I expected, would very ill brook it. However, on my representing the necessity of guarding against delays that might be occasioned by contrary winds, or other causes, and promising to enlarge upon the allowance as we got on, they cheerfully agreed to my proposal." It was accordingly settled that every person should receive one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread for breakfast, and the same quantity for dinner as usual, but that the proportion for supper should be discontinued; this arrangement left them forty-three days' consumption.

On the 25th, about noon, some noddies came so near to the boat that one of them was caught by hand. This bird was about the size of a small pigeon. "I divided it," says Bligh, "with its entrails, into eighteen portions, and by a well-known method at sea, of '*Who shall have this?*' it was distributed with the allowance of bread and water for dinner, and eaten up, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. In the evening, several boobies flying very near to us, we had the good fortune to catch one of them. The bird is as large as a duck. They are the most presumptive proof of being near land of any sea fowl we are acquainted with. I directed the bird to be killed for supper, and the blood to be given to three of the people who were the most distressed for want of food. The body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, I divided into eighteen shares, and with the allowance of bread, which I made a merit of granting, we made a good supper compared with our usual fare.

"On the next day, the 26th, we caught another booby, so that Providence appeared to be relieving our wants in an extraordinary manner. The people were overjoyed at this addition to their dinner, which was distributed in the same manner as on the preceding evening; giving the blood to those who were the most in want of food. To make the bread a little savory, most of the men frequently dipped it in salt water; but I

generally broke mine into small pieces, and ate it in my allowance of water, out of a cocoanut shell, with a spoon, economically avoiding to take too large a piece at a time; so that I was as long at dinner as if it had been a much more plentiful meal."

The weather was now serene, which, nevertheless, was not without its inconveniences; for, it appears, they began to feel distress of a different kind from that which they had hitherto been accustomed to suffer. The heat of the sun was now so powerful that several of the people were seized with a languor and faintness, which made life indifferent. But the little circumstance of catching two boobies in the evening, trifling as it may appear, had the effect of raising their spirits. The stomachs of these birds contained several flying fish, and small cuttlefish, all of which were carefully saved to be divided for dinner the next day; which were accordingly divided, with their entrails, and the contents of their maws, into eighteen portions; and as the prize was a very valuable one, it was distributed as before, by calling out, "*Who shall have this?*" — "so that to-day," says the Lieutenant, "with the usual allowance of bread at breakfast and dinner, I was happy to see that every person thought he had feasted." From the appearance of the clouds in the evening, Mr. Bligh had no doubt they were then near the land, and the people amused themselves with conversing on the probability of what they would meet with on it.

Accordingly, at one in the morning of the 28th, the person at the helm heard the sound of breakers. It was the "barrier reef" which runs along the eastern coast of New Holland, through which it now became their anxious object to discover a passage: Mr. Bligh says this was now become absolutely necessary, without a moment's loss of time. The idea of getting into smooth water and finding refreshments kept up the people's spirits. The sea broke furiously over the reef in every part; within, the water was so smooth and calm that every man already anticipated the heartfelt satisfaction he was about to receive, as soon as he should have passed the barrier. At length a break in the reef was discovered, a quarter of a mile in width; and through this the boat rapidly passed with a strong stream running to the westward, and came immediately into smooth water, and all the past hardships seemed at once to be forgotten.

They now returned thanks to God for his generous protec-

tion, and with much content took their miserable allowance of the twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water for dinner.

The coast now began to show itself very distinctly, and in the evening they landed on the sandy point of an island, when it was soon discovered there were oysters on the rocks, it being low water. The party sent out to reconnoiter returned highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. By the help of a small magnifying glass, a fire was made; and among the things that had been thrown into the boat was a tinderbox and a piece of brimstone, so that in future they had the ready means of making a fire. One of the men, too, had been so provident as to bring away with him from the ship a copper pot; and thus, with a mixture of oysters, bread, and pork, a stew was made, of which each person received a full pint. It is remarked that the oysters grew so fast to the rocks that it was with great difficulty they could be broken off: but they at length discovered it to be the most expeditious way to open them where they were fixed.

The general complaints among the people were a dizziness in the head, great weakness in the joints, and violent *tenesmus;* but none of them are stated to have been alarming; and, notwithstanding their sufferings from cold and hunger, all of them retained marks of strength. Mr. Bligh had cautioned them not to touch any kind of berry or fruit that they might find; yet it appears they were no sooner out of sight than they began to make free with three different kinds that grew all over the island, eating without any reserve. The symptoms of having eaten too much began at last to frighten some of them; they fancied they were all poisoned, and regarded each other with the strongest marks of apprehension, uncertain what might be the issue of their imprudence: fortunately the fruit proved to be wholesome and good.

"This day (29th May) being," says Lieutenant Bligh, "the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II., and the name not being inapplicable to our present situation (for we were *restored* to fresh life and strength), I named this 'Restoration Island'; for I thought it probable that Captain Cook might not have taken notice of it."

With oysters and palm tops stewed together the people now made excellent meals, without consuming any of their bread. In the morning of the 30th, Mr. Bligh saw with great delight

a visible alteration in the men for the better, and he sent them away to gather oysters, in order to carry a stock of them to sea; for he determined to put off again that evening. They also procured fresh water, and filled all their vessels to the amount of nearly sixty gallons. On examining the bread, it was found there still remained about thirty-eight days' allowance.

Being now ready for sea, every person was ordered to attend prayers; but just as they were embarking, about twenty naked savages made their appearance, running and hallooing, and beckoning the strangers to come to them; but, as each was armed with a spear or lance, it was thought prudent to hold no communication with them. They now proceeded to the northward, having the continent on their left, and several islands and reefs on their right.

On the 31st they landed on one of these islands, to which was given the name of "Sunday." "I sent out two parties," says Bligh, "one to the northward and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty, that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for one to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time; to prevent, therefore, such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command or die in the attempt; and seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to lay hold of another and defend himself; on which he called out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet."

On this island they obtained oysters, clams, and dogfish; also a small bean, which Nelson, the botanist, pronounced to be a species of *dolichos*. On the 1st of June, they stopped in the midst of some sandy islands, such as are known by the name of *keys*, where they procured a few clams and beans. Here Nelson was taken very ill with a violent heat in his bowels, a loss of sight, great thirst, and inability to walk. A little wine, which had carefully been saved, with some pieces of bread soaked in it, was given to him in small quantities, and he

soon began to recover. The boatswain and carpenter were also ill, and complained of headache and sickness of the stomach. Others became shockingly distressed with *tenesmus;* in fact there were few without complaints.

A party was sent out by night to catch birds; they returned with only twelve noddies; but it is stated that, had it not been for the folly and obstinacy of one of the party, who separated from the others and disturbed the birds, a great many more might have been taken. The offender was Robert Lamb, who acknowledged, when he got to Java, that he had that night eaten *nine* raw birds, after he separated from his two companions. The birds, with a few clams, were the whole of the supplies afforded at these small islands.

On the 3d of June, after passing several keys and islands, and doubling Cape York, the northeasternmost point of New Holland, at eight in the evening the little boat and her brave crew once more launched into the open ocean. "Miserable," says Lieutenant Bligh, "as our situation was in every respect, I was secretly surprised to see that it did not appear to affect any one so strongly as myself; on the contrary, it seemed as if they had embarked on a voyage to Timor in a vessel sufficiently calculated for safety and convenience. So much confidence gave me great pleasure, and I may venture to assert that to this cause our preservation is chiefly to be attributed. I encouraged every one with hopes that eight or ten days would bring us to a land of safety; and after praying to God for a continuance of his most gracious protection, I served out an allowance of water for supper, and directed our course to the west-southwest.

"We had been just six days on the coast of New Holland, in the course of which we found oysters, a few clams, some birds, and water. But a benefit, probably not less than this, was that of being relieved from the fatigue of sitting constantly in the boat, and enjoying good rest at night. These advantages certainly preserved our lives; and, small as the supply was, I am very sensible how much it alleviated our distresses. Before this time nature must have sunk under the extremes of hunger and fatigue. Even in our present situation, we were most deplorable objects; but the hopes of a speedy relief kept up our spirits. For my own part, incredible as it may appear, I felt neither extreme hunger nor thirst. My allowance contented me, knowing that I could have no

more." In his manuscript journal he adds, "This, perhaps, does not permit me to be a proper judge on a story of miserable people like us being at last driven to the necessity of destroying one another for food; but if I may be allowed, I deny the fact in its greatest extent. I say, I do not believe that, among us, such a thing could happen, but death through famine would be received in the same way as any mortal disease."

On the 5th a booby was caught by the hand, the blood of which was divided among three of the men who were weakest, and the bird kept for next day's dinner; and on the evening of the 6th the allowance for supper was recommenced, according to a promise made when it had been discontinued. On the 7th, after a miserably wet and cold night, nothing more could be afforded than the usual allowance for breakfast; but at dinner each person had the luxury of an ounce of dried clams, which consumed all that remained. The sea was running high and breaking over the boat the whole of this day. Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, and Lawrence Lebogue, an old hardy seaman, appeared to be giving way very fast. No other assistance could be given to them than a teaspoonful or two of wine, that had been carefully saved for such a melancholy occasion, which was not at all unexpected.

On the 8th the weather was more moderate, and a small dolphin was caught, which gave about two ounces to each man: in the night it again blew strong, the boat shipped much water, and they all suffered greatly from wet and cold. The surgeon and Lebogue still continued very ill, and the only relief that could be afforded them was a small quantity of wine, and encouraging them with the hope that a very few days more, at the rate they were then sailing, would bring them to Timor.

"In the morning of the 10th, after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse," says Mr. Bligh, "in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution. The surgeon and Lebogue, in particular, were most miserable objects; I occasionally gave them a few teaspoonfuls of wine, out of the little that remained, which greatly assisted them. The hope of being

able to accomplish the voyage was our principal support. The boatswain very innocently told me that he really thought I looked worse than any in the boat. The simplicity with which he uttered such an opinion amused me, and I returned him a better compliment."

On the 11th Lieutenant Bligh announced to his wretched companions that he had no doubt they had now passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor, a piece of intelligence that diffused universal joy and satisfaction. Accordingly, at three in the morning of the following day, Timor was discovered at the distance only of two leagues from the shore.

"It is not possible for me," says this experienced navigator, "to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage."

On Sunday, the 14th, they came safely to anchor in Coupang Bay, where they were received with every mark of kindness, hospitality, and humanity. The houses of the principal people were thrown open for their reception. The poor sufferers when landed were scarcely able to walk; their condition is described as most deplorable. "The abilities of a painter could rarely, perhaps, have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator (if such could be found) would have been at a loss which most to admire, the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many specters, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags: in this condition, with the tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

"When," continues the commander, "I reflect how providentially our lives were saved at Tofoa, by the Indians delaying their attack; and that, with scarcely anything to support life, we crossed a sea of more than twelve hundred leagues, without

shelter from the inclemency of the weather: when I reflect that, in an open boat, with so much stormy weather, we escaped foundering, that not any of us were taken off by disease, that we had the great good fortune to pass the unfriendly natives of other countries without accident, and at last to meet with the most friendly and best of people to relieve our distresses, — I say, when I reflect on all these wonderful escapes, the remembrance of such great mercies enables me to bear with resignation and cheerfulness the failure of an expedition the success of which I had so much at heart. . . ."

Having recruited their strength by a residence of two months among the friendly inhabitants of Coupang, they . . . arrived on the 1st October in Batavia Road, where Mr. Bligh embarked in a Dutch packet, and was landed on the Isle of Wight on the 14th March, 1790. The rest of the people had passages provided for them in ships of the Dutch East India Company, then about to sail for Europe. All of them, however, did not survive to reach England. Nelson, the botanist, died at Coupang; Mr. Elphinstone, master's mate, Peter Linkletter and Thomas Hall, seamen, died at Batavia; Robert Lamb, seaman (the booby eater), died on the passage; and Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, was left behind, and not afterwards heard of. These six, with John Norton, who was stoned to death, left twelve of the nineteen, forced by the mutineers into the launch, to survive the difficulties and dangers of this unparalleled voyage, and to revisit their native country.

GIBBON AND HIS HISTORY.

(From the "Autobiography.")

[Edward Gibbon, the English historian, was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. During his boyhood he lived with his aunt, and at fifteen entered Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for his conversion to Catholicism. In consequence of this he was sent to Lausanne, Switzerland, and placed by his father with M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic divine, who reconverted him to Protestantism. Here also he fell in love with Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod (afterwards wife of Necker, the French financier, and mother of Madame de Staël), and would have married her but for his father's opposition. On his return to England he served as captain in the Hampshire militia for several years; revisited Europe (1763–1765); was a member of Parliament for eight sessions, after which he retired for quiet and economy to Lausanne. He died in London, January 15, 1794. It was at Rome in 1764 that the idea of writing the

"History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" first occurred to him [redacted] he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. This monumental work is virtually a history of the civilized world for thirteen centuries, and, in spite of its defects, is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Gibbon also wrote an entertaining autobiography.]

I HAD now attained the first of earthly blessings, independence; I was the absolute master of my hours and actions; nor was I deceived in the hope that the establishment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between study and society. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books the shops and sales of London present irresistible temptations; and the manufacture of my history required a various and growing stock of materials. The militia, my travels, the House of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connections: I was chosen a member of the fashionable clubs; and, before I left England in 1783, there were few persons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a stranger. It would most assuredly be in my power to amuse the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of satire or praise. By my own choice I passed in town the greatest part of the year: but whenever I was desirous of breathing the air of the country, I possessed an hospitable retreat at Sheffield Place in Sussex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whose character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has since been more conspicuous to the public.

No sooner was I settled in my house and library than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my History. At the outset all was dark and doubtful,—even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was

tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns, from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends, some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

By the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Elliot, who had married my first cousin, I was returned at the general election for the borough of Liskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice,

Vincentum strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defense of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the character, views, and passions of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by Lord North, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield with equal dexterity the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the treasury bench between his attorney and solicitor general, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes;* and the minister might indulge in a short slumber whilst he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow and the skillful eloquence of Wedderburne. From the adverse side of the house an ardent and powerful opposition was supported by the lively declamation of Barré, the legal

acuteness of Dunning, the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox, who in the conduct of a party approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The volume of my History, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the schoolboy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading. I had likewise flattered myself that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilet; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane*

critic. The favor of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the public and their favorite is productive of those warm sensibilities which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candor of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labor of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians. . . .

Nearly two years had elapsed between the publication of my first and the commencement of my second volume; and the causes must be assigned of this long delay. 1. After a short holiday, I indulged my curiosity in some studies of a very different nature; a course of anatomy, which was demonstrated by Dr. Hunter, and some lessons of chemistry, which were delivered by Mr. Higgins. The principles of these sciences, and a taste for books of natural history, contributed to multiply my ideas and images; and the anatomist and chemist may sometimes track me in their own snow. 2. I dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controversy; and many days of reading, thinking, and writing were consumed in the pursuit of a phantom. 3. It is difficult to arrange, with order and perspicuity, the various transactions of the age of Constantine; and so much was I displeased with the first essay that I committed to the flames above fifty sheets. 4. The six months of Paris and pleasure must be deducted from the account. But when I resumed my task I felt my improvement; I was now master of my style and subject, and while the measure of my daily performance was enlarged, I discovered less reason to cancel or correct. It has always been my practice to cast a long paragraph in a single mold, to try it by my ear, to deposit it in my memory, but to suspend the action of the pen till I had given the last polish to my work. Shall I add that I never found my mind more vigorous, nor my composition more happy, than in the winter hurry of society and parliament?

Had I believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity; had I foreseen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility, I might perhaps have softened the two invidious chapters which

would create many enemies and conciliate few friends. But the shaft was shot, the alarm was sounded, and I could only rejoice that if the voice of our priests was clamorous and bitter, their hands were disarmed from the powers of persecution. . . .

Before I could apply for a seat at the general election, the list was already full; but Lord North's promise was sincere, his recommendation was effectual, and I was soon chosen on a vacancy for the borough of Lymington in Hampshire. In the first session of the new Parliament, administration stood their ground; their final overthrow was reserved for the second. The American war had once been the favorite of the country: the pride of England was irritated by the resistance of her colonies, and the executive power was driven by national clamor into the most vigorous and coercive measures. But the length of a fruitless contest, the loss of armies, the accumulation of debt and taxes, and the hostile confederacy of France, Spain, and Holland, indisposed the public to the American war and the persons by whom it was conducted; the representatives of the people followed, at a slow distance, the changes of their opinion; and the ministers, who refused to bend, were broken by the tempest. As soon as Lord North had lost, or was about to lose, a majority in the House of Commons, he surrendered his office, and retired to a private station, with the tranquil assurance of a clear conscience and a cheerful temper: the old fabric was dissolved, and the posts of government were occupied by the victorious and veteran troops of opposition. The Lords of Trade were not immediately dismissed, but the board itself was abolished by Mr. Burke's bill, which decency had compelled the patriots to revive; and I was stripped of a convenient salary, after having enjoyed it about three years.

So flexible is the title of my History, that the final era might be fixed at my own choice; and I long hesitated whether I should be content with the three volumes, the Fall of the Western Empire, which fulfilled my first engagement with the public. In this interval of suspense, nearly a twelvemonth, I returned by a natural impulse to the Greek authors of antiquity; I read with new pleasure the Iliad and the Odyssey, the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theater of Athens, and many interesting dialogues of the Socratic school. Yet in the luxury of freedom I began to wish for the daily task, the active pur-

suit, which gave a value to every book and an object to every inquiry: the preface of a new edition announced my design, and I dropped without reluctance from the age of Plato to that of Justinian. The original texts of Procopius and Agathias supplied the events and even the characters of his reign; but a laborious winter was devoted to the codes, the pandects, and the modern interpreters, before I presumed to form an abstract of the civil law. My skill was improved by practice, my diligence perhaps was quickened by the loss of office; and, excepting the last chapter, I had finished the fourth volume before I sought a retreat on the banks of the Leman lake. . . .

In the fifth and sixth volumes the revolutions of the Empire and the world are most rapid, various, and instructive; and the Greek or Roman historians are checked by the hostile narratives of the barbarians of the East and the West.

It was not till after many designs, and many trials, that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into ease, correctness, and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes, I have always closed my studies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long but temperate labor has been accomplished without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my task, it was apparent that, according to the season of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revisal.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake,

and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

CAGLIOSTRO'S PREDICTIONS.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.

(From "The Queen's Necklace.")

[Alexandre Dumas, Père, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms; at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are: "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne") and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

Monsieur de Richelieu was the first who broke the silence, by saying to the guest on his right hand, "But, count, you drink nothing."

This was addressed to a man about thirty-eight years of age, short, fair-haired, and with high shoulders; his eye a clear blue, now bright, but oftener with a pensive expression; and with nobility stamped unmistakably on his open and manly forehead.

"I only drink water, marshal," he replied.

"Excepting with Louis XV.," returned the marshal; "I had the honor of dining at his table with you, and you deigned that day to drink wine." . . .

Count Haga raised his glass and looked through it. The wine sparkled in the light like liquid rubies. "It is true," said he; "marshal, I thank you."

These words were uttered in a manner so noble, that the guests, as if by a common impulse, rose, and cried: —

"Long live the king!"

"Yes," said Count Haga, "long live his Majesty the King of France. What say you, Monsieur de la Pérouse?"

"Monseigneur," replied the captain, with that tone, at once flattering and respectful, common to those accustomed to address crowned heads, "I have just left the king, and his Majesty has shown me so much kindness, that no one will more willingly cry 'Long live the king!' than I. Only, as in another hour I must leave you to join the two ships which his Majesty has put at my disposal, once out of this house I shall take the liberty of saying, 'Long life to another king,' whom I should be proud to serve, had I not already so good a master." And raising his glass, he bowed respectfully to the Count de Haga.

"This health that you propose," said Madame Dubarry, who sat on the marshal's left hand, "we are all ready to drink, but the oldest of us should take the lead."

"Is it you that that concerns, or me, Taverney?" said the marshal, laughing.

"I do not believe," said another on the opposite side, "that Monsieur de Richelieu is the senior of our party."

"Then it is you, Taverney," said the duke.

"No, I am eight years younger than you. I was born in 1704," returned he.

"How rude," said the marshal, "to expose my eighty-eight years!"

"Impossible, duke, that you are eighty-eight!" said Monsieur de Condorcet.

"It is, however, but too true; it is a calculation easy to make, and therefore unworthy of an algebraist like you, marquis. I am of the last century, — the great century, as we call it. My date is 1696."

"Impossible!" cried De Launay.

"Oh, if your father were here, he would not say impossible, — he who, when governor of the Bastille, had me for a lodger in 1714."

"The senior in age, here, however," said Monsieur de Favras, "is the wine Count Haga is now drinking."

"You are right, Monsieur de Favras; this wine is a hundred and twenty years old; to the wine, then, belongs the honor of proposing the health of the king."

"One moment, gentlemen," said Cagliostro, raising his eyes, beaming with intelligence and vivacity; "I claim the precedence."

"You claim precedence over the tokay!" exclaimed all the guests in chorus.

"Assuredly," returned Cagliostro, calmly; "since it was I who bottled it."

"You?"

"Yes, I; on the day of the victory won by Montecuculli over the Turks in 1664."

A burst of laughter followed these words, which Cagliostro had pronounced with perfect gravity.

"By this calculation, you would be something like one hundred and thirty years old," said Madame Dubarry; "for you must have been at least ten years old when you bottled the wine."

"I was more than ten when I performed that operation, madame, as on the following day I had the honor of being deputed by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria to congratulate Montecuculli, who, by the victory of Saint-Gothard, had avenged the day at Especk, in Sclavonia, in which the infidels treated the imperialists so roughly, who were my friends and companions in arms in 1536."

"Oh," said Count Haga, as coolly as Cagliostro himself, "you must have been at least ten years old when you were at that memorable battle."

"A terrible defeat, count," returned Cagliostro.

"Less terrible than Crécy, however," said Condorcet, smiling.

"True, monsieur, for at the battle of Crécy, it was not only an army, but all France, that was beaten; but then this defeat was scarcely a fair victory to the English; for King Edward had cannon, a circumstance of which Philippe de Valois was ignorant, or rather, which he would not believe, although I warned him that I had with my own eyes seen four pieces of artillery which Edward had bought from the Venetians."

"Ah!" said Madame Dubarry; "you knew Philippe de Valois?"

"Madame, I had the honor to be one of the five lords who escorted him off the field of battle; I came to France with the poor old King of Bohemia, who was blind, and who threw away his life when he heard that the battle was lost."

"Ah, monsieur," said Monsieur de la Pérouse, "how much I regret that, instead of the battle of Crécy, it was not that of Actium at which you assisted."

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Oh, because you might have given me some nautical details, which, in spite of Plutarch's fine narration, have ever been obscure to me."

"Which, monsieur? I should be happy to be of service to you."

"Oh, you were there, then, also?"

"No, monsieur; I was then in Egypt. I had been employed by Queen Cleopatra to restore the library at Alexandria, — an office for which I was better qualified than any one else, from having personally known the best authors of antiquity."

"And you have seen Queen Cleopatra?" said Madame Dubarry.

"As I now see you, madame."

"Was she as pretty as they say?"

"Madame, you know beauty is only comparative; a charming queen in Egypt, in Paris she would only have been a pretty grisette."

"Say no harm of grisettes, count."

"God forbid!"

"Then Cleopatra was ——"

"Little, slender, lively, and intelligent; with large almond-shaped eyes, a Grecian nose, teeth like pearls, and a hand like your own, countess, — a fit hand to hold a scepter. See, here is a diamond which she gave me, and which she had had from her brother Ptolemy; she wore it on her thumb."

"On her thumb?" cried Madame Dubarry.

"Yes; it was an Egyptian fashion; and I, you see, can hardly put it on my little finger;" and, taking off the ring, he handed it to Madame Dubarry.

It was a magnificent diamond, of such fine water, and so beautifully cut, as to be worth thirty thousand or forty thousand francs.

The diamond was passed round the table, and returned to Cagliostro, who, putting it quietly on his finger again, said, "Ah, I see well you are all incredulous; this fatal incredulity I have had to contend against all my life. Philippe de Valois would not listen to me when I told him to leave open a retreat to Edward; Cleopatra would not believe me when I warned

her that Antony would be beaten; the Trojans would not credit me when I said to them, with reference to the wooden horse, 'Cassandra is inspired; listen to Cassandra.'"

"Oh! it is charming," said Madame Dubarry, shaking with laughter; "I have never met a man at once so serious and so diverting."

"I assure you," replied Cagliostro, "that Jonathan was much more so. He was really a charming companion; until he was killed by Saul, he nearly drove me crazy with laughing."

"Do you know," said the Duke de Richelieu, "if you go on in this way you will drive poor Taverney crazy; he is so afraid of death, that he is staring at you with all his eyes, hoping you to be an immortal."

"Immortal I cannot say, but one thing I can affirm ——"

"What?" cried Taverney, who was the most eager listener.

"That I have seen all the people and events of which I have been speaking to you."

"You have known Montecuculli?"

"As well as I know you, Monsieur de Favras; and, indeed, much better, for this is but the second or third time I have had the honor of seeing you, while I lived nearly a year under the same tent with him of whom you speak."

"You knew Philippe de Valois?"

"As I have already had the honor of telling you, Monsieur de Condorcet; but when he returned to Paris, I left France and returned to Bohemia."

"And Cleopatra."

"Yes, countess; Cleopatra, I can tell you, had eyes as black as yours, and shoulders almost as beautiful."

"But what do you know of my shoulders?"

"They are like what Cassandra's once were; and there is still a further resemblance, — she had like you, or rather you have like her, a little black spot on your left side just above the sixth rib."

"Oh, count, now you really are a sorcerer."

"No, no," cried the marshal, laughing; "it was I who told him."

"And pray how do you know?"

The marshal bit his lips, and replied, "Oh, it is a family secret."

"Well, really, marshal," said the countess, "one should put on a double coat of rouge before visiting you;" and turning

again to Cagliostro, "Then, monsieur, you have the art of renewing your youth? For although you say you are three or four thousand years old, you scarcely look forty."

"Yes, madame, I do possess that secret."

"Oh, then, monsieur, impart it to me."

"To you, madame? It is useless; your youth is already renewed; your age is only what it appears to be, and you do not look thirty."

"Ah! you flatter."

"No, madame, I speak only the truth, but it is easily explained: you have already tried my receipt."

"How so?"

"You have taken my elixir."

"I?"

"You, countess. Oh! you cannot have forgotten it. Do you not remember a certain house in the Rue Saint-Claude, and coming there on some business respecting Monsieur de Sartines? You remember rendering a service to one of my friends, called Joseph Balsamo, and that this Joseph Balsamo gave you a bottle of elixir, recommending you to take three drops every morning? Do you not remember having done this regularly until the last year, when the bottle became exhausted? If you do not remember all this, countess, it is more than forgetfulness, — it is ingratitude."

"Oh! Monsieur de Cagliostro, you are telling me things —"

"Which were only known to yourself, I am aware; but what would be the use of being a sorcerer if one did not know one's neighbor's secrets?"

"Then Joseph Balsamo has, like you, the secret of this famous elixir?"

"No, madame, but he was one of my best friends, and I gave him three or four bottles."

"And has he any left?"

"Oh! I know nothing of that; for the last two or three years poor Balsamo has disappeared. The last time I saw him was in America, on the banks of the Ohio: he was setting off on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and since then I have heard that he is dead."

"Come, come, count," cried the marshal; "let us have the secret, by all means."

"Are you speaking seriously, monsieur?" said Count Haga.

"Very seriously, sire, — I beg pardon, I mean count;" and Cagliostro bowed in such a way as to indicate that his error was a voluntary one.

"Then," said the marshal, "Madame Dubarry is not old enough to be made young again?"

"No, on my conscience."

"Well, then, I will give you another subject: here is my friend Taverney, — what do you say to him? Does he not look like a contemporary of Pontius Pilate? But perhaps he, on the contrary, is too old?"

Cagliostro looked at the baron. "No," said he.

"Ah! my dear count," exclaimed Richelieu; "if you will renew his youth, I will proclaim you a true pupil of Medea."

"You wish it?" asked Cagliostro of the host, and looking round at the same time on all assembled.

Every one called out, "Yes."

"And you also, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"I more than any one," said the baron.

"Well, it is easy," returned Cagliostro; and he drew from his pocket a small bottle, and poured into a glass some of the liquid it contained. Then, mixing these drops with half a glass of iced champagne, he passed it to the baron.

All eyes followed his movements eagerly.

The baron took the glass, but as he was about to drink he hesitated.

Every one began to laugh, but Cagliostro called out, "Drink, baron, or you will lose a liquor of which each drop is worth a hundred louis d'or."

"The devil," cried Richelieu; "that is even better than tokay."

"I must then drink?" said the baron, almost trembling.

"Or pass the glass to another, sir, that some one at least may profit by it."

"Pass it here," said Richelieu, holding out his hand.

The baron raised the glass, and, decided doubtless by the delicious smell and the beautiful rose color which those few drops had given to the champagne, he swallowed the magic liquor. In an instant a kind of shiver ran through him; he seemed to feel all his old and sluggish blood rushing quickly through his veins, from his heart to his feet, his wrinkled skin seemed to expand, his eyes, half covered by their lids, appeared to open without his will, and the pupils to grow and brighten,

the trembling of his hands to cease, his voice to strengthen, and his limbs to recover their former youthful elasticity. In fact, it seemed as if the liquid in its descent had regenerated his whole body.

A cry of surprise, wonder, and admiration rang through the room.

Taverney, who had been slowly eating with his gums, began to feel famished; he seized a plate and helped himself largely to a ragout, and then demolished a partridge, bones and all, calling out that his teeth were coming back to him. He ate, laughed, and cried for joy for half an hour, while the others remained gazing at him in stupefied wonder; then little by little he failed again, like a lamp whose oil is burning out, and all the former signs of old age returned upon him.

"Oh!" groaned he, "once more adieu to my youth," and he gave utterance to a deep sigh, while two tears rolled over his cheeks.

Instinctively, at this mournful spectacle of the old man first made young again, and then seeming to become yet older than before from the contrast, the sigh was echoed all round the table.

"It is easy to explain, gentlemen," said Cagliostro; "I gave the baron but thirty-five drops of the elixir. He became young, therefore, for only thirty-five minutes."

"Oh more, more, count!" cried the old man, eagerly.

"No, monsieur, for perhaps the second trial would kill you."

Of all the guests, Madame Dubarry, who had already tested the virtue of the elixir, seemed most deeply interested while old Taverney's youth seemed thus to renew itself; she had watched him with delight and triumph, and half fancied herself growing young again at the sight, while she could hardly refrain from endeavoring to snatch from Cagliostro the wonderful bottle; but now, seeing him resume his old age even quicker than he had lost it, "Alas!" she said sadly, "all is vanity and deception; the effects of this wonderful secret last for thirty-five minutes."

"That is to say," said Count Haga, "that, in order to resume your youth for two years, you would have to drink a perfect river."

Every one laughed.

"Oh!" said De Condorcet, "the calculation is simple, a mere nothing of 3,153,000 drops for one year's youth."

"An inundation," said La Pérouse.

"However, monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "according to you I have not needed so much, as a small bottle about four times the size of that you hold given me by your friend Joseph Balsamo has been sufficient to arrest the march of time for ten years."

"Just so, madame. And you alone approach this mysterious truth. The man who has already grown old needs this large quantity to produce an immediate and powerful effect; but a woman of thirty, as you were, or a man of forty, as I was, when I began to drink this elixir, still full of life and youth, needs but ten drops at each period of decay; and with these ten drops may eternally continue his life and youth at the same point of attractiveness and power."

"What do you call the periods of decay?" asked Count Haga.

"The natural periods, count. In a state of nature, man's strength increases until thirty-five years of age. It then remains stationary until forty; and from that time forward it begins to diminish, but almost imperceptibly, until fifty; then the process becomes quicker and quicker to the day of his death. In our state of civilization, when the body is weakened by excess, cares, and maladies, increase of strength is arrested at thirty years, the failure begins at thirty-five. The time, then, to take nature is when she is stationary, so as to forestall the beginning of decay. He who, possessor as I am of the secret of this elixir, knows how to seize the happy moment will live as I live; always young, or at least always young enough for what he has to do in the world."

"Oh, Monsieur de Cagliostro," cried the countess, "why, if you could choose your own age, did you not stop at twenty instead of at forty?"

"Because, madame," said Cagliostro, smiling, "it suits me better to be a man of forty, still healthy and vigorous, than a raw youth of twenty."

"Oh!" said the countess.

"Doubtless, madame," continued Cagliostro, "at twenty, one pleases women of thirty; at forty, we govern women of twenty and men of sixty."

"I yield, monsieur," said the countess, "for you are a living proof of the truth of your own words."

"Then I," said Taverney, piteously, "am condemned; it is too late for me."

"Monsieur de Richelieu has been more skillful than you," said La Pérouse naïvely, with the frankness of a sailor, "and I have always heard that he had some secret."

"It is a report that the women have spread," laughed Count Haga.

"Is that a reason for disbelieving it, duke?" asked Madame Dubarry.

The old duke colored, a rare thing for him; but replied, "Do you wish, gentlemen, to have my receipt?"

"Oh, by all means."

"Well, then, it is simply to take care of yourself."

"Oh, oh!" cried all.

"I should question the efficacy of the receipt," replied the countess, "had I not already proved the virtue of that given me by Monsieur de Cagliostro. But, monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "I must ask more about the elixir."

"Well, madame?"

"You said you first used it at forty years of age ——"

"Yes, madame."

"And that since that time, that is, since the siege of Troy ——"

"A little before, madame."

"That you have always remained forty years old?"

"You see me now."

"But then, monsieur," said De Condorcet, "you prove more to us than your theory requires."

"How so, Monsieur le Marquis? what do I prove to you?"

"You prove not only the perpetuation of youth, but the preservation of life; for if since the siege of Troy you have been always forty, you have never died."

"True, marquis, I have never died."

"But are you, then, invulnerable, like Achilles, or still more so, for Achilles was killed by a wound in the heel inflicted by the arrow of Paris?"

"No, I am not invulnerable, and there is my great regret," said Cagliostro.

"Then, monsieur, you may be killed."

"Alas! yes."

"How, then, have you escaped all accidents for three thousand five hundred years?"

"It is chance, marquis, but will you follow my reasoning?"

"Yes, yes," cried all, with eagerness.

Cagliostro continued: "What is the first requisite to life?" he asked, spreading out his white and beautiful hands covered with rings, among which Cleopatra's shone conspicuously. "Is it not health?"

"Certainly."

"And the way to preserve health is——"

"Proper management," said Count Haga.

"Right, count. And why should not my elixir be the best possible method of treatment?"

"Who knows that?"

"You, count."

"Yes, doubtless, but——"

"But no one else," said Madame Dubarry.

"That, madame, is a question that we will discuss later. Well, I have always followed the regimen of my drops; and as they are the fulfillment of the fondest dreams of men of all times, as they are the water of youth of the ancients, the elixir of life of our modern philosophers, I have continually preserved my youth, consequently my health and my life. That is plain."

"But all things exhaust themselves; the finest constitution, as well as the worst."

"The body of Paris, like that of Vulcan," said the countess. "Perhaps you knew Paris, by the bye?"

"Perfectly, madame; he was a fine young man, but really did not deserve all that has been said of him. In the first place, he had red hair."

"Red hair! horrible!"

"Unluckily, madame, Helen was not of your opinion. But to return to our subject. You say, Monsieur de Taverney, that all things exhaust themselves; but you also know that everything recovers again, regenerates, or is replaced, whichever you please to call it. The famous knife of Saint-Hubert, which so often changed both blade and handle, is an example, for through every change it still remained the knife of Saint-Hubert. The wine which the monks of Heidelberg preserve so carefully in their cellars remains still the same wine, although each year they pour into it a fresh supply. Therefore this wine always remains clear, bright, and delicious; while the wine which Opimus and I hid in the earthen jars was, when I tried it a hundred years after, only a thick, dirty substance, which might have been eaten, but certainly could not have

been drunk. Well, I follow the example of the monks of Heidelberg, and preserve my body by introducing into it every year new elements, which regenerate the old. Every morning a new and fresh atom replaces in my blood, my flesh, and my bones some particle which has perished. I stay that ruin which most men allow insensibly to invade their whole being, and I force into action all those powers which God has given to every human being, but which most people allow to lie dormant. Consequently they have retained their first vigor, and have received constantly a new stimulant. As a result of this careful observation of the laws of life and health, my brain, my muscles, my heart, my nerves, and my soul have never failed in their various functions. This is the great study of my life, and, as in all things he who does one thing constantly does that thing better than others, I am becoming more skillful than others in avoiding the dangers of an existence of three thousand years. Thus, you would not get me to enter a tottering house; I have seen too many houses not to tell at a glance the safe from the unsafe. You would not see me go out hunting with a man who managed his gun badly. From Cephalus, who killed his wife Procris, down to the Regent, who shot the prince in the eye, I have seen too many unskillful people. You could not make me accept in battle the post which many a man would take without thinking, because I should calculate in a moment the chances of danger at each point. You will tell me that one cannot foresee a stray bullet; but the man who has escaped a million gunshots will hardly fall a victim to one now. Ah! you look incredulous, but am I not a living proof? I do not tell you that I am immortal, only that I know better than others how to avoid danger; for instance, I would not remain here now alone with Monsieur de Launay, who is thinking that, if he had me in the Bastille, he would put my immortality to the test of starvation; neither would I remain with Monsieur de Condorcet, for he is thinking that he might just empty into my glass the contents of that ring which he wears on his left hand, and which is full of poison, — not with any evil intent, but just as a scientific experiment, to see if I should die."

The two people named looked at each other, and colored.

"Confess, Monsieur de Launay, we are not in a court of justice; besides, thoughts are not punished. Did you not think what I said? And you, Monsieur de Condorcet, would you not

have liked to let me taste the poison in your ring, in the name of your beloved mistress, science?"

"Indeed," said Monsieur de Launay, laughing. "I confess you are right; it was folly, but that folly did pass through my mind just before you accused me."

"And I," said Monsieur de Condorcet, "will not be less candid. I did think that if you tasted the contents of my ring, I would not give much for your life."

A cry of admiration burst from the rest of the party; these avowals confirming not the immortality, but the penetration, of Count Cagliostro.

"You see," said Cagliostro, quietly, "that I divined these dangers; well, it is the same with other things. The experience of a long life reveals to me at a glance much of the past and of the future of those whom I meet. My capabilities in this way extend even to animals and inanimate objects. If I get into a carriage, I can tell from the look of the horses if they are likely to run away, and from that of the coachman if he will overturn me. If I go on board ship, I can see if the captain is ignorant or obstinate, and consequently likely to endanger me. I should then leave the coachman or captain, escape from those horses or that ship. I do not deny chance, I only lessen it, and instead of incurring a hundred chances, like the rest of the world, I prevent ninety-nine of them, and endeavor to guard against the hundredth. This is the good of having lived three thousand years."

"Then," said La Pérouse, laughing, amidst the wonder and enthusiasm created by this speech of Cagliostro's, "you should come with me when I embark to make the tour of the world; you would render me a signal service."

Cagliostro did not reply.

"Monsieur de Richelieu," continued La Pérouse, "as the Count Cagliostro, which is very intelligible, does not wish to quit such good company, you must permit me to do so without him. Excuse me, Count Haga, and you, madame, but it is seven o'clock, and I have promised his Majesty to start at a quarter past. But since Count Cagliostro will not be tempted to come with me and see my ships, perhaps he can tell me what will happen to me between Versailles and Brest. From Brest to the Pole I ask nothing; that is my own business. But he ought to tell me what may happen on my way to Brest."

Cagliostro looked at La Pérouse with such a melancholy air,

so full both of pity and kindness, that the others were struck by it. The sailor himself, however, did not remark it. He took leave of the company, put on his fur riding coat, into one of the pockets of which Madame Dubarry pushed a bottle of delicious cordial, welcome to a traveler, but which he would not have provided for himself, to recall to him, she said, his absent friends during the long nights of a journey in such bitter cold.

La Pérouse, still full of gayety, bowed respectfully to Count Haga, and held out his hand to the old marshal.

"Adieu, dear La Pérouse," said the latter.

"No, duke, *au revoir*," replied La Pérouse; "one would think I was going away forever. Now I have but to circumnavigate the globe, — five or six years' absence; it is scarcely worth while to say 'Adieu' for that."

"Five or six years," said the marshal; "you might almost as well say five or six centuries; days are years at my age, therefore I say adieu."

"Bah! ask the sorcerer," returned La Pérouse, still laughing; "he will promise you twenty years' more life. Will you not, Count Cagliostro? Oh, count, why did I not hear sooner of those precious drops of yours? Whatever the price, I should have shipped a tun on the Astrolabe. Madame, another kiss of that beautiful hand; I shall certainly not see such another till I return. *Au revoir*," and he left the room.

Cagliostro still preserved the same mournful silence. They heard the steps of the captain as he left the house, his gay voice in the courtyard, and his farewells to the people assembled to see him depart. Then the horses shook their heads covered with bells, the door of the carriage shut with some noise, and the wheels were heard rolling along the street.

La Pérouse had started on that voyage from which he was destined never to return.

When they could no longer hear a sound, all looks, as if controlled by a superior power, were again turned to Cagliostro; there seemed a kind of inspired light in his eyes.

Count Haga first broke the silence, which had lasted for some minutes. "Why did you not reply to his question?" he inquired of Cagliostro.

Cagliostro started, as if the question had roused him from a reverie. "Because," said he, "I must either have told a falsehood or a sad truth."

"How so?"

"I must have said to him, 'Monsieur de la Pérouse, the duke is right in saying to you adieu, and not *au revoir*.'"

"Oh," said Richelieu, turning pale, "what do you mean?"

"Reassure yourself, marshal; this sad prediction does not concern you."

"What," cried Madame Dubarry, "this poor La Pérouse, who has just kissed my hand ——"

"Not only, madame, will never kiss it again, but will never again see those he has just left," said Cagliostro, looking attentively at the glass of water he was holding up, which in that position exhibited a luminous surface of an opal tint, crossed by the shadows of surrounding objects.

A cry of astonishment burst from all. The interest of the conversation deepened every moment, and you might have thought, from the solemn and anxious air with which all regarded Cagliostro, that it was some ancient and infallible oracle they were consulting.

In the midst of this preoccupation, Monsieur de Favras, expressing the sentiments of them all, rose, made a gesture, and walked on tiptoe to the antechamber, that he might be sure there were no servants listening. But, as we have already said, this house was as carefully kept as that of Monsieur le Maréchal de Richelieu, and Monsieur de Favras found in the adjoining room only an old servitor, who, rigorous as a sentinel at an exposed post, guarded the approach to the dining room while the solemn hour of dessert was passing.

He returned to his former seat, and made a sign to the others at the table, indicating that they were indeed quite alone.

"Pray, then, count," said Madame Dubarry, motioning to De Favras that she understood his meaning, although he had not uttered a word, "tell us what will befall poor La Pérouse."

Cagliostro shook his head.

"Oh, yes, let us hear!" cried all the rest.

"Well, then, Monsieur de la Pérouse intends, as you know, to make the tour of the globe, and continue the researches of poor Captain Cook, who was killed in the Sandwich Islands."

"Yes, yes, we know."

"Everything should foretell a happy termination to this voyage; Monsieur de la Pérouse is a good seaman, and his route has been most skillfully traced by the king."

"Yes," interrupted Count Haga, "the King of France is a clever geographer; is he not, Monsieur de Condorcet?"

"More skillful than is needful for a king," replied the marquis; "kings ought to know things only slightly, then they will let themselves be guided by those who know them thoroughly."

"Is this a lesson, marquis?" said Count Haga, smiling.

Condorcet blushed. "Oh, no," said he; "only a simple reflection, a general truth."

"Well, he is gone," said Madame Dubarry, anxious to bring the conversation back to La Pérouse.

"Yes, he is gone," replied Cagliostro, "but don't believe, in spite of his haste, that he will soon embark. I foresee much time lost at Brest."

"That would be a pity," said De Condorcet; "this is the time to set out; it is even now rather late, — February or March would have been better."

"Oh, do not grudge him these few months, Monsieur de Condorcet, for during them he will at least live and hope."

"He has got good officers, I suppose?" said Richelieu.

"Yes; he who commands the second ship is a distinguished officer. I see him, — young, adventurous, brave, unhappily."

"Why unhappily?"

"A year after I look for him, and see him no more," said Cagliostro, anxiously consulting his glass. "No one here is related to Monsieur de Langle?"

"No."

"No one knows him?"

"No."

"Well, death will commence with him; I see him no longer."

A murmur of affright escaped from all the guests.

"But he, La Pérouse?" cried several voices.

"He sails, he lands, he reëmbarks; I see one, two years of successful navigation; we hear news of him, and then ——"

"Then?"

"Years pass."

"But at last?"

"The sea is vast, the heavens are clouded, here and there appear unknown lands, and figures hideous as the monsters of the Grecian Archipelago. They watch the ship, which is being carried in a fog amongst the breakers, by a tempest less

fearful than themselves, and then ominous flames. Oh! La Pérouse, La Pérouse, if you could hear me, I would cry to you. You set out, like Columbus, to discover a world; beware of unknown isles!"

He ceased, and an icy shiver ran through the assembly.

"But why did you not warn him?" asked Count Haga, who, in spite of himself, had succumbed to the influence of this extraordinary man.

"Yes," cried Madame Dubarry, "why not send after him and bring him back? The life of a man like La Pérouse is surely worth a courier, my dear marshal."

The marshal understood, and rose to ring the bell.

Cagliostro extended his arm to stop him. "Alas!" said he, "all advice would be useless. I can foretell destiny, but I cannot change it. Monsieur de la Pérouse would laugh if he heard my words, as the son of Priam laughed when Cassandra prophesied; and see, you begin to laugh yourself, Count Haga, and laughing is contagious: your companions are catching it. Do not restrain yourselves, gentlemen — I am accustomed to an incredulous audience."

"Oh, we believe," said Madame Dubarry and the Duke de Richelieu; "and I believe," murmured Taverney; "and I also," said Count Haga, politely.

"Yes," replied Cagliostro, "you believe because it concerns La Pérouse; but if I spoke of yourself, you would not believe."

"Oh!"

"I am sure of it."

"I confess that what would have made me believe, would have been if you had said to him, 'Beware of unknown isles.' Then he would at least have had the chance of avoiding them."

"I assure you no, count; and if he had believed me, it would only have been more horrible, for the unfortunate man would have seen himself approaching those isles destined to be fatal to him without the power to flee from them. Therefore he would have died, not one, but a thousand deaths, for he would have gone through it all by anticipation. Hope, of which I should have deprived him, is the last consolation of the unfortunate wretch beneath the knife. The blade touches him, he feels its sharp edge, his blood flows, and still he hopes; even to his last breath, until life itself is extinct, he clings to hope."

"That is true," said several of the guests, in a low voice.

"Yes," said De Condorcet; "the veil which hides from us our future is the only real good which God has vouchsafed to man."

"Nevertheless," said Count Haga, "did a man like you say to me, Shun a certain man, or a certain thing, I would beware, and I would thank you for the counsel."

Cagliostro shook his head with a sad smile.

"I mean it, Monsieur de Cagliostro," continued Count Haga; "warn me, and I will thank you."

"You wish me to tell you what I would not tell La Pérouse?"

"Yes, I wish it."

Cagliostro opened his mouth as if to begin, and then stopped, and said, "No, count, no!"

"I beg you."

Cagliostro turned away his head. "Never," he murmured.

"Take care," said the count, "you are making me incredulous."

"Incredulity is better than misery."

"Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the count, gravely, "you forget one thing, which is, that though there are men who had better remain ignorant of their destiny, there are others who should know it, as it concerns not themselves alone, but millions of others."

"Then," said Cagliostro, "command me; if your Majesty commands, I will obey."

"I command you to reveal to me my destiny, Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the king, with an air at once courteous and dignified.

At this moment, as Count Haga had dropped his incognito in speaking to Cagliostro, Monsieur de Richelieu advanced towards him, and said, "Thanks, sire, for the honor that the King of Sweden has done my house; will your Majesty assume the place of honor? My house is yours from this moment."

"Let us remain as we are, marshal; I wish to hear what Monsieur de Cagliostro is about to say."

"One does not speak the truth to kings, sire."

"Bah! I am not in my kingdom; take your place again, duke. Proceed, Monsieur de Cagliostro, I beg."

Cagliostro looked again through his glass, and one might have imagined the particles agitated by this look, as they

danced in the light. "Sire," said he, "tell me what you wish to know."

"Tell me by what death I shall die."

"By a gunshot, sire."

The eyes of Gustavus grew bright. "Ah, in a battle!" said he; "the death of a soldier! Thanks, Monsieur de Cagliostro, a hundred times thanks. Oh, I foresee battles, and Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. have shown me how a King of Sweden should die."

Cagliostro drooped his head without replying.

"Oh!" cried Count Haga, "will not my wound then be given in battle?"

"No, sire."

"In a sedition? — yes, that is possible."

"No, not in a sedition, sire."

"But where, then?"

"At a ball, sire."

The king remained silent, and Cagliostro buried his head in his hands.

Every one looked pale and frightened except the prophet and him whom the prophecy chiefly concerned. Then Monsieur de Condorcet took the glass of water and examined it, as if there he could solve the problem of all that had been going on. In fact, the scholar was trying to gauge the depth of the water, its luminous refractions and microscopic play. He, who sought a reason for everything, pondered over the fact that a mere juggler could, by the magic of his charlatanism, disturb men of sense like those around the table; and he could not deny that Cagliostro possessed an extraordinary power; but finding nothing to satisfy him, he ceased his scrutiny and placed the water on the table, in the midst of the general stupefaction caused by Cagliostro's predictions. "Well, I also," said he, "will beg our illustrious prophet to consult for me his magic mirror: unfortunately, I am not a powerful lord; I cannot command, and my obscure life concerns no millions of people."

"Monsieur," said Count Haga, "you command in the name of science, and your life belongs not only to a nation, but to all mankind."

"Thanks," said De Condorcet; "but perhaps your opinion on this subject is not shared by Monsieur de Cagliostro."

Cagliostro raised his head. "Yes, marquis," said he, in a

manner which began to be excited, "you are indeed a powerful lord in the kingdom of intelligence; look me, then, in the face, and tell me, seriously, if you also wish that I should prophesy to you."

"Seriously, count, upon my honor."

"Well, marquis," said Cagliostro, in a hoarse voice, "you will die of that poison which you carry in your ring; you will die——"

"Oh, but if I throw it away?"

"Throw it away!"

"You allow that that would be easy."

"Throw it away!"

"Oh, yes, marquis!" cried Madame Dubarry; "throw away that horrid poison! Throw it away, if it be only to falsify this prophet of evil, who threatens us all with so many misfortunes. For if you throw it away you cannot die by it, as Monsieur de Cagliostro predicts; so there, at least, he will have been wrong."

"Madame la Comtesse is right," said Count Haga.

"Bravo, countess!" said Richelieu. "Come, marquis, throw away that poison, for now I know you carry it, I shall tremble every time we drink together; the ring might open of itself, and——"

"The two glasses touched together come very close," said Taverney. "Throw it away, marquis, throw it away!"

"It is useless," said Cagliostro, quietly; "Monsieur de Condorcet will not throw it away."

"No," returned De Condorcet, "I shall not throw it away; not that I wish to aid my destiny, but because this is a unique poison, prepared by Cabanis, and which chance has completely hardened, and that chance might never occur again; therefore I will not throw it away. Triumph if you will, Monsieur de Cagliostro."

"Destiny," replied he, "ever finds some way to work out its own ends."

"Then I shall die by poison," said the marquis; "well, so be it. It is an admirable death, I think; a little poison on the tip of the tongue, and I am gone. It is scarcely dying; it is merely minus life, to use an algebraic term."

"It is not necessary for you to suffer, monsieur," said Cagliostro, coldly; and he made a gesture to indicate that he would say no more regarding Monsieur de Condorcet.

"Then, monsieur," said Monsieur de Favras, "we have a shipwreck, a gunshot, and a poisoning, which makes my mouth water. Will you not do me the favor also to predict some little pleasure of the same kind for me?"

"Oh, marquis!" replied Cagliostro, beginning to grow warm under this irony, "do not envy these gentlemen; you will have still better."

"Better!" said Monsieur de Favras, laughing; "that is pledging yourself to a great deal. It is difficult to beat the sea, fire, and poison."

"There remains the cord, marquis," said Cagliostro, bowing.

"The cord! what do you mean?"

"I mean that you will be hanged," replied Cagliostro, seeming no more the master of his prophetic rage.

"Hanged! the devil!" cried the guests.

"Monsieur forgets that I am a nobleman," said Monsieur de Favras, coldly; "or if he means to speak of a suicide, I warn him that I shall respect myself sufficiently, even in my last moments, not to use a cord while I have a sword."

"I do not speak of a suicide, monsieur."

"Then you speak of a punishment?"

"Yes."

"You are a foreigner, monsieur, and therefore I pardon you."

"What?"

"Your ignorance, monsieur. In France we decapitate noblemen."

"You may arrange this, if you can, with the executioner," replied Cagliostro, crushing him with this rough response.

Monsieur de Favras said no more. There was a general silence and shrinking for a few minutes.

"Do you know that I tremble at last," said Monsieur de Launay; "my predecessors have come off so badly, that I fear for myself if I now take my turn."

"Then you are more reasonable than they; you are right. Do not seek to know the future; good or bad, let it rest, — it is in the hands of God."

"Oh! Monsieur de Launay," said Madame Dubarry, "I hope you will not be less courageous than the others have been."

"I hope so too, madame," said the governor. Then, turning to Cagliostro, "Monsieur," he said, "favor me, in my turn, with my horoscope, if you please."

"It is easy," replied Cagliostro; "a blow on the head with the hatchet, and all will be over."

A look of dismay was once more general. Richelieu and Taverney begged Cagliostro to say no more, but female curiosity carried the day.

"To hear you talk, count," said Madame Dubarry, "one would think the whole universe must die a violent death. Here we were, eight of us, and five are already condemned by you."

"Oh, you understand that it is all prearranged to frighten us, and we shall only laugh at it," said Monsieur de Favras, trying to do so.

"Certainly we will laugh," said Count Haga, "be it true or false."

"Oh, I will laugh too, then," said Madame Dubarry. "I will not dishonor the assembly by my cowardice; but, alas! I am only a woman. I cannot rank among you and be worthy of a tragical end. A woman dies in her bed. My death, a sorrowful old woman abandoned by every one, will be the worst of all. Will it not, Monsieur de Cagliostro?"

She stopped, and seemed to wait for the prophet to reassure her. Cagliostro did not speak; so, her curiosity obtaining the mastery over her fears, she went on: "Well, Monsieur de Cagliostro, will you not answer me?"

"How can I answer you unless you question me?"

"But ——" said she.

"Come," said Cagliostro, "will you question me, yes or no?"

She hesitated; then, rallying her courage, "Yes," she cried, "I will run the risk. Tell me the fate of Jeanne de Vaubernier, Countess Dubarry."

"On the scaffold, madame," replied the prophet of evil.

"A jest, monsieur, is it not?" said she, looking at him with a supplicating air.

Cagliostro seemed not to see it. "Why do you think I jest?" said he.

"Oh, because to die on the scaffold one must have committed some crime, — stolen, or committed murder, or done something dreadful; and it is not likely I shall do that. It was a jest, was it not?"

"Oh, mon Dieu! yes," said Cagliostro; "all I have said is but a jest."

The countess laughed, but scarcely in a natural manner.

"Come, Monsieur de Favras," said she, "let us order our funerals."

"Oh, that will be needless for you, madame," said Cagliostro.

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Because you will go to the scaffold in a car."

"Oh, how horrible! This dreadful man, marshal! For Heaven's sake choose more cheerful guests next time, or I will never visit you again."

"Excuse me, madame," said Cagliostro, "but you, like all the rest, would have me speak."

"I like all the rest! At least, I hope you will grant me time to choose my confessor."

"It will be superfluous, countess."

"Why?"

"The last person who will mount the scaffold in France with a confessor will be the King of France." And Cagliostro pronounced these words in so thrilling a voice that every one was struck with horror.

All were silent.

Cagliostro raised to his lips the glass of water in which he had read these fearful prophecies, but scarcely had he touched it, when he set it down with a movement of disgust. He turned his eyes to Monsieur de Taverney.

"Oh," cried he, in terror, "do not tell me anything! I do not wish to know."

"Well, then, I will ask instead of him," said Richelieu.

"You, marshal, be happy; you are the only one of us all who will die in his bed."

"Coffee, gentlemen, coffee," cried the marshal, enchanted with the prediction. Every one rose.

But before passing into the drawing-room, Count Haga, approaching Cagliostro, said, "Monsieur, I am not trying to evade my destiny, but tell me what to beware of."

"Of a muff, monsieur," replied Cagliostro.

"And I?" said Condorcet.

"Of an omelette."

"Good; I renounce eggs," and he left the room.

"And I?" said Monsieur de Favras; "what must I fear?"

"A letter."

"And I?" said De Launay.

"The taking of the Bastille."

"Oh, you quite reassure me." And he went away laughing.

"Now for me, monsieur," said the countess, trembling.

"You, beautiful countess, shun the Place Louis XV."

"Alas!" said the countess, "one day already I lost myself there; that day I suffered much. I nearly lost my head."

"Ah, well, countess, this time you will lose it and never find it again."

Madame Dubarry uttered a cry and left the room, and Cagliostro was about to follow her, when Richelieu stopped him.

"One moment," said he; "there remains only Taverney and I, my dear sorcerer."

"Monsieur de Taverney begged me to say nothing, and you, marshal, have asked me nothing."

"Oh, I do not wish to hear," again cried Taverney.

"But come, to prove your power, tell us something that only Taverney and I know," said Richelieu.

"What?" asked Cagliostro, smiling.

"Tell us what makes Taverney come to Versailles, instead of living quietly in his beautiful house at Maison-Rouge, which the king bought for him three years ago."

"Nothing more simple, marshal," said Cagliostro. "Ten years ago, Monsieur de Taverney wished to give his daughter, Mademoiselle Andrée, to the King Louis XV., but he did not succeed."

"Oh!" growled Taverney.

"Now, monsieur wishes to give his son, Philippe de Taverney, to the Queen Marie Antoinette; ask him if I speak the truth."

"On my word," said Taverney, trembling, "this man is a sorcerer; devil take me if he is not!"

"Do not speak so cavalierly of the devil, my old comrade," said the marshal.

"It is frightful," murmured Taverney, and he turned to implore Cagliostro to be discreet, but he was gone.

"Come, Taverney, to the drawing-room," said the marshal, "or they will drink their coffee without us."

But when they arrived there the room was empty; no one had courage to face again the author of these terrible predictions.

The wax lights burned in the candelabra, the fire burned on the hearth, but all for nothing.

"Ma foi, old friend, it seems we must take our coffee *tête-à-tête*. Why, where the devil has he gone?" Richelieu looked all around him, but Taverney had vanished like the rest. "Never mind," said the marshal, chuckling as Voltaire might have done, and rubbing his withered though still white hands; "I shall be the only one to die in my bed. Well, Count Cagliostro, at least I believe. In my bed! that was it; I shall die in my bed, and I trust not for a long time. Holla! my *valet de chambre* and my drops."

The valet entered with the bottle, and the marshal went with him into the bedroom.

MISTAKES, METHODS, AND CRIMES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By EDMUND BURKE.

(From "Reflections on the Revolution in France.")

[Edmund Burke, British orator and political philosopher, was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 12, 1729. He gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1746; in 1750 went to London to study law, — but never was called to the bar; became noted in literary and theatrical circles, and in 1756 published his "Vindication of Natural Society," in answer to Bolingbroke, and the treatise on "The Sublime and the Beautiful." In 1759 he became private secretary to "Single speech" William Gerard Hamilton, but a few years later quarreled with and left him. In 1764 he became a member of the famous club with Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, etc. In 1765 he was appointed private secretary to Lord Rockingham, just made first lord of the treasury, and was shortly returned to Parliament. His speeches are part of the enduring monuments of English literature. In 1769 he published his pamphlets, "Observations on a Late Publication (George Grenville's) on the Present State of the Nation"; and in 1770 "Thoughts on the Present Discontents." He was made privy councilor and paymaster of the forces in 1782. For several years from 1783, he was occupied with the affairs of India, the prosecution of Warren Hastings, etc. Late in 1789 he wrote "Reflections on the Revolution in France," issued a year later; in 1796, "Letters on a Regicide Peace." He died July 9, 1797.]

You will observe that from *Magna Charta* to the Declaration of Right, it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an entailed inheritance derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity, as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom without any reference whatever to any other

more general or prior right. By this means our constitution preserves an unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown; an inheritable peerage; and an house of commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

This policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity who never look back to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of government. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement, grasped as in a kind of mortmain forever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down, to us and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, molding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth

of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchers, and our altars.

Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its galleries of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men: on account of their age, and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

You might, if you pleased, have profited of our example, and have given to your recovered freedom a correspondent dignity. Your privileges, though discontinued, were not lost to memory. Your constitution, it is true, whilst you were out of possession, suffered waste and dilapidation; but you possessed in some parts the walls, and in all the foundations, of a noble and venerable castle. You might have repaired those walls; you might have built on those old foundations. Your constitution was suspended before it was perfected; but you had the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished. In your old states you possessed that variety of parts corresponding with the various descriptions of which your community was happily composed; you had all that combination, and all that opposition of interests, you had that action and counteraction which, in the natural and in the political

world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe. These opposed and conflicting interests, which you considered as so great a blemish in your old and in our present constitution, interpose a salutary check to all precipitate resolutions; they render deliberation a matter not of choice, but of necessity; they make all change a subject of compromise, which naturally begets moderation; they produce temperaments preventing the sore evil of harsh, crude, unqualified reformations; and rendering all the headlong exertions of arbitrary power, in the few or in the many, forever impracticable. Through that diversity of members and interests, general liberty had as many securities as there were separate views in the several orders; whilst by pressing down the whole by the weight of a real monarchy, the separate parts would have been prevented from warping and starting from their allotted places.

You had all these advantages in your ancient states; but you chose to act as if you had never been molded into civil society, and had everything to begin anew. You began ill, because you began by despising everything that belonged to you. You set up your trade without a capital. If the last generations of your country appeared without much luster in your eyes, you might have passed them by, and derived your claims from a more early race of ancestors. Under a pious predilection for those ancestors, your imaginations would have realized in them a standard of virtue and wisdom, beyond the vulgar practice of the hour; and you have risen with the example to whose imitation you aspired. Respecting your forefathers, you would have been taught to respect yourselves. You would not have chosen to consider the French as a people of yesterday, as a nation of lowborn servile wretches until the emancipating year of 1789. In order to furnish, at the expense of your honor, an excuse to your apologists here for several enormities of yours, you would not have been content to be represented as a gang of Maroon slaves, suddenly broke loose from the house of bondage, and therefore to be pardoned for your abuse of the liberty to which you were not accustomed, and ill fitted. Would it not, my worthy friend, have been wiser to have you thought, what I, for one, always thought you, a generous and gallant nation, long misled to your disadvantage by your high and romantic sentiments of fidelity, honor, and loyalty; that events had been unfavorable to you,

but that you were not enslaved through any illiberal or servile disposition; that in your most devoted submission you were actuated by a principle of public spirit, and that it was your country you worshiped, in the person of your king? Had you made it to be understood that in the delusion of this amiable error you had gone further than your wise ancestors; that you were resolved to resume your ancient privileges, whilst you preserved the spirit of your ancient and your recent loyalty and honor; or, if diffident of yourselves, and not clearly discerning the almost obliterated constitution of your ancestors, you had looked to your neighbors in this land, who had kept alive the ancient principles and models of the old common law of Europe meliorated and adapted to its present state — by following wise examples you would have given new examples of wisdom to the world. You would have rendered the cause of liberty venerable in the eyes of every worthy mind in every nation. You would have shamed despotism from the earth, by showing that freedom was not only reconcilable but as, when well disciplined it is, auxiliary to law. You would have had an unoppressive but a productive revenue. You would have had a flourishing commerce to feed it. You would have had a free constitution; a potent monarchy; a disciplined army; a reformed and venerated clergy; a mitigated but spirited nobility, to lead your virtue, not to overlay it; you would have had a liberal order of commons, to emulate and to recruit that nobility; you would have had a protected, satisfied, laborious, and obedient people, taught to seek and to recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions; in which consists the true moral equality of mankind, and not in that monstrous fiction, which, by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walk of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and imbitter that real inequality which it never can remove; and which the order of civil life establishes as much for the benefit of those whom it must leave in a humble state, as those whom it is able to exalt to a condition more splendid, but not more happy. You had a smooth and easy career of felicity and glory laid open to you, beyond anything recorded in the history of the world; but you have shown that difficulty is good for man.

Compute your gains: see what is got by those extravagant and presumptuous speculations which have taught your leaders to despise all their predecessors, and all their contemporaries,

and even to despise themselves, until the moment in which they became truly despicable. By following those false lights, France has bought undisguised calamities at a higher price than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal blessings. France has bought poverty by crime! France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest; but she has abandoned her interest, that she might prostitute her virtue. All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing originally, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality. France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the license of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners, and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices; and has extended through all ranks of life, as if she were communicating some privilege, or laying open some secluded benefit, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power. This is one of the new principles of equality in France.

France, by the perfidy of her leaders, has utterly disgraced the tone of lenient council in the cabinets of princes, and disarmed it of its most potent topics. She has sanctified the dark suspicious maxims of tyrannous distrust, and taught kings to tremble at (what will hereafter be called) the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians. Sovereigns will consider those who advise them to place an unlimited confidence in their people as subverters of their thrones, as traitors who aim at their destruction, by leading their easy good nature, under specious pretenses, to admit combinations of bold and faithless men into a participation of their power. This alone, if there were nothing else, is an irreparable calamity to you and to mankind. Remember that your parliament of Paris told your king that in calling the states together, he had nothing to fear but the prodigal excess of their zeal in providing for the support of the throne. It is right that these men should hide their heads. It is right that they should bear their part in the ruin which their counsel has brought on their sovereign and their country. Such sanguine declarations tend to lull authority asleep; to encourage it rashly to engage in perilous adventures of untried policy; to neglect those provisions, preparations, and precautions which distinguish benevolence from

imbecility; and without which no man can answer for the salutary effect of any abstract plan of government or of freedom. For want of these, they have seen the medicine of the state corrupted into its poison. They have seen the French rebel against a mild and lawful monarch, with more fury, outrage, and insult than ever any people has been known to rise against the most illegal usurper, or the most sanguinary tyrant. Their resistance was made to concession; their revolt was from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand holding out graces, favors, and immunities.

This was unnatural. The rest is in order. They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned; tribunals subverted; industry without vigor; commerce expiring; the revenue unpaid, yet the people impoverished; a church pillaged, and a state not relieved; civil and military anarchy made the constitution of the kingdom; everything human and divine sacrificed to the idol of public credit, and national bankruptcy the consequence; and to crown all, the paper securities of new, precarious, tottering power, the discredited paper securities of impoverished fraud, and beggared rapine, held out as a currency for the support of an empire, in lieu of the two great recognized species that represent the lasting conventional credit of mankind, which disappeared and hid themselves in the earth from whence they came, when the principle of property, whose creatures and representatives they are, was systematically subverted.

Were all these dreadful things necessary? Were they the inevitable results of the desperate struggle of determined patriots, compelled to wade through blood and tumult, to the quiet shore of a tranquil and prosperous liberty? No! nothing like it. The fresh ruins of France, which shock our feelings wherever we can turn our eyes, are not the devastation of civil war; they are the sad, but instructive, monuments of rash and ignorant counsel in time of profound peace. They are the display of inconsiderate and presumptuous, because unresisted and irresistible, authority.

The persons who have thus squandered away the precious treasure of their crimes, the persons who have made this prodigal and wild waste of public evils (the last stake reserved for the ultimate ransom of the state) have met in their progress with little, or rather with no opposition at all. Their whole march was more like a triumphal procession than the progress

of a war. Their pioneers have gone before them, and demolished and laid everything level at their feet. Not one drop of their blood have they shed in the cause of the country they have ruined. They have made no sacrifices to their projects of greater consequence than their shoe buckles, whilst they were imprisoning their king, murdering their fellow-citizens, and bathing in tears, and plunging in poverty and distress, thousands of worthy men and worthy families. Their cruelty has not even been the base result of fear. It has been the effect of their sense of perfect safety, in authorizing treasons, robberies, rapes, assassinations, slaughters, and burnings throughout their harassed land. But the cause of all was plain from the beginning.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE.

By ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

(Translated by Henry Curwen.)

Let a stoic with tearless eyes hastily clutch at death,
But I with my tears and prayers at the chilly North wind's breath
Will shiver and hide and flee.
There may be sorrowful days, but then there are hours of joy —
Ah! was there ever a sweet but sooner or late must cloy —
Or ever a stormless sea?

Illusions and hopes and dreams are fluttering thro' my brain,
Till the dreary dungeon walls would fetter my soul in vain,
For I borrow me airy wings;
O joy for heaven's free air, as merrily up I fly,
Away from the snarer's nets, to the blue fields of the sky,
Where Philomel soaring sings!

Why should I die so young, when the lingering, peaceful years,
Full of soft lulling delights, are waiting to still my tears
In their dreamless depths profound?
Laughing his love in my eyes, my darling kissed me to-day,
Till my own joy overflows, to conjure and soothe away
The sorrows of all around.

O Death! thou canst wait awhile, for a moment let me hide,
There are weary hearts eno', whose dolorous shame and pride
Hail thee with pitiful cry;
For me the summer has still such tremulous green delights,
And Love such soft caresses, and my songs such wild delights,
That I do not wish to die!

LAST NIGHT AND EXECUTION OF THE GIRONDISTS.

By A. DE LAMARTINE.

[Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamartine, French poet, historian, Academician, and statesman, was born at Mâcon, October 21, 1790, and spent much of his youth in Italy. In 1820 appeared his "Méditations Poétiques," containing the famous elegy "Le Lac" (The Lake). The success of this work helped to open up for him a diplomatic career. He held several posts in Italy to the accession of Louis Philippe, and sat in the National Assembly from 1833 to the revolution of 1848, when he became minister of foreign affairs, and exercised a great influence over the first movements of the new republic. A pension of 25,000 francs was granted to him by the government in 1867. Lamartine's important prose works are: "History of the Girondins" (1847), which unquestionably had much influence in bringing about the events of 1848; "Graziella"; "History of the Restoration"; and "Souvenirs of the East." He died at Paris in 1869.]

These first symptoms of a return of popular feeling to the Gironde alarmed the Commune. Auduin, Pache's son-in-law, who had formerly been a priest, and was now one of the church's bitterest persecutors, called on the Committee of Safety to close the debate by allowing the president to declare that sufficient evidence had been heard. The jury, constrained by this declaration, closed the debate on the 30th of October, at eight o'clock in the evening. All the accused were declared guilty of having conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, and condemned to death.

At this sentence a cry of astonishment and horror burst from the accused; the greater number, and especially Boileau, Ducos, Fonfrède, Antiboul, Mainvielle, expected an acquittal. One of the accused, who had made a motion with his hand as though to tear his garments, slipped from his seat on to the floor. It was Valazé. "What, Valazé, are you losing your courage?" said Brissot, striving to support him. "No, I am dying," re-

turned Valazé; and he expired, his hand on the poniard with which he had pierced his heart.

At this spectacle silence instantly prevailed, and the example of Valazé made the young Girondists blush for their momentary weakness.

Boileau alone protesting against the sentence which confounded him with the Gironde, cast his hat into the air, exclaiming, "I am innocent; I am a Jacobin; I am a Montagnard." The sarcasms of the spectators were the sole reply, and, instead of pity, he only met with contempt. Brissot inclined his head on his breast, and appeared immersed in reflection. Fauchet and Lasource clasped their hands, and raised their eyes to heaven. Vergniaud, seated on the highest bench, gazed on the tribunal, his colleagues, and the crowd, with a look that seemed to scan the scene, and to seek in the past an example of such a decision of destiny, and such ingratitude on the part of the people. Sillery cast away his crutch, and exclaimed, "This is the most glorious day of my life." Fonfrède threw his arms round Ducos, and burst into tears. "Mon ami," said he, "I cause your death, but console yourself, we shall die together."

At this moment a cry was heard, and a young man in vain strove to force his way through the crowd. "Let me fly from this spectacle," cried he, covering his eyes with his hands. "Wretch that I am, it is I who have killed them. It is my '*Brissot dévoilé*' which has killed them. I cannot bear the sight of my work. I feel their blood fall on the hand that has denounced them." This young man was Camille Desmoulins, inconsiderate in his pity as his hatred, and whom the crowd detained and silenced as though he had been a child.

It was eleven o'clock at night. After a moment's pause, occasioned by the unexpectedness of the sentence, and the emotion of the prisoners, the sitting was closed amidst cries of *Vive la République!*

The Girondists, as they quitted their places, assembled round the corpse of Valazé, extended on a bench; touched it respectfully, to assure themselves that life was extinct, and then, as though seized with an electric inspiration by contact with the republican who had perished by his own hand, they exclaimed simultaneously, "We die innocent. *Vive la République!*" Some of them threw amongst the crowd handfuls of *assignats*, not, as it has been supposed, to excite the people to revolt and

disorder, but, like the Romans, to bequeath to them wealth no longer useful to themselves. The populace eagerly collected these legacies of the dying, and appeared touched with pity. Hermann ordered the *gens d'armes* to remove the prisoners; and their presence of mind, which had for a moment forsaken them, now returned with the conviction of their fate.

In fulfillment of the promise they had made the other prisoners in the Conciergerie to inform them of their fate by the echoes of their voices, they burst, on quitting the tribunals, into the "Marseillaise" hymn: —

> "Allons, enfans de la patrie,
> Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

and sang the chorus with an energy that made the vaults ring again.

At these sounds the prisoners awoke and comprehended that the accused sang their own death song; and tears, acclamations, and sobs replied to their strains. They were all confined for this their last night on earth in the large dungeon, the waiting room of death. The tribunal had just decreed that the yet warm corpse of Valazé "*should be carried back to prison, conveyed in the same cart with his accomplices to the scaffold, and interred with them.*" The only sentence perhaps that ever punished the dead.

Four *gens d'armes* followed the column of the condemned, bearing on a litter the bleeding corpse, and laid it down in a corner of the dungeon. The Girondists came one by one to kiss the hand of their friend, and then covered his visage with his mantle. They were so soon to rejoin him that their adieus were rather respectful than sad. "To-morrow," said they: and they recruited their strength for this morrow.

It was near at hand, for it was already midnight. The deputy Bailleul, their colleague at the Assembly, proscribed like them, but who had escaped the proscription, and was concealed in Paris, had promised to send them from without, on the day of their trial, a last repast, triumphant or funereal, according to the sentence; to rejoice at their freedom, or commemorate their death. Bailleul, though invisible, kept his promise through the agency of a friend. The funereal supper was set out in the large dungeon; the daintiest meats, the choicest wines, the rarest flowers, and numerous flambeaux decked the oaken table of the prison. The last luxury of an

eternal farewell, — prodigality of dying men, who have no need to save aught for the following day. The Girondists took their places in silence, to recruit their exhausted strength, and then await the day. A priest, then a young man, but destined to survive them more than half a century, the Abbé Lambert, the friend of Brissot and the other Girondists, who had obtained admittance into the Conciergerie to console or bless the dying, awaited in the corridor the conclusion of the supper; the doors were open, and he observed and noted down in his mind the gestures, the sighs, and the words of those assembled there: and it is to him that posterity owes the greater portion of these details, — faithful as conscience, and exact as the memory of a last friend.

The repast was prolonged till dawn. Vergniaud, seated at the center of the table, presided, with the same calm dignity he had presided at the Convention, on the night of the 10th of August. Vergniaud was of all the one who least regretted life, — for he had gained sufficient glory, and left neither father, mother, wife, nor children behind him. The others formed groups, with the exception of Brissot, who sat at the end of the table, eating but little, and not uttering a word.

For a long time nothing in their features or conversation indicated that this repast was the prelude to death. They ate and drank with appetite, but sobriety; but when the table was cleared, and nothing left except the fruit, wine, and flowers, the conversation became alternately animated, noisy, and grave, as the conversation of careless men, whose thoughts and tongues are freed by wine. Mainvielle, Antiboul, Duchâtel, Fonfrède, Ducos, and all those young men who could not feel themselves sufficiently aged in an hour to die on the morrow, burst into gay and joyous sallies; but their language, contrasted with approaching death, profaned the sanctity of their last hours, and threw a glacial expression over the false gayety of these young men.

Brissot, Fauchet, Sillery, Lasource, Lehardy, Carra, strove sometimes to reply to these noisy provocations, but the misplaced gayety of these young men found no echo in the hearts of their elder colleagues. Vergniaud, more grave, and more really intrepid in his gravity, gazed on Ducos and Fonfrède with a smile in which indulgence was mingled with compassion.

Towards the morning the conversation became more solemn.

Brissot spoke prophetically of the misfortunes of the republic, deprived of her most virtuous and eloquent citizens. "How much blood will it require to wash out our own," cried he. They were silent for a moment, and appeared terrified at the phantom of the future evoked by Brissot. "My friends," replied Vergniaud, "we have killed the tree by pruning it. It was too aged: Robespierre cuts it. Will he be more fortunate than ourselves? No; the soil is too weak to nourish the roots of civic liberty: this people is too childish to wield its laws without hurting itself. It will return to its kings as babes return to their toys. We were deceived as to the age in which we were born, and in which we die for the freedom of the world," continued he. "We deemed ourselves at Rome, and we were at Paris. But revolutions are like those crises which blanch in a single night the hair of a man, — they soon bring nations to maturity. Our blood is sufficiently warm to fertilize the soil of the republic. Let us not carry away with us the future; and let us bequeath to the people hope, in exchange for the death we shall receive at their hands."

A long silence followed this speech of Vergniaud's, and the conversation turned from earth to heaven. "What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" said Ducos, who always mingled mirth with the most serious subjects. Each replied according to his nature. "We shall sleep after the fatigues of the day," replied some. The skepticism of the age corrupted even their last thoughts, and only promised the destruction of the soul to those men who were about to die for the immortality of a human idea. The immortality of the soul, and the sublime conjectures of that future life to which they were so near, offered a more fitting theme for their last moment. Their voices sank, their accents became more solemn. Fonfrède, Gensonné, Carra, Fauchet, and Brissot spoke in terms in which breathed all the divinity of human reason and all the certainty of conscience on the mysterious problems of the immaterial destiny of the human mind.

Vergniaud, who had hitherto been silent, now appealed to by his friends, joined in the debate. "Never," said the eye-witness whom we have before cited, and who had often admired him in the tribune, "never had his look, his gesture, his language, and his voice more profoundly affected his hearers."

The words of Vergniaud were lost, their impression alone remained.

After having united all the moral proofs of the existence of a being whom he termed the Supreme Being, — after having demonstrated the necessity of a Providence, the consequence of the excellence of this Supreme Being, and the necessity of justice, a divine debt of the Creator, towards his creatures, — after having cited, from Socrates to Cicero, and from Cicero to all the just who have perished, the universal belief of all peoples and philosophers, a proof above all others, since there is in nature an instinct of a future existence, as strong as the instinct of a present life, — after having carried, even to enthusiasm, the certainty of a continuation of existence, after this present state, which is not destroyed but metamorphosed by death, — "But," added he, in more eloquent language, exalted even to lyricism, and bringing the subject to the condition of his fellow-prisoners, to deduce his strongest proof from themselves, "are not we ourselves the best proof of immortality? We, calm, serene, unmoved in the presence of the corpse of our friend — of our own corpse — discussing, like a peaceful assembly of philosophers, on the light or darkness which shall succeed our last sigh; dying, more happy than Danton, who will live, — than Robespierre, who will triumph. Whence then arises this calmness in our discourse, and this serenity in our souls? Is it not in us the result of the feeling that we have performed a great duty towards humanity? What is our country — what is humanity? Is it this mass of animated dust which is to-day man, to-morrow a heap of clay? No, it is not for this living clod of earth, it is for the spirit of humanity and our fatherland that we die. What are we ourselves but atoms of this collective spirit of the human race? Each of the men who compose our species has an immortal spirit, imperishable, and confounded with that soul of his country and mankind for which it is so sweet, so glorious, to devote ourselves — to suffer, and to die. It is for this reason," continued he, "that we are not sublime dupes, but beings who obey their moral instinct; and who, when they have fulfilled this duty, will live, suffer, or enjoy in immortality the destinies of humanity. Let us die then, not with confidence, but certainty. Our conscience is our guide in this mighty trial; our judge, the great Eternal, whose name is sought for by ages, and to whose designs we are subservient as tools which he breaks in the work, but whose fragments fall at his feet. Death is but the greatest act of life, since it gives birth to a higher state of

existence. Were it not thus," added he, more solemnly, "there would be something greater than God. It would be the just man, immolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. This supposition is a folly of blasphemy, and I repel it with contempt or horror. No! Vergniaud is not greater than God, but God is more just than Vergniaud, and will not, to-morrow, suffer him to ascend a scaffold, but to justify and avenge him in future ages."

Fauchet made an eloquent discourse on the Passion, comparing their death to Calvary. They were all much moved, and many wept.

Vergniaud reconciled, in a few words, all the different opinions. "Let us believe what we will," said he, "but let us die certain of our life and the price of our death. Let us each sacrifice what we possess, the one his doubt, the other his faith, all of us our blood for liberty. When man offers himself as a victim to Heaven, what more can he give?"

Daylight began to stream in at the windows. "Let us go to bed," said Ducos: "life is so trifling a thing that it is not worth the hour of sleep we lose in regretting it." "Let us watch," said Lasource to Sillery and Fauchet; "eternity is so certain and so terrible that a thousand lives would not suffice to prepare for it." They rose from table, and reëntered their chambers, where most of them threw themselves on their beds.

Thirteen remained in the larger dungeon; some conversed in whispers, others wept, some slept. At eight o'clock they were allowed to walk about in the corridors. The Abbé Lambert, the pious friend of Brissot, who had passed the night at the door of their dungeon, was still awaiting permission to communicate with them. Brissot, perceiving him, sprang forward and clasped him in his arms. The priest offered him the assistance of his ministry, to soften or sanctify death; but Brissot gratefully but firmly refused. "Do you know anything more holy than the death of an honest man, who dies for having refused the blood of his fellow-creatures to wretches?" said he. The abbé said nothing more.

Lasource, who had witnessed the interview, approached Brissot. "Do you believe," said he to him, "in the immortality of your soul, and the providence of God?" "I do believe in them," returned Brissot; "and it is because I believe in them that I am about to die." "Well," replied Lasource,

"there is but a step from thence to religion. I, the minister of another faith, have never so much admired the ministers of yours, as in these dungeons into which they bring the pardon of Heaven to the condemned. In your place I should confess." Brissot made no reply, but joined Vergniaud, Gensonné, and the younger prisoners, most of whom declined the aid of the priest. Some sat on the stone parapet, others walked about arm in arm; some knelt at the priest's feet, and received absolution after a brief confession of their faults. All awaiting calmly the signal for their departure, and resembling by their attitude a halt previous to the battle.

The Abbé Emery, although a nonjuring priest, had obtained permission to see Fauchet at the grating that separated the court from the corridor, and there listened to and absolved the bishop of Calvados. Fauchet, absolved and penitent, listened to the confession of Sillery, and bestowed on his friend the divine pardon he had just received.

At ten o'clock the executioners came to prepare them for the scaffold. Gensonné, picking up a lock of his black hair, gave it to the Abbé Lambert, and begged him to give it to his wife, whose residence he named. "Tell her it is all I can send her of my remains, and that my last thoughts in death were hers." Vergniaud drew his watch from his pocket, scratched with a pen some initials, and the date of the 30th of October, in the inside of the gold case, and gave it to one of the assistants to transmit it to a young girl to whom he was tenderly attached, and whom it is said he had intended to marry.

All had a name, a regret, a friendship; all had some souvenir of themselves to send to those they left on earth. The hope of a remembrance here is the last tie that binds the dying to life.

These mysterious legacies were all duly delivered.

When all was ready, and the last lock of hair had fallen on the stones of the dungeon, the executioners and *gens d'armes* made the condemned march in a column to the court of the palace, where five carts, surrounded by an immense crowd, awaited them. The moment they emerged from the Conciergerie the Girondists burst into the "Marseillaise," laying stress on these verses, which contained a double meaning —

> "Contre nous de la tyrannie
> L'étendard sanglant est levé."

From this moment they ceased to think of themselves, in

order to think of the example of the death of republicans they wished to leave the people. Their voices sank at the end of each verse, only to rise more sonorous at the first line of the next verse. Each cart contained four, with the exception of the last, in which lay the body of Valazé. His head, shaken by the concussion over the stones, swayed to and fro before his friends, who were forced to close their eyes to avoid seeing his livid features, but who still joined in the strain. On their arrival at the scaffold they all embraced, in token of community in liberty, life, and death, and then resumed their funereal chant. All died without weakness. Sillery, with irony, after ascending the platform, walked round, saluting the people as though to thank them for his glory and death. The hymn became feebler at each fall of the ax; one voice still continued it, that of Vergniaud, executed the last. Like his companions, he did not die, but passed away in enthusiasm, and his life, commenced by immortal orations, ended by a hymn to the eternity of the Revolution.

One cart bore away their bodies, and one grave, by the side of that of Louis XVI., received them.

Some years afterwards, in searching the archives of the parish of La Madeleine, the bill of the gravedigger of the Commune was found, with the order of the president on the national treasury for its payment. "Twenty-two deputies of the Gironde; the coffins, 147 francs; expenses of interment, 63 francs; total 210 francs."

Such was the price of the shovelfuls of earth that covered the founders of the republic. Never did Æschylus or Shakespeare invent a more bitter derision of fate than this bill of a gravedigger, demanding and receiving his pay for having alternately buried all the monarchy and all the republic of a mighty nation.

Such were the last moments of these men; they had, during their short life, all the illusions of hope; they had in death the greatest happiness which Heaven reserves for great minds, that martyrdom that rejoices in itself, and which elevates to the sanctity of a victim the man who perishes for his conscience and his country. It would be superfluous to judge them; they have been judged by their life and death. They committed three errors: the first in not having boldly proclaimed the republic before the 10th of August, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly; the second, in having conspired

against the constitution of 1791, and by this means forcing the national sovereignty to act as a faction, taken part in the death of the king, and forced the Revolution to employ cruel means; the third was in the time of the Convention, having sought to govern when they should have given battle.

They had three virtues which amply atoned for their defects in the eyes of posterity. They adored liberty, they founded the republic, that precocious truth of future governments, and they died for having refused blood to the people. Their age condemned them to death, and the future has glorified and pardoned them. They died because they would not permit liberty to sully herself, and on their memory will be engraved that inscription which Vergniaud, their voice, wrote with his own hand on the wall of his dungeon — "Death rather than dishonor." "*Potius mori quam fœdari.*"

Scarcely had their heads rolled on the scaffold than a gloomy and sanguinary hue spread itself, instead of the luster of their party, over the Convention. Youth, beauty, illusion, genius, eloquence, — all seemed to disappear with them. Paris might have said with Lacedæmon, after the loss of her youth in battle, "The country has lost its flower; liberty has lost its *prestige;* the republic has lost its spring."

Whilst the twenty-two Girondists perished thus at Paris, Pétion, Buzot, Barbaroux, and Guadet wandered, hunted like wild beasts, in the forests and caves of the Gironde. Madame Roland awaited her fate in a dungeon of the prison of the Abbaye. Dumouriez plotted in exile to escape his remorse, and La Fayette, who had been faithful to liberty at least, expiated in the subterranean cells of the fortress of Olmütz the crime of having been its apostle, and of still professing it even in his chains.

The history of the Revolution is glorious and sad as the morrow of a victory and the eve of a battle. But if the history be full of mourning, it is also full of faith. It resembles the antique drama, in which, whilst the narrator gives the recital, the chorus of the people sings the glory, bewails the victims, and raises a hymn of consolation and hope to God!

THE REVOLUTION BURSTS INTO FLAME.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "A Tale of Two Cities.")

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

THE SEA STILL RISES.

MADAME DEFARGE, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine shop and the street. In both, there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable, but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest nightcap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you?" Every lean bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

"Hark!" said The Vengeance. "Listen then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder laid from the outermost bound of

the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-shop door had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him! "Listen, everywhere!" said madame again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a background of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does everybody here recall old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to Hell?"

"Everybody!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much — and with reason — that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they

had, and came pouring down into the streets; but the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such household occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another, and themselves, to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then, a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming: Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! O mother of God, this Foulon! O heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father: I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground that grass may grow from him! With these cries, numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped into a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled underfoot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hôtel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of Examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a

bunch of grass upon his back. Ha! ha! that was well done. Let him eat it now!" Madame put her knife under her arm and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighboring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvelous quickness, at a distance; the more readily, because certain men who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray as of hope of protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favor was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly, to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace — Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied — The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey from their high perches — when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now full of vehement agony of action, with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go — as a cat might have done to a mouse — and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready, and while he besought her: the women passion-

ately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once, he went aloft and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful, and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up, that it boiled again, on hearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the dispatched, another of the people's enemies and insulters, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaring sheets of paper, seized him — would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company — set his head and heart on pikes, and carried the three spoils of the day, in Wolf procession, through the streets.

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breadless. Then, the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually, these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows, and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbors cooked in common, afterwards supping at their doors.

Scanty and insufficient suppers those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet, human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day played gently with their meager children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning, when Defarge's wine shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door: —

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh well," returned madame. "Almost."

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept: even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine that blood and

hurry had not changed. The Vengeance, as custodian of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastile fell, or old Foulon was seized: not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

Fire Rises.

There was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were soldiers to guard it, but not many; there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do — beyond this: that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shriveled and poor as the miserable people. Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them — all worn out.

Monseigneur (often a most worthy individual gentleman) was a national blessing, gave a chivalrous tone to things, was a polite example of luxurious and shining life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless, Monseigneur as a class had, somehow or other, brought things to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something shortsighted in the eternal arrangements, surely! Thus it was, however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flint, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasure of the chase — now found in hunting the people; now found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of bar-

barous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste, chiseled, and otherwise beatified and beatifying features of Monseigneur.

For, in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it — in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely labor, and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced, the mender of roads would discern without surprise that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in the mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many byways through woods.

Such a man came upon him, like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on the heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had, he said, in a dialect that was just intelligible :—

"How goes it, Jacques?"

"All well, Jacques."

"Touch then!"

They joined hands, and the man sat down on a heap of stones.

"No dinner?"

"Nothing but supper now," said the mender of roads, with a hungry face.

"It is the fashion," growled the man. "I meet no dinner anywhere."

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it with flint and steel, pulled at it until it was a bright glow, then suddenly held it from him and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

"Touch then." It was the turn of the mender of roads to

say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"To-night," said the man, putting the pipe into his mouth.

"Where?"

"Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with a hail driving in between them like a pygmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

"Show me!" said the traveler then, moving to the brow of the hill.

"See!" returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain——"

"To the Devil with all that!" interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape. "*I* go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you cease to work?"

"At sunset."

"Will you wake me, before departing? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road mender plied his dusty labor, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned towards it that he used his tools mechanically, and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woolen red cap, the rough medley dress of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveler had traveled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles

chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes as he himself was into sores. Stooping down beside him, the road mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not; but in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades, guardhouses, gates, trenches, and drawbridges seemed to the mender of roads to be so much air as against this figure. And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around, he saw in his small fancy similar figures, stopped by no obstacle, tending to centers all over France.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness, to sunshine on his face and shadow, to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body and the diamonds into which the sun changed them, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then, the mender of the roads having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. "Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his house top alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan who kept the keys of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin by and by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old château, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of buildings massive and dark

in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within; uneasy rushes of wind went through the hall, among the old spears and knives, and passed lamenting up the stairs, and shook the curtains of the bed where the last Marquis had slept. East, West, North, and South, through the woods, four heavy-treading, unkempt figures crushed the high grass and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the courtyard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But not for long. Presently, the château began to make itself strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then, a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches, and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of the great windows flames burst forth, and the stone faces awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there was a saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help, every one!" The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends, stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky. "It must be forty feet high," said they, grimly; and never moved.

The rider from the château, and the horse in a foam, clattered away through the village, and galloped up the stony steep, to the prison on the crag. At the gate, a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from them, a group of soldiers. "Help, gentlemen officers! The château is on fire; valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help, help!" The officers looked towards the soldiers, who looked at the fire; gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of lips, "It must burn."

As the rider rattled down the hill again and through the street, the village was illuminating. The mender of roads, and the two hundred and fifty particular friends, inspired

one man and woman by the idea of lighting up, had darted into their houses, and were putting candles in every dull little pane of glass. The general scarcity of everything occasioned candles to be borrowed in a rather peremptory manner of Monsieur Gabelle; and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that functionary's part, the mender of roads, once so submissive to authority, had remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with, and that post horses would roast.

The château was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration, a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising and falling of the blaze, the stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell, the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured: anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis, burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The château burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shriveled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls, like crystallization; stupefied birds wheeled about and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, East, West, North, and South, along the night-enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, towards their next destination. The illuminated village had seized hold of the tocsin, and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.

Not only that; but the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell ringing, and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes—though it was but a small installment of taxes, and no rent at all, that Gabelle had got in those latter days—became impatient for an interview with him and, surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. Whereupon Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door, and retire to hold counsel with himself. The result of that conference was that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his house top behind his stack of chimneys; this time resolved, if his door were

broken in (he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament), to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet, and crush a man or two below.

Probably Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant château for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace in his favor. A trying suspense, to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved! But, the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the rush candles of the village guttering out, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down, bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles, and in the light of other fires, there were other functionaries less fortunate, that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once peaceful streets, where they had been born and bred; also, there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success, and whom they strung up in their turn. But the fierce figures were steadily wending East, West, North, and South, be that as it would; and whosoever hung, fire burned. The altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it, no functionary, by any stretch of mathematics, was able to calculate successfully.

In such rising of fire and rising of sea — the firm earth shaken by the rushes of an angry ocean which had now no ebb, but was always on the flow, higher and higher, to the terror and wonder of the beholders on the shore — three years of tempest were consumed.

Monseigneur, as a class, had dissociated himself from the phenomenon of his not being appreciated; of his being so little wanted in France, as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it and this life together.

EPISODES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795. He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor; in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course. His chief succeeding works were "Chartism Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and "Frederick the Great." He died February 4, 1881.]

COUNT FERSEN.

ROYALTY should, by this time, be far on with its preparations [for escape]. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a Hereditary Representative be carried in leather vache, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider "Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses," in that iron Nibelungen Song! No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantuamaker and to that; and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small; such a clipping and sewing as — might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step anywhither without her Nécessaire; dear Nécessaire, of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilet implements, infinite small queenlike furnitures: necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers, — never to get to hand. All which, you would say, augurs ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humored.

Bouillé, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmédi; gathering Royal-Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, "to watch the Austrians." His Majesty will not cross the frontiers, unless on compulsion. Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed,

hateful as they are to all people. Nor shall old war god Broglie have any hand in the business; but solely our brave Bouillé; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's Baton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the shouting of all the troops. In the mean while, Paris being so suspicious, were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors an ostensible Constitutional Letter; desiring all Kings and men to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say otherwise? Such a Constitutional Circular is dispatched by Couriers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and printed in all Newspapers; with the finest effect. Simulation and dissimulation mingle extensively in human affairs.

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen. . . .

In fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert, decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries: and Letters go in cipher, — one of them, a most important one, hard to *de*cipher; Fersen having ciphered it in haste.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries, second in National command, sees several things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Townhall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love court to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much to him: the Nécessaire, the clothes, the packing of jewels, — could he understand it when betrayed? Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs up his sentries to vigilance; walks restless to and fro; and hopes the best.

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come "to see his children." Also that Fersen has got a stupendous

new Coach built, of the kind named Berline; done by the first artists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to "Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy," far North, to wait there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting Woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homeward with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coach Builders and such like; — so helpful-polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting maids; further, certain necessary horses; one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at Corpus-Christi Day, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner. . . .

On Monday night, the 20th of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney coach, and glass coach (carrosse de remise), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children, has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass Coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass Coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many dames? 'Tis his Majesty's Couchée, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace world is retiring home. But the Glass Coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm and arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door;

starts a shoe buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is, however, by the Glass Coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass Coachman still waits. — Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel, — where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her badine, — light little magic rod which she calls badine, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court of Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy hat, and touched the wheel spoke with her badine? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid ci-devant Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue de Bac; far from the Glass Coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts — which he must button close up, under his jarvey surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass Coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvey drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvey dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; decline drinking together; and part with good night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen lady, in gypsy hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done: and now, O Glass Coachman

of a thousand, — Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou, — drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass Coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock Carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, — these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Toward the Barrier, not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?" — "Gone with it an hour and half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter. — "C'est bien." Yes, it is well; — though had not such hour and half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum: and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin: looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest? — and as for us of the Glass Coach, haste too; O haste; much time is already lost! The august Glass Coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass Coach itself is turned adrift, its head toward the City; to wander whither it lists, — and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammercloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward toward Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with

post horses ready ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting Maids and their bandboxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting Women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvey surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, toward Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! Baroness de Korff is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting Maid* is the Queen in gypsy hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. The other hooded Dame, styled *Traveling Companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy: — over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy, — where Long-haired Childeric Donothing was struck through with iron; not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone towers are Raincy; towers of wicket D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb Merchant, with his ass and

early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Street Lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the GREAT HIGH KING. Thou, poor King Louis, farest nevertheless, as mortals do, toward Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with *its* Levees, and France and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind of dog hutch,—occasionally going rabid.

THE RETURN.

So, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly devised, that were to explode like powder mines and thunderclaps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder mine of a Séance Royale on the 23d of June, 1789, which exploded as we then said, "through the touchhole"; which next, your war god Broglie having *re*loaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera Repast, with flourishing of sabers, and *O Richard, O my King;* which aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valor profits not; neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouillé Armament ends as the Broglie one has done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the 6th of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such; and accordingly another of them, after this Flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now "sit in one of the accompanying carriages." Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liège, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by

the hoarse-flowing Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper Parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies—how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the Soubrettes.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture, and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that "whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged." Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties, with sister Elizabeth, and the children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "Eh bien, me voilà (Well, here you have me);" and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers;" speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks, to some Procession du Roi de Basoche; or say, Procession of King Crispin, with

his Dukes of Sutormania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic: ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest flebile ludibrium of a Pickle-herring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most *un*gorgeous pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace, — toward its doom, of slow torture, peine forte et dure.

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, "all dusty," is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Pétion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wineglass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, "France cannot be a Republic," answered, "No, it is not ripe yet." Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickle-herring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, toward "pain strong and hard." Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in its sleeping apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!

Charlotte Corday.

In the leafy months of June and July, several French Departments germinate a set of rebellious *paper* leaves, named

Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, "of the Union for Resistance to Oppression." In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper leaf of *Bulletin de Caen* suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humor. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, "arrested in their own houses," will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes, and elsewhither, and then rendezvous at Caen: to awaken as with war trumpet the respectable Departments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested: a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge here, at the "Intendance or Departmental Mansion," of the town of Caen in Calvados; welcomed by Persons in Authority; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs: How the Bourdeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself; sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay, Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare; and means even to "bury herself" under her own stone and mortar first, — of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen*.

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper; and fervors and eloquent sarcasm: tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's "Provincials." What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez; also a secondary questionable General

Puisaye, and others; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart: gather in, ye National Volunteers, friends of Liberty; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near: forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting: Staff and Army; Council; Club of Carabots, Anti-jacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of Bulletins, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated; and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the "Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us." And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at: To put down Anarchy by Civil War! Durum et durum, the Proverb says, non faciunt murum. La Vendée burns: Santerre can do nothing there; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed; — lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work and counterwork; "you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past." Condé is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed; General Dampierre was killed; General Custine was blamed, — and indeed is now come to Paris to give "explanations."

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity; they ray-forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison; there may Romme lie, under lock and key, "for fifty days"; and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb. —

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going,

young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance; her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret, — him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand. "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision, is in this fair female Figure. "By energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendor; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! — Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without and the dim-simmering 25,000,000 within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday, the 9th of July, seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good Journey; her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along, amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday: — yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the

Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! — The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. — Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day laborers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight, — toward a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the 13th of the month; eve of the Bastille day, — when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then"; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has traveled; — and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever, — of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven pence halfpenny of ready money, in paper; with slipper bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid — Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led them. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity: yet surely on the way toward that? — Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and

wished to speak with you. — Be seated, mon enfant. Now, what are the Traitors going at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen? — Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's friend, clutching his tablets to write: Barbaroux, Pétion, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: Pétion, and Louvet, and — Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "À moi, chère amie (Help, dear)!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman, left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's friend is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar, — *whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; reëchoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honors, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One whom they think it honor to call "the good Sansculotte," — whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and newborn children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise, but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapped once in swaddling clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men! — A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The chère amie, and neighbors of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," intrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet,

all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed, — which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? — "By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (extrêmement), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying toward death, — alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the

neckerchief from her neck: a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the Beautifulest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace?" Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent stillness, are dreaming not of Love paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus' sacrifices and Death well earned? That 25,000,000 hearts have got to such temper, this *is* the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this; whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well, — in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-demonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus.* Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

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